

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

"California Magazine"

AUGUST
1931

10¢



J. Cecil Nelson — Hapsburg Liebe — Jerry D'Unger — Leslie Garden
H. Mortimer Batten — Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd — William D. Belbeck



More hands are pumping
ETHYL GASOLINE
than any other motor fuel

EVERY fifth hand you see pumping gasoline is at an Ethyl pump. On the market only eight years, Ethyl Gasoline is now the biggest selling motor fuel in the country.



For instance: On Route 42 between Cincinnati and Cleveland a recent survey showed 589 Ethyl pumps, more than one-fifth of the total 2359. The next largest selling gasoline on this road had 211 pumps.

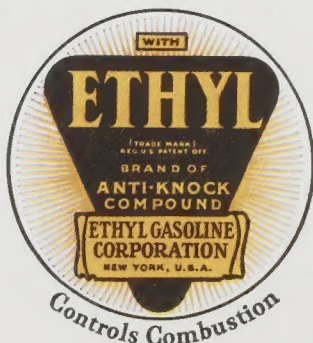
Nothing could have brought this about in so short a time except the simple fact that Ethyl is *more* than gasoline. It is *good* gasoline *plus* Ethyl fluid, the ingredient that *controls combustion*.

Instead of exploding in sharp, irregular bursts (that cause power-waste, harmful "knock" and overheating) Ethyl Gasoline delivers power to the pistons with smoothly increasing pressure.

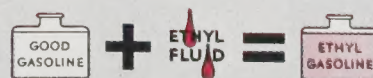
Millions of car owners, driving cars of every size, age and make, have found from experience that controlled combustion makes their cars run better.

Try Ethyl in your car and see the improvement it makes. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

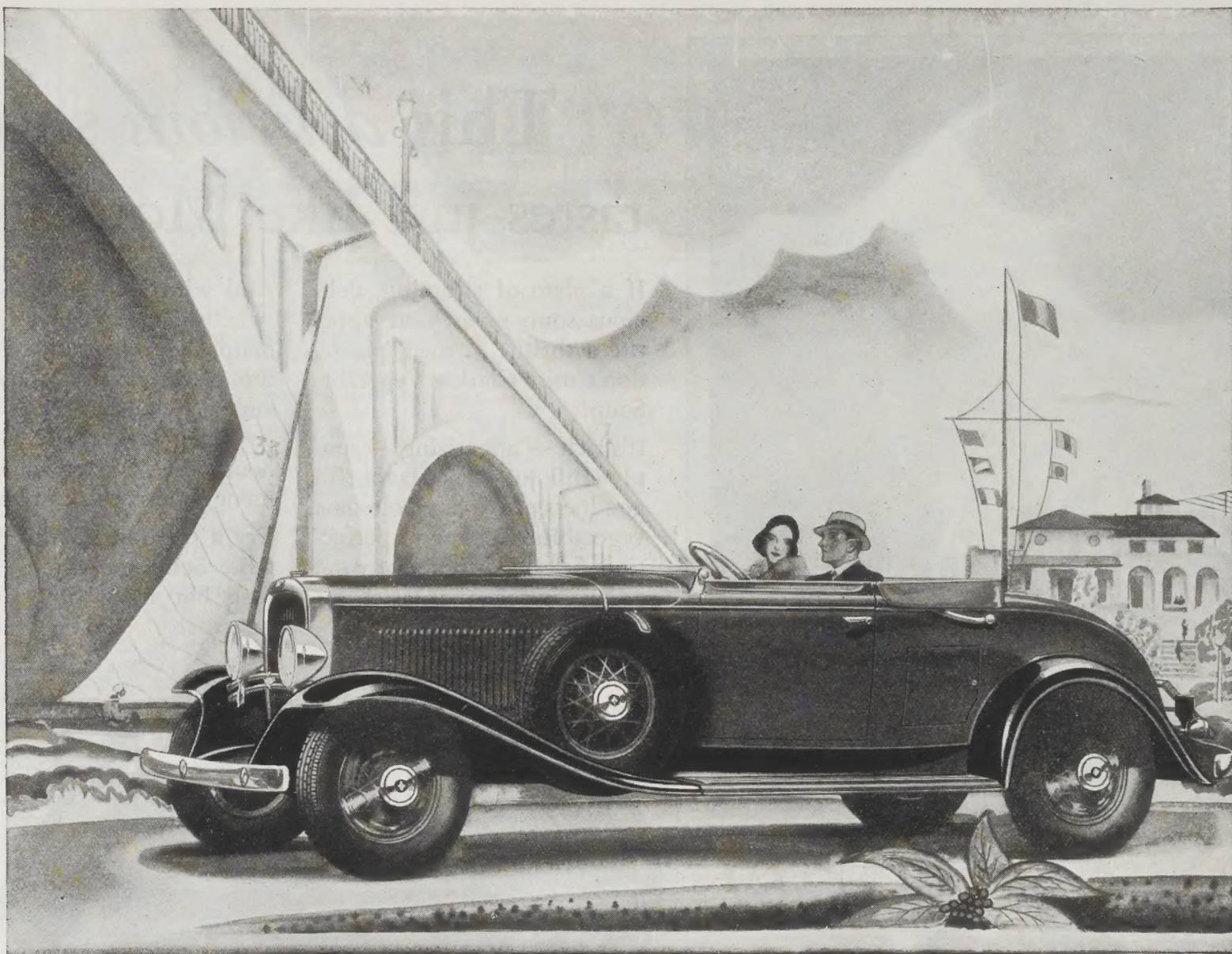
FOR SUMMER DRIVING Ethyl Gasoline keeps motors cooler because combustion is controlled. In summer, as in other seasons, Ethyl fluid is mixed with base gasoline best suited to the season. It's a premium fuel—and worth it *every* month of the year.



ETHYL GASOLINE



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.



THE NEW OLDSMOBILE IS WINNING THE PRAISE OF ALL WHO DRIVE IT

HUNDREDS of new Oldsmobiles in the hands of owners throughout the country are now proving that the car merited fully the enthusiastic reception given it at the time of its introduction early this year.

Voluntary letters are constantly being received from owners praising Oldsmobile's performance. And more often than not, these letters relate actual experiences as proof of Oldsmobile's unusual capabilities.

Naturally, if you could talk with these owners, you would learn a great deal about Oldsmobile's fine qualities . . . but an experience at the wheel will give you the same valuable information.

It will prove to you that the new Oldsmobile is a brilliant all-round performer . . . silent, swift, powerful and economical. It will demonstrate how delightfully easy the car is to drive. In gear-shifting, for example, Oldsmobile now offers

advantages heretofore found only in higher priced cars. Its Syncro-Mesh non-clashing transmission, with quiet second gear, enables you to shift gears quickly, easily, and *silently*, on all occasions.

In addition, you will find the new Oldsmobile . . . with bodies by Fisher . . . luxuriously comfortable. Its long, flexible springs and four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers assure restful travel, even on rough roads. Its balanced weight and low centre of gravity give the roadability so essential to comfortable driving at high speeds.

Visit your nearest Oldsmobile dealer and check these characteristics of Oldsmobile performance. When you have done so, you will know why the new Oldsmobile is winning the praise of all who drive it . . . why it is being accorded steadily increasing preference throughout the length and breadth of Canada.

OLDSMOBILE

A GENERAL



MOTORS VALUE



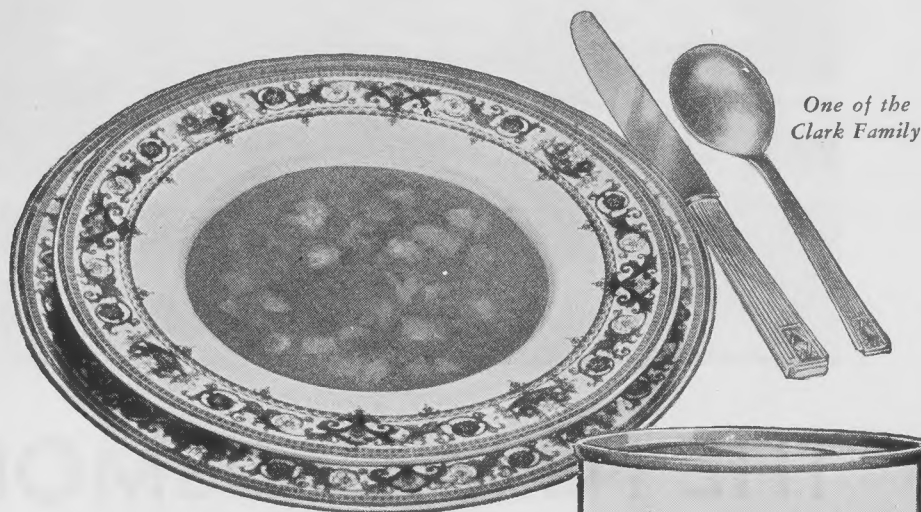
This *delicious* soup tastes just like Mother's !

If a plate of steaming, delicious soup gives your appetite a thrill . . . then, please, don't miss Clark's Vegetable Soup!

It's rich — appetizing — simply full of the flavourful goodness of fresh, wholesome vegetables. Cooked to perfection. Seasoned to a nicety . . . a soup, in fact, that tastes just like Mother's.

And with all Clark's Soups, whether it be Vegetable, Tomato, Chicken or any other of the 13 varieties, you get that same deliciousness, same quality that have made Clark's Soups the greatest value-for-money soups you can buy!

Try a plate of Clark's Vegetable Soup tonight . . . it costs but a few cents at any grocer's!



One of the Clark Family

Watch for the New Label

Your favourite Clark's Soup has donned a new dress . . . a smart, attractive label. The 13 varieties of Clark's Soups will appear with this new label as quickly as we can make the change. Watch for it at your grocer's!

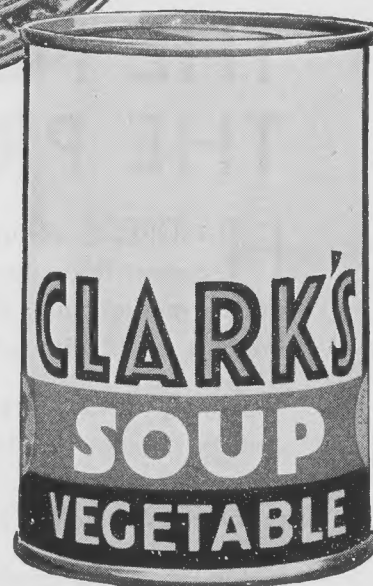
CLARK'S



A Canadian Firm
Established 1877

SOUPS

TOMATO VEGETABLE OXTAIL CHICKEN PEA GREEN PEA
MUTTON BROTH SCOTCH BROTH MOCK TURTLE JULIENNE
CELERY MULLIGATAWNY CONSOMME



Clark's Soups are prepared in our Sunlit Government-inspected kitchens.

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FREE

Send for a copy of the "Hostess" Calendar for Quicker and Better meals." Do not delay. The calendar contains more than 100 recipes — 50 menu suggestions — information about correct table setting, decoration and meal planning. On the front cover is a wonderfully coloured picture of the famous Clark Soup baby. Simply send in the coupon below, filled in, along with one label from any Clark product and the Hostess Calendar will be mailed to you absolutely FREE.

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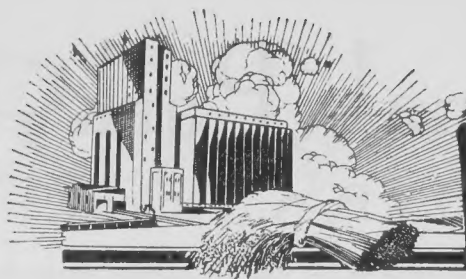
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EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 8

The Blessing of Hardship

OFTEN it turns out that hardship is a blessing. Without struggle there is no development. That is a law of life. It may be that for the world, and particularly for ourselves, this unlooked for turn of affairs or as we term it, this depression, will prove our salvation. It may make us think and plan and change our ways, and in it all we may change ourselves for the better.

If on the farms it is impossible to continue to grow wheat because there is no world market, there must be found something else to do. It will not be easy in all districts to find something else. A world that cannot buy wheat will not likely buy cattle and hogs and dairy products. Yet there is a way out of the difficulty, and it will be shown to the thinker, the worker, the experimentalist. Or if new farm activity is not the way, then some mind must show us how the markets of the world will be opened to Western wheat-growers. Again it will not be easy, but someone must find the way.

If in the manufacturing centres it is impossible to produce because there is no world market, there must be inventive minds that will find cheaper modes of production, or there must be canvassing far and near with a view to extending trade. Those who sit down in listless inaction or honeyed ease will surely starve.

If in city and country there are many who because of changed conditions find nothing to do, then the solution is not in recrimination but in righteous planning. Nor must the planning be done merely by those out of work. It is the concern of every man. Even now the unemployed are a burden on those who are fortunate enough to have work. The burden on the property owners of Winnipeg will be over a million dollars this year, and that is but an illustration. This must not be looked upon as charity. It is but a real effort to keep things going till the tide turns. Needless to say the burden will be greater still until every last man finds something to do and something to earn. There is the problem, and it demands thought and feeling on the part of all.

If in the course of life it is found that there are some who seem to have an undue advantage over others, either because of inherited privilege or unjust dealing, then there must of necessity be struggle until right is won. Particularly, if the spread between producer and consumer is out of all reason, some man must arise who is willing and able to solve the problem. It does seem unrighteous that fresh eggs should be selling at seven cents a dozen two hundred miles from Winnipeg, while the housewife in the city is paying twenty to thirty cents a dozen; it does seem unjust that plums should sell for twenty cents a dozen in Winnipeg, while the grower in Okanagan can get only a few cents for a whole basket of them.

There are, then, struggles ending in adjustment to new world conditions, and struggles ending in adjustments right at home. As every victory is won, men will find themselves in a happier condition, and they will find that they have grown morally and intellectually during the struggle.

Those who know the people of Western Canada believe that they are ready to make all the adjustments that will contribute to successful development. It may mean the relinquishment of political, social and economic ideals; it may mean new methods of work and a new alignment of workers. But the people of Western Canada in pioneer days faced a greater problem, and they solved it. They will grow mightier still as they brace themselves for the new struggle. Only one thing should be kept in mind. This struggle to succeed must be their own. They are no slaves following the dictates of an autocrat. Canada's victory will be won by freemen.

Federal Aid

IT IS right that Ottawa should come to the aid of Southern Saskatchewan. When calamity visits a home every member must be prepared to suffer.

In nation building all must rise or fall together. Nor will those who are in need of help be the only ones to benefit by the donation. In all matters of this kind those who give most gain most. One of the great needs of Canada is that it preserve its feeling of unity.

The duty of the Federal Government will not end with giving aid to Saskatchewan. The need in the Western Cities this fall and winter will be greater than ever. The best form of aid is undoubtedly payment for work. There are some public enterprises which could with profit be undertaken perhaps a little ahead of time. It is better for the nation and more satisfying to the individual to have money paid for work than to have a dole system inaugurated.

When individuals, municipalities and provincial governments are being taxed beyond their power to pay, that is the time for the Federal Government to act. It is gratifying to know that action is assured.

Happiness

IN DAYS of financial depression it is well to remember that happiness does not depend altogether, nor chiefly, upon possession of wealth. Happiness is a state of mind, and all the influences that affect life contribute to it. One who is strongly socialistic finds no happiness apart from companionship, one who is philosophical or meditative finds happiness when alone. Some find joy in nature, some in music, some in sport. Probably the highest happiness is found in contributing to the happiness of others, or as the old saying has it, "The way to overcome unhappiness is to minister to the needs of somebody who is more unhappy still." The very worst thing one can do is to envy those who have wealth. Often the anxieties due to wealth are a cause of extreme misery.

*My neighbor has so many things,
While I have almost none at all.
Rugs, chairs, and tables fit for kings,
She has so many lifeless things.
Perhaps that's why she never sings,
And never hears the thrush's call—
My neighbor has so many things,
She has no happiness at all.*

—Beverly Bell in the *Chicago News*

A Right and Wrong Way

THE little clash between the police and a body of the unemployed in Winnipeg calls to mind a story of long ago, a story of one of the first rebellions described in English history. There was so much in common between the two demonstrations that comparisons are easily drawn. The one outstanding comparison is that of the mode of treatment by the London authorities and the authorities of today. The story of Wat Tyler's rebellion is given in this form by Charlotte M. Yonge, the children's historian: "The collectors of the poll-tax were often rude and insolent. A man named Wat Tyler, in Kent, was so angry with a rude collector as to strike him dead. All the villagers came together with sticks and scythes and flails, and Wat Tyler told them they would all go to London and tell the King how his poor commons were treated. More people and more joined them on the way, and an immense multitude of wild-looking men came pouring into London. They said they wanted to speak to the King. In the morning he came down, but his people seeing such a host of wild men took fright and carried him back again. He went out again on horseback and began trying to understand what they wanted. Wat Tyler while talking grew violent, laid his hand on the King's bridle as if to threaten to take him prisoner. Upon this the Lord Mayor, with his mace, dealt the man such a blow that he fell from his horse and an attendant

thrust him through with a sword. The people wavered, but the young King with great readiness rode forward and said, 'Good fellows, have you lost your leader? This fellow was but a traitor, I am your King and will be your captain and guide'."

All this indicates that there is a right way and a wrong way of treating a crowd of dissatisfied people. No doubt there were some of the Winnipeg marchers who were lawless, ready to stir up trouble for trouble's sake—Reds, Communists, call them what you will—but in all probability ninety-five per cent were men and women out of work, and anxious to get some. They wanted to tell the Federal representative about their troubles, and they had a perfect right to appear before him. Neither mayor, aldermen, members of a local government nor anybody but themselves could present the case in a living way. The police should have moved heaven and earth to bring the Minister and these people together. It was these that Ottawa needed to see face to face. The trouble is that no definite arrangement seems to have been made for an interview. That is just where the mistake was made. There were some, no doubt, who would have persuaded the Federal representative to keep away from South Saskatchewan, but he went, and learned many things he could never have discovered otherwise. Why in the name of common sense did he not get equally close to the actual sufferers in the city? Perhaps he did, but it was not on this occasion. It would have been a fine thing for Mr. Robertson could he have said, "Come, I shall be your spokesman at Ottawa. Any in your midst who are urging violence are traitors. Disown them, I shall be your leader and guide."

As to the deeds of lawlessness, the Courts must consider them. Newcomers of the Communistic type will receive small sympathy from good citizens, whether in Winnipeg or in any other Canadian city.

Britain's Indebtedness

ONE outstanding case of international injustice is the rate of interest charged to Great Britain on her war debt to the United States. Some writers have the idea that part of the original debt was cancelled. This was not the case. By agreement there was a rebate on the interest she was to pay. This was 3 per cent from 1922 to 1932 and 3.5 per cent for the remainder of the term, an average of 3.3 per cent. Yet America can borrow money at 3.125 per cent. Secretary Mellon says that 3 per cent would be adequate. America is getting more for her war debts than she would have to pay by borrowing elsewhere. That Britain deserves some consideration in this matter is obvious when it is recalled that France pays only 1.6 per cent and Italy 4 per cent. The reason that the high rate was fixed when the debt arrangement was made was Britain's supposed ability to pay in contrast with the ability of other nations. One has only to compare the France of 1926, when the agreement was negotiated, with the France of today.

When Extremes Meet

STRANGE as it may seem Italy and Russia, which represent extremes of government, are on better terms than perhaps any other two European nations. The one represents the dictatorship of an individual, the other professedly the dictatorship of the proletariat. Both take the ground that the child belongs to the state and to nobody else. In this, extremes meet. There is another and stronger ground for sympathy: Italy has manufactures which she wishes to dispose of. Russia has grain, lumber, and other products. Necessity will not permit political theories to stand in the way of trade. Perhaps there is a lesson here for all nations. The great necessity internationally is exchange of commodities.

Riding Mountain National Park

By B. A. Tedford



THE Government of the Dominion of Canada has in recent years entered into some very extensive business deals, taking over the management and control of such great systems as the Canadian National Railway, telephone systems, power plants and highways. These represent millions and millions of dollars and a tremendous share of the industry of the nation.

One thing of which we, as Canadians, should be justly proud, is the fact, that while acquiring all these stupendous industries, our Government has had the foresight to plan, not only for the work of this and future generations, but also for their play and recreation, by setting aside at strategic points in this vast Dominion large tracts of land as National Parks, Game Sanctuaries and Playgrounds.

We can scarcely realize as yet, just what a boon these will be in the future, especially for those whose occupation keeps them in the larger centres for the greater portion of the year.

At present, Canada is comparatively sparsely settled, so the reserving of these great wooded areas works no hardship and requires small outlay except for improvement and upkeep.

One of the latest to be established is the Riding Mountain National Park, with an area of 1,148 square miles. Legislation for the creation of this Park was passed by the Canadian Parliament on January 28th, 1930.

This area comprises the high and heavily timbered portion of the Riding Mountains, sloping abruptly on the eastern side and gradually to the south west. It is pre-glacial in age. During the ice age stones were scattered promiscuously over the surface of the ground, and ridges of large stones are frequently found. The elevation of the Riding Mountains is roughly 2,200 feet above sea level, with a maximum of 2,500 feet, or about 1,500 feet higher than the adjacent settled country.

While there are no snow-capped mountain peaks such as those found in our Canadian Rockies, still



Top—Sunset, Clear Lake. Centre—Looking East on main road behind Clear Lake. Below—North Shore, Clear Lake.

we have no lack of picturesque mountain scenery. Dense forests of spruce and balsam fir, interspersed with birch, oak, elm, ash, poplar and jackpine, deep ravines, mountain streams of sparkling spring water, bald hills of pure shale and numerous lakes, combine to make this one of Canada's outstanding beauty spots.

There is an abundance of wild game. Bear, mink, deer, beaver and moose are plentiful. What is probably the largest herd of elk in the world is located in this reserve. It is estimated that there are between two and three thousand head of these monarchs of the wood and while at present they are comparatively wild, visitors are frequently rewarded by a sight of several hundred in one herd. As in the past this has been a sportsman's paradise, it has now become the same to those who hunt with cameras, as no firearm is allowed in the Reserve. It is the intention of the Government to place a nucleus herd of about twenty buffalo in an enclosed portion of the Park as an added attraction.

Ruffed grouse, or partridge as they are commonly called, are very plentiful, as well as prairie chickens and many varieties of song birds, while along the lakes and marshy places are found ducks and other water fowl.

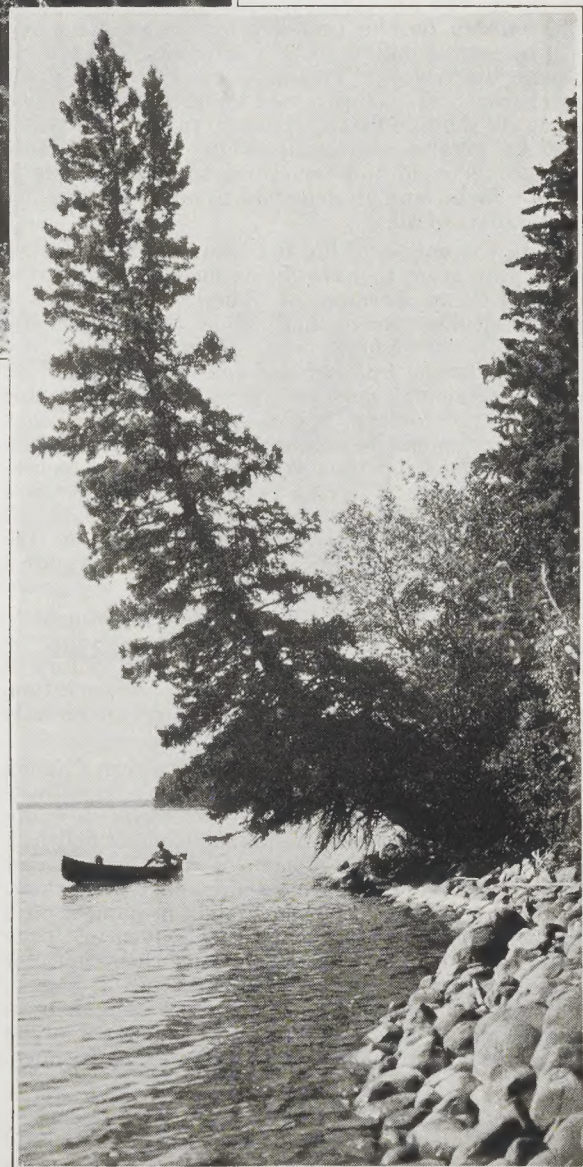
WHILE Manitoba is not noted as a fruit-growing province, in this mountain are found in abundance many wild fruits.

Raspberries, saskatoons, pin cherries, choke cherries, black currants, plums and high bush cranberries abound. As ornamental shrubs some of these are very valuable, especially the high bush cranberry with its bunches of white flowers, rich green foliage and later the bright red berries which remain even till after the frosts have stripped the trees of their leaves.

A profusion of wild flowers is found from the time of the first pussy willow right through the spring and summer. Marigolds, violets, lady's slippers, roses, tiger lilies, and cone flowers, till the golden rod and asters bring the pageant to an end. Along the outskirts of the Parks farmers and others keep hundreds of colonies of honey bees that gather from the flowers in the mountain a wonderful blend of honey in large quantities.

The naturalist or entomologist finds much of absorbing interest. Hundreds of varieties of moths and butterflies from the very tiniest that are almost invisible to the naked eye up to the immense moths such as the lunar moth with a spread of wings almost six inches across are found. Many are only now being named by naturalists, and new species are discovered every season. The colorings are in almost every shade known, and specimens are eagerly sought after by scientists and collectors all over the world who exchange or purchase from collectors in the district. Collections numbering from one thousand to fourteen hundred species have been made by entomologists living near.

[Continued on page 54]



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CORN is more delicious when served with Brookfield Creamery Butter. Fine flavor—richness—freshness, always dependable.

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Premium Quality Brookfield
Cheese.

BROOKFIELD EGGS · · BROOKFIELD CHEESE



Back from the very heart of good cooking...with French recipes for you!

LAST summer I made a quick trip to France. Now I'm going to tell you about it. And I *won't* talk about Paris! I want to take you right to Perigord . . . a province famous for its geese, truffles, castles—and cooking!

When I registered in the old Sarlat Inn, I tried out my French upon plump, rosy-cheeked Madame H—, who rules over a kingdom of shining copper pots and pans.

I must have confirmed her suspicion that all foreigners are a trifle mad. I presented her with a 3-lb. can of Crisco and asked her to cook her dinner with it.

"It is like cream," said Madame. "Can I *cook* with it?"

I told her that Crisco is a *modern* shortening that blends delicacy into cakes . . . crispness and tenderness into pastry . . . and wraps fried foods in a thin golden crust. So she waddled off excitedly to experiment with Crisco.

I could simply rave about that wonderful dinner. But I must confine myself to the duck with orange sauce—and the cherry tart. You don't need a duck to try out this orange

sauce. It will be the pride of your life if you serve it with roasted or fried Sunday chicken. Orange sauce is glorious to look at and even more glorious to eat. Sweet, pure Crisco brings out its ripe sunny flavor.

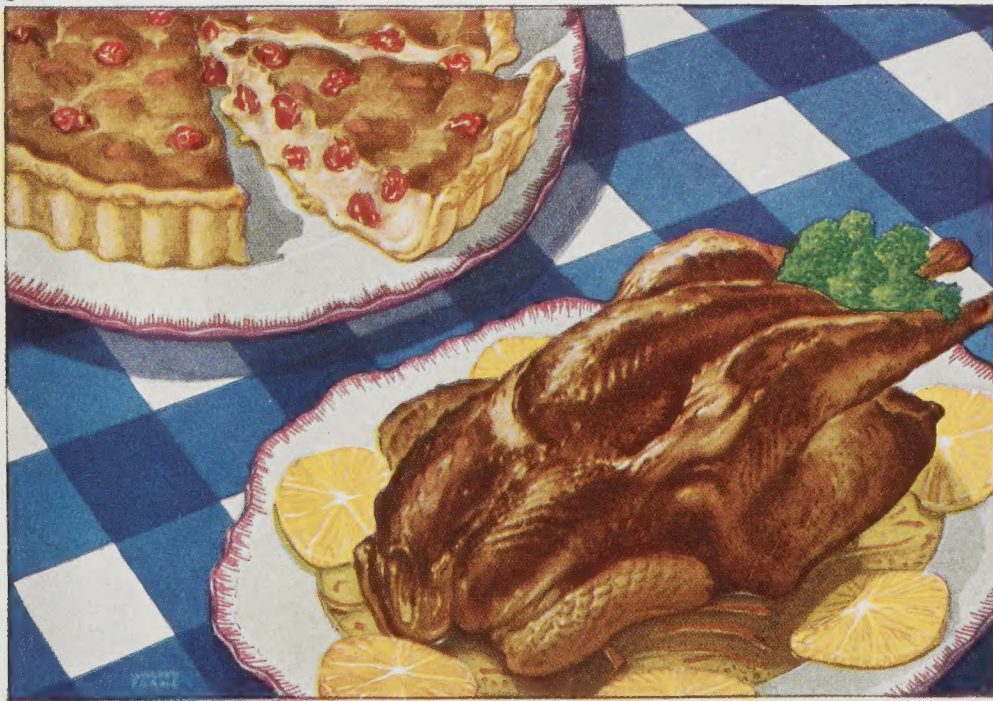
Madame's cherry tart is really a dressed-up version of Perigord's famous dessert, "clafoutis." Cherries spill their ruby-hearted sweetness into the creamy lap of custard, so to speak. All the fruity tang, all the melting smoothness is brought out by a flaky, sweet-tasting Crisco tart shell.

You should have heard Madame exclaim over the ease of making pastry with Crisco. "It cuts in like feathers," she said, "I have never seen anything so beautiful!"

We agree with her, don't we? And we know that if the thrifty Madame were here, she'd quickly sense the economy of Crisco—the shortening that tastes as sweet as new-churned butter. Particularly the 3-lb. size which the grocer often offers at a special price.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

© 1931, P. & G. Co.



CHICKEN OR DUCK WITH ORANGE SAUCE

1 duck or roasting chicken 3 tablespoons Crisco
2 teaspoons salt 1 cup boiling water
¼ teaspoon pepper 2 teaspoons onion juice

Clean chicken or duck for roasting. Rub with Crisco and add salt and pepper. Bake until bird begins to brown, then add 1 cup boiling water and onion juice. Baste frequently.

If you prefer to fry the chicken, unjoint it, rub with flour and seasonings and fry in hot skillet with 5

tablespoons Crisco until brown. Add 1 cup boiling water and onion juice; cover and cook slowly.

When bird is tender, remove it to warming oven. Use remaining stock as basis of *orange sauce*. To make sauce add 2 cups hot water, thicken with 5 tablespoons flour mixed with ¼ cup cold water. Cook until smooth. Peel one medium-sized orange to get red outer skin. Sliver skin very finely and parboil 10 minutes. Drain, add orange-slivers and 2 tablespoons lemon juice to sauce. Garnish with slices of orange.

CHERRY TART

2 cups cherries ¾ cup scalded milk
1 cup sugar 1 egg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon 1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ teaspoon salt 1 tablespoon fine dry bread crumbs

Line medium pie-plate with Crisco pastry; brush bottom with melted Crisco, then sprinkle it with bread crumbs. Put in cherries; sprinkle them with cinnamon and half of the sugar. Mix remaining sugar with cornstarch and salt. Add lightly beaten egg and hot milk. Mix well. Pour over cherries. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) until edge begins to brown, then reduce to moderate (350° F.). Bake about 30 minutes or until custard is firm.

To make *Crisco* pastry (so flaky because Crisco is 100% shortening — so sweet-tasting because Crisco tastes sweet and fresh all by itself). Sift 1½ cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in ½ cup Crisco with two knives until size of small peas. Add only enough ice-cold water to hold mixture together. Roll ⅛ inch thick on lightly floured board. Line pie-plate, folding over a narrow rim. All Measurements Level.

Send for Winifred S. Carter's cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes." Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-81, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.



TRY IT IN CAKES, TOO . . . Crisco is now so fluffy you can cream it in 10 quick stirs

CRISCO IS MADE IN CANADA

Line Bissard N.Y. 1931



A small catch, thought Mauro, scarcely enough to justify the trip to town.

The Benefits of Government

By Jerry D'Unger

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

"A WAX candle to Thy Shrine, Holy Mother, Protectress of fishermen. May our labors bear fruit," intoned Mauro, "The Mad Dog."

With practiced hand he swirled open the fine meshed seine, and cast it into the dark waters of the estuary.

In the stern, Pepito, the oldest son of Mauro, poled slowly with measured stroke—and cursed softly, for the torment of the "jaijenis" was almost beyond endurance.

Smaller than the head of a pin, the bite of these savage little tropical gnats is out of all proportion to their size. Their very singing, high-pitched and insistent, becomes agony in the pre-dawn silence.

Mauro, "The Mad Dog," chuckled silently as he held the seine rope and waited for the movement of the dug-out and the weight of the seine-leads to close the net.

It was better not to think of the unpleasant things of life, Mauro reflected. That is, the things for which there were no remedies. The night was indispensable to the fishing, and the "jaijenis," he supposed, were necessary to the night. Who knew? God made all dispositions.

The thoughts of the breeze that would come with the break of dawn were far more pleasant. Coming in from the sea it would blow the tiny pests inland, and make possible cool and restful day sleep for tired fishermen.

True, in the inland clearings, the "rancheros" would slap and curse throughout the heat of the day. They were stupid people, these "rancheros," thought Mauro. Toiling with hoe and brush, they wrested a meagre reward from the unfriendly jungle. How much easier it was to take from the waters of the delta, the fish which the Lord had so bounteously provided.

Still, these small farmers had their advantages. On moonless nights, their clearings and "ranchos" furnished the delta people with many things to break the monotony of a fish and shrimp diet.

As Mauro saw it, the gifts of God were for those who took them. He who received them should guard them carefully. It was this philosophy that permitted Mauro, during the idle and profitless seasons, to lie in wait along the highways and despoil unwary travellers of their valuables.

His own possessions were never exposed to dangers of this sort. His money was buried in a secret place that only he and Pepito knew of. Should anyone have discovered the buried water-jar, with its flat stone cover, and looted it, Mauro would have accepted the loss with a shrug. That which comes from God, belongs to God. Above all, he was a philosopher.

True, the authorities had heard of the activities of the man whose ruthlessness and blood-chilling ferocity had won for him the sobriquet of "The Mad Dog." Who could say, though, that Mauro, and "The Mad Dog" were one?

A man with a knife at his throat is not highly observant, and a scarf, loosely wound about the lower part of the face disguises the voice, as well as the features. Pursuit and capture were out of the question, for who might follow the man through the maze



The Inspector glared at him. "Fool!" he cried, "Do you attempt to deceive me?"

of water-ways and mangroves that had spawned him? Then too, old Mauro was cunning—more so than lesser minds than his credited him with being.

That robbery and murder—for he had killed also—were violations of the Laws of the Government gave him no concern. Let him who would protect his property—or his life—walk the centre of the road, hand to his "machete." Not that Mauro was an advocate of force. He preferred guile, where it served the purpose.

To Mauro, the Government was a negligible thing. As abstract and intangible as God. More so, in fact, for God was ably represented by the priests who levied tribute in return for His blessings.

For those who transgressed the Laws of God, there was Hell. Mauro had heard the priests describe it. Truly, a terrible place. Mauro would not have broken the Laws of God under any circumstances—but he interpreted them a trifle more liberally than the priests were wont to—and he would have admitted freely that he went farther abroad in the search for His gifts than most men did.

As God was in heaven, so was the Government in the capital. They too, sent emissaries abroad to levy tribute. For the violators of the Government laws, there was the jail. . . . And soldiers.

Mauro had seen and heard of these things in the town. The townspeople talked much of such matters. The Government . . . The New Constitution . . . Politics . . . Taxes. The old man did not understand these things. They were the things of the town—where nimbler minds could comprehend such mysteries—and railroads and telegraphs. They were not the things of the simple fisher-folk of the delta.

Here-to-fore, Mauro had not given these matters much thought, but now it seemed as though the Government was challenging the supremacy of God in the deltas. In the towns, they said, the Government had already ousted the Church of God. True,

one no longer saw the priests. Nor had there been any cataclysmic vengeance. Could it be then that the Government was really supreme?

So the Inspector of Fisheries had called it—the Supreme Government. He had caused to be circulated and read in the fishing villages, "Manifestos" which set forth the fact that he had been appointed Inspector of Fisheries for the district of Escuinapa, and that henceforth, the law would be rigidly enforced. He called upon the fishermen, in the name of the Government to apply at once for the license, which the law stipulated was necessary, to make their catching and selling of fish legal.

The people—with the Mexican Indian's indifference to that which they do not understand—had disregarded the "manifesto." Worse than this, they had wounded the Inspector's vanity, which was great.

The date by which the applications must be made, was already ten days past, and none of the fishermen had appeared in his office for licenses. In vain, he cajoled and threatened in turn.

He had explained—to Mauro, among others—that the Government controlled the fishing. That the fish were the property of the Government. He who would take fish from the estuary must pay for the privilege. Then too, he had shown them the benefits of good government. Schools, roads, increased wealth.

Mauro had wanted to know in what way the people of the delta would benefit by this Government. The things the Inspector named would do the fishermen little good. How might the delta people benefit directly?

To have explained the details of a plan of civic government to these simple men would have required a more capable man than the Inspector. When Mauro had pointed out that God and the Government were analogous, if the Inspector's assertions were correct, the Inspector had pounced upon the analogy and enlarged upon it. When Mauro, with the puzzled

persistence of one who desires to understand, still wished to know how the fishermen might benefit, the Inspector had lost patience, and blustered, "How is one to explain these matters to a lot of delta mud-puppies! Bah! Rest assured that you shall know these benefits when you see them. And in the meantime do not forget the licenses—and the corresponding fees."

As the almost empty net hung over the side of the canoe, Mauro had been considering these things. Surveying their catch for the night, he grunted. "Muh! At this rate, my son, we shall soon be jumping about in the highway again." By this he meant that they would soon be robbing again.

Pepito looked at the catch disgustedly. "For myself, father, when I see the results of our night's work, I feel as nimble as a flea."

A rosy flush over the tree tops to the East, warned them that they must start back to the village at once. The catch must be cleaned and salted and packed in cool green leaves before the fiery, tropical sun had played upon it for too long. True, the townspeople could be sold slightly spoiled fish, but the odor must not be too pronounced.

A small catch, thought Mauro, scarcely enough to justify the trip to town. And the Government demanded payment for these small takings. An unpleasant problem.

Still, there were more pleasant things to think about, reflected Mauro. He watched an old bull alligator, alarmed at their approach, take the water. The splash he made sent a flock of herons out of the nearby tree tops, their harsh cries eerily discordant in the pale dawn.

A small catch . . . the irate inspector . . . license, the ripple at the prow seemed to murmur. Resolutely, Mauro turned his thoughts to the draught of fiery rum he would take upon reaching the village. It would warm his blood pleasantly, for his naked limbs were chilled by the fresh sea breeze.

When at length they had beached the dug-out on the mud at the village, Mauro made his way to his hut thoughtfully. From what little he knew of Government people, he disliked them. They were an arrogant, over-bearing lot—much given to harsh words and hard blows.

As he sat at breakfast of black coffee, fortified with rum; and fried fish, he considered the Inspector of Fisheries particularly. Like all Government people he seemed to lack the natural courtesy which is instinctive with most Mexicans.

Like other Government employees, he wore fine clothes, and carried a gold watch with a heavy chain of the same material attached. Suspended from the chain was a large gold coin . . . Mauro wished that he might meet the Inspector upon the "Camino Real" one day. One day, of course, when he should have neglected to strap on the heavy pistol that he habitually wore.

The Inspector was fat as only the rich are fat. He was loud spoken. Mauro reflected that loud spoken, fat men were usually the most craven when a sharp machete was placed at their throats.

In preparation for the trip to town he donned white cotton shirt and drawers, the latter tightly wrapped and tied about the ankles. Several wraps around his waist with a knit wool sash—into which was thrust a fourteen inch sheath knife—and his toilet was complete.

As he walked to the stake to which the dug-out was moored, he decided that the payment of the license fee could not be postponed much longer. He would either have to pay or leave the delta. After all, he thought, the latter might be the best course to pursue. Of recent years the fishing had not been

too good. And now, this added burden of taxes . . . Who knew?

WHILE Mauro was poling his canoe in the direction of the town, the Inspector sat at breakfast in his house. Dissatisfaction was written large upon his coarse features. A curse upon these stupid animals of fishermen. What right had they even to ponder upon matters of Government?

Bah! They had fewer brains than the fish they caught. Pretending not to understand the law. That old he-goat Mauro, with his prattle of all things coming from God. The old hypocrite! Where were the benefits of government? By all the Saints, was it not enough for the dogs to know that it was the law?

He felt sure that once Mauro had complied with the law the other fishermen of the district would follow suit. If they did not pay, how was he to grow rich. He had not left the easy life of the capital for nothing. He was not to be balked by these sons of slime. Damn them—and their stinking, fever-ridden mud hole of a country.

In the days of the revolution a few hangings and beatings would have remedied a situation of this sort. Well, there were still means of convincing people that the Government's word must be heard. He would start with that face of a dried louse, Mauro.

It was mid-morning when the subject of the Inspector's thoughts reached the market "plaza"—the hour when housewives and servants are abroad. A busy, noisy place—redolent with the odors of food of all kinds in various stages of decay.

Booths and stalls of various sizes and styles shouldered one another in jumbled alleys. These

offered for sale staples, unglazed pottery of all sorts, crudely modeled toys of clay, meat, leather goods from sandals to saddles, rope and other "ixtle" fibre products. Hand forged knives and "machetes," lay beside sweetmeats of sugar and cocoanut; candied pumpkin and orange peel.

In the street surrounding the square the "rancheros" and fishermen had spread their wares on the cobble-stones. Green and red peppers; tiny tomatoes; fresh white goat's milk cheese; tender, green squash and an abundance of the fruits in season.

Mauro picked his way through the crowd of haggling, bargaining women. At length he found a spot on the curb to his liking. Spreading a strip of canvas upon the stones, he piled upon it the morning's catch, and squatted in the shade of a sour orange tree.

Scarcely had he settled down when the municipal tax collector appeared. The merchants in the plaza were made to pay a daily fee for the privilege of selling there. According to the city statutes, this tax was for the purposes of sanitation and the daily cleaning of the market. The last cleaning of the market was something not remembered by the oldest merchant, though few of them had been there longer than a year or two.

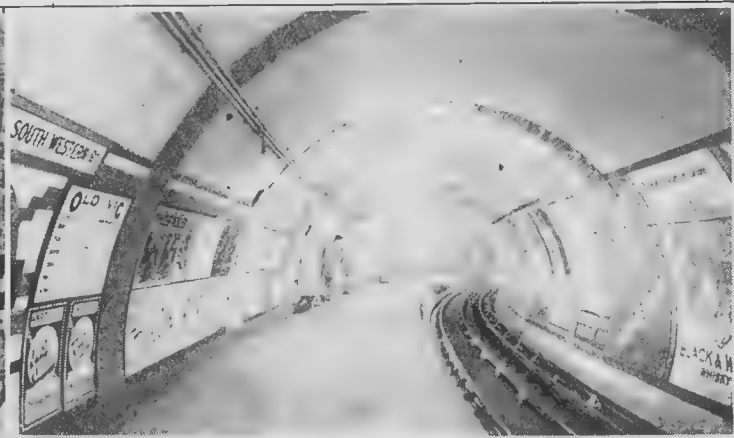
Mauro paid the few coins demanded of him and received a small printed slip in return. It was the habit of Government men to give little papers in return, he reflected. The priests also gave papers in return for money, but at least those papers had little pictures on them and were greatly prized by the women.

Mauro's thoughts were interrupted by the approach of a prospective buyer. A [Continued on page 26]



From his beard a heavy fishing line extended upward to a bent "mangle" limb. He was in a kneeling posture and his wrists and ankles had been firmly bound about the tree at his back, but not to it.

Moving London's "White Collar Brigade"



Waterloo Underground Station Platform.

A typical orderly London queue. It shows part of a holiday crowd at Waterloo Station waiting for their train to pull into the station.

cheese and biscuits at 6.45. Milly (we'll call her Milly), is a "trooper" in that army of nearly 3,000,000 other stenographers, sales women, office boys, brokers, bankers and miscellaneous workers who every day of the year, except Sundays and holidays, descend on London in the morning and depart again at night after serving their shift in the greatest human workshop in the world.

If things could be arranged so that the arrival and departure of Milly and her 3,000,000 fellow toilers could be spread over twelve hours of the day, the lives of the

transportation experts responsible for their movement would be indeed a bed of roses. Unfortunately, a large proportion of them come in a body between seven and ten in the morning, returning in a tide of like proportions between five and seven at night.

The physical problem of getting Milly and her fellows to the office and home again at night is one before which even the hardest might well blench. Mere figures fail to convey any very real conception of it. It is as though the entire population of Toronto or Montreal had to be moved in and out of the city three times over in each direction in the space of three hours for each operation. Or to use another simile, the peak traffic movement in and out of London is comparable to the transplanting twice a day of a third of the population of Canada.

The physical equipment required for handling such numbers is, of course, on a gigantic scale. Within a ten-mile radius of Trafalgar Square there are no less than 580 passenger stations, and in London itself fifteen main line termini. Liverpool street station, one of these, is perhaps the busiest

of all, with a daily stream of traffic of 230,000 souls; Waterloo averages 128,000 people a day; London Bridge, 135,000; Victoria, 96,500, to mention only a few of the more important. Aside altogether from the trains of the Underground system, these fifteen terminal stations together deal with an average of 9,000 trains a day! Montreal has five main stations, with a total daily average of 236 trains.

The London North Eastern Railway with the biggest suburban traffic problem in the world operates 1,200 trains a day in and out of Liverpool street station alone, and here, during the rush hours, 85,000 passengers are handled in each direction. Records show that between seven and nine-thirty every morning 75,000 people arrive at this station on 125 trains. Over the line between Liverpool street and Bethnal Green Junction, trains follow one another over the same metals at the rate of twenty-four to the hour during the rush period; this is considered to be the last word in a steam-operated suburban service, although it is easily beaten by the electric trains of the Underground, which of course come in a different category.

Seven stations in the London East division of the Southern Railway together see the arrival and departure of a further 3,197 trains and 449,462 passengers daily. Waterloo station, in the Western division and perhaps the busiest of all Southern Railway termini, handles a further 128,056 passengers and 1,159 trains. At the London Bridge station of this system, which has the heaviest rush-hour traffic, 53,310 passengers arrive between seven and ten in the morning, to be followed by 48,000 between four and eight at night. During these two periods 112 trains arrive and 135 trains leave.

Such remarkable suburban services are provided in and out of London that the city workers are taking up their domicile further from their work each year, thereby enjoying a more congenial social life, healthier living conditions and usually much lower rents. Thousands of London business men today live at Brighton, Margate, Ramsgate, and at a dozen other seacoast towns and cities, which are now little more than an hour's travel from London. The journey is just sufficient for them to glance through the pages of the Daily Mail or Financial Times, few indeed bothering to look at the ever-changing panorama of rural England, be the morning ever so fine.

THIS propensity of Londoners to travel long distances to and from their work has developed a "train psychology" which is perhaps peculiar to England. Canadian commuters are as a rule a sociable lot, playing cards or swapping yarns in the course of their daily travels. Not so the English train traveller. A Londoner's railway carriage is, like his home, his castle. He never speaks unless spoken to. Thus, since all have the same point of view, no one speaks to anyone else and the railway coach might as well be a carload of incurable mutes. If you were to walk through a London-bound



Hendon Central Station. Showing how the tracks come out onto the surface as the "tubes" reach the more distant suburbs.

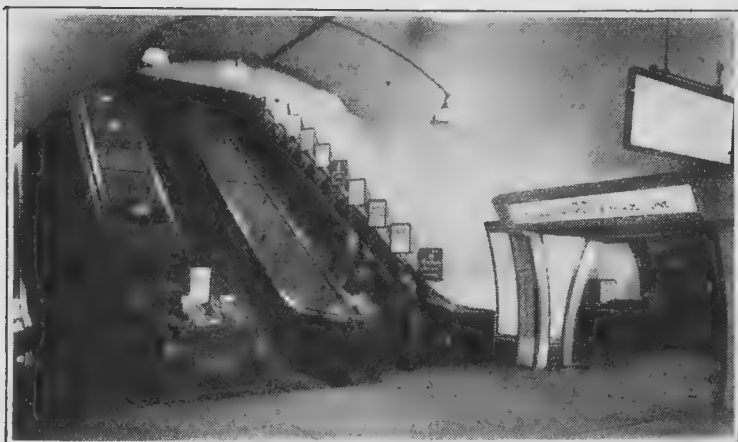
THERE is a red-headed stenographer living at Brighton on the south coast of England who is one of the most-travelled young ladies of our times. For ten years her annual mileage by railroad has averaged well over 30,000; yet she has never been further than London, fifty miles from her home.

Each morning she catches the 8.15 for town, "digs herself in" behind the morning paper, is disgorged with thousands of others at Waterloo station in London just one hour later, and scuttles down the Embankment to the office to beat her boss to the tape by a well-powdered and tip-tilted nose. At night, after sundry repairs to a face ravaged by a hard day's work at the office, she is off again on the stroke of 5.30, staggers in to the 5.35 at Waterloo again, gets a seat if she's active or lucky, and is home again at Brighton in good time for her



How the Railways and "Tubes" Cope With a Rush Hour Traffic of 3,000,000 Workers

By J. Cecil Nelson



Escalators at Tottenham Court Road Underground Station.

business train some morning and had the hardihood to glance over the shoulders of the various travellers, you would find much of interest. The majority, of course, would be busy absorbing the details of the latest murder, just as big business men do in other parts of the world. Not a few, however, would be studying French, German, Dutch or Spanish, for these London workers are really a studious lot much given to "self improvement." Quite a few of the girls would be deep in the pages of magazines on "The Home Beautiful" or fashion papers. (Oh yes, the English girls aren't such a dowdy lot as generally is supposed.) A fair proportion would be in the throes of the latest crossword puzzle. Don't sniff at this. They realize that the crossword puzzle craze is as dead as Mah Jong, but in England there's money in Cross Words, for most of the big papers offer large cash prizes for correct solutions. And of course the Englishman, being an inveterate gambler, sends his solutions in religiously every week believing that one day his turn will come to collect the £1,000 or more.

There's another characteristic of English commuters particularly noticeable on the Underground and busses, which at once strikes the visitor from overseas. It is the apparent lack of chivalrous instincts in the lordly male. The offering of a seat to a lady is a phenomenon seldom encountered, although it has been known to happen. Indeed, the girls have come to regard such gallantries with not a little suspicion; besides they have found that hanging from a strap for twenty minutes or half an hour of a morning, is good slimming exercise as well as being extremely useful as a means of reducing the hip line!

THE London "business crowd" is typical and unlike any other in the world. The casual observer is at once struck by the apparently slow locomotion of the individuals and the lamblike manner in which they bow to discipline. If he comes from Canada or the United States he puts this down to lack of initiative. He is wrong. London business crowds have learned from long experience that when they are moving in the mass it is quicker in the end to "hasten slowly" and to keep your head and your place in the line. It therefore happens that queues form in London on the least provocation, outside of theatres, at railway stations, or for getting on a bus, and he would be a rash individual indeed who attempted to "crash" the head of any such line-up.

This orderliness is particularly noticeable in the Underground. No one hurries. The train pulls into the station. The many doors fly open. The guards shout something that sounds like "Urryerlong-please" followed by "minderdoahs," the crowd is into the train in a few seconds, the doors close with a snap and the train moves off without fuss.

Inside the cars good humour prevails even though the passengers are packed like sardines. Displays of ill temper are "bad form" in any stratum of



Another view of Waterloo Station, one of the busiest London main line termini during the rush hours.

society, according to the tenets of these subterranean voyagers. One evening recently a passenger whose temper had become a little more frazzled than usual angrily demanded of a fellow traveller, "Who the hell do you think you're pushing?" only to be met with the mild rebuke, "I'm sorry it's a tight fit, but let's not quarrel now, it's bad enough as it is." People talk like that in London tubes.

The rush hour traffic problem in London and New York differs fundamentally. The business man who lives in Brooklyn or the Bronx or Upper Manhattan goes to work by way of the subway or the elevated railway. The volume of this traffic is approximately 350,000,000 people a year, the same as that handled by the Underground system of London. But whereas the New York lines are for the most part in two directions only, in London they radiate to all corners of the compass from a common centre. The result is, that in London the traffic at peak load periods is diffused over a number of lines instead of being concentrated as in New York.

London is honeycombed by six separate underground routes, the seventy-eight miles of track of the system serving many of the suburbs and residential districts lying within a radius of about eight miles from Charing Cross. During the morning and evening rush hours, the system handles 300,000 people, and the manner in which the work is accomplished might well serve as a model for the world. The system is virtually automatic, although drivers are of course necessary. A complicated system of electrical blocking makes it impossible



London "commuters," or "season ticket holders," as they are termed in England, arriving at Liverpool Street on the way to their offices.

for one train to overtake another. Should a following train come too close to the one ahead the current shuts off automatically, the rear train and others behind it coming to a stop until the "section" ahead is cleared. Trains run only in one direction on one set of rails, so that the possibility of collision is completely eliminated.

The Underground trains work on a schedule of split seconds. Stops at the majority of stations are cut to fifteen seconds or less, even when passengers are many. The dispatch with which trains can be loaded and unloaded is well exemplified every year on the occasion of the Air Pageant at Hendon, when 40,000 people book through to Colindale station. On actual test a train carrying 750 passengers to the Pageant last year dropped its load and was away again in exactly twenty seconds. At the Gillespie Road station adjoining

[Continued on page 29]

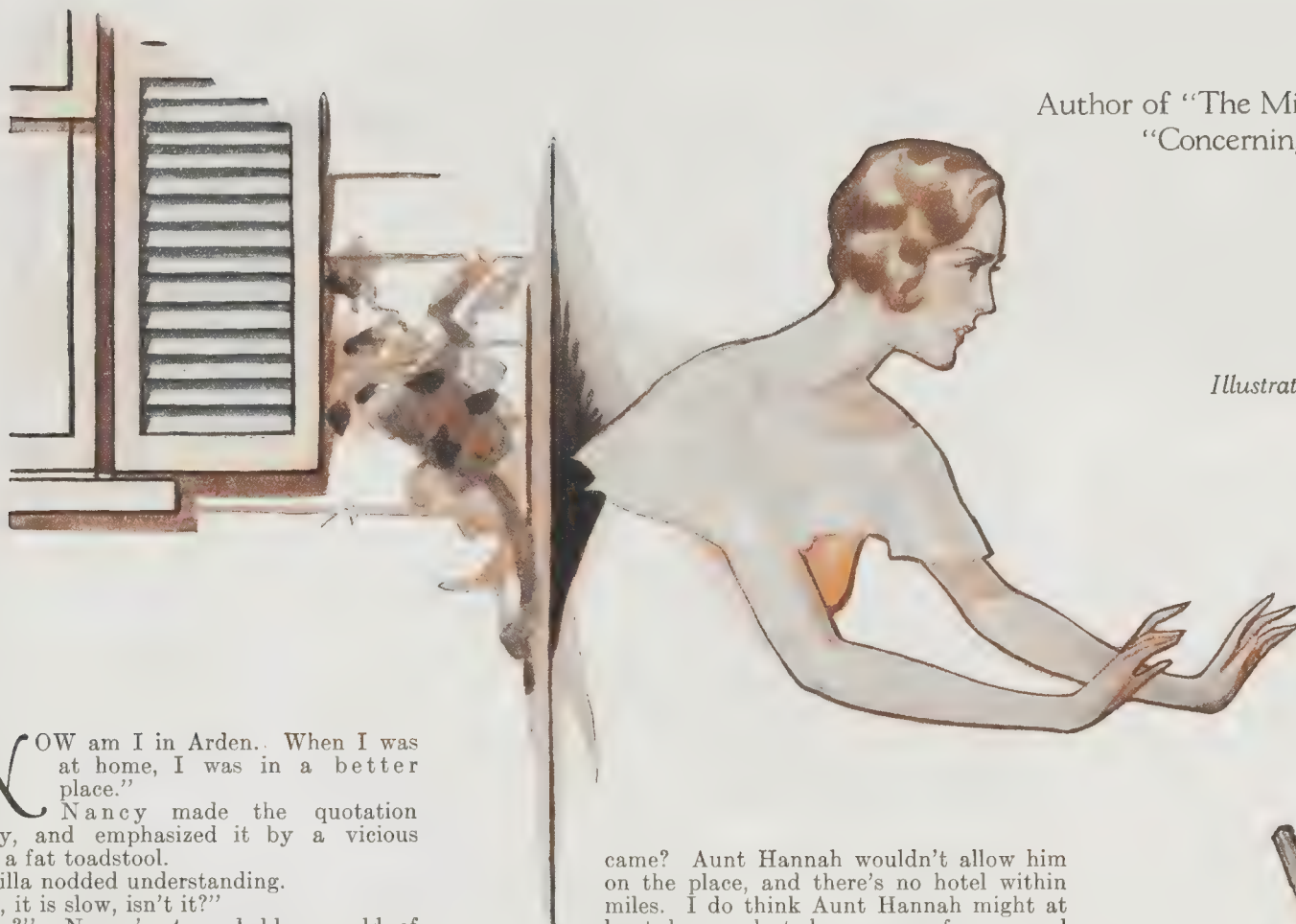


The Vanishing Boarder

By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd

Author of "The Misdemeanors of Nancy,"
"Concerning Belinda," Etc.

Illustrated by John Paul



"NOW am I in Arden. When I was at home, I was in a better place."

Nancy made the quotation woefully, and emphasized it by a vicious kick at a fat toadstool.

Priscilla nodded understanding.

"Yes, it is slow, isn't it?"

"Slow?" Nancy's tone held a world of comment. "Slow! Why, beside this sort of thing, solitary confinement in a dungeon keep is one mad round of gaiety and dissipation. And yet there are beings who put in lifetimes in the country!"

"But I thought you liked the country."

"Of course I like the country—in its proper place. The country is all very well, as a stage-setting. The very best times of my life have been beautifully bucolic—but what's the use of a stage-setting without any *dramatis personae*? What's the country good for without a man?"

Priscilla assumed an expression of pained protest, though her eyes twinkled.

"Shocking, my dear, shocking! Sighing for men, when you have the murmuring rills and carolling birds and spreading oaks—"

"Spreading applesauce!" interrupted Nancy rudely, and then both girls laughed and moved so that the spreading oak would more effectually screen them from the sun.

"Besides I'm not sighing for men," Nancy went on. "I'm only wishing for a man—just one ordinary man, even a quality below ordinary—one little, little man. Of course, I'd rather have a big one, but I'd accept even a little one with effusive thanks."

Priscilla looked at her chum, who was lying stretched out upon the moss, her hands under her head, her white frock cool against the deep green and clinging lovingly to the slender figure. The sunlight sifted through the leaves, playing in her warm brown hair and casting soft, flickering shadows over a charming mutinous face, in which dimples and smiles lurked visibly amid the whimsical petulance.

"I can think of a large group of men of assorted sizes, any one of whom would scramble here, if you'd agree to accept him, even without effusiveness."

Nancy shook her head.

"I'm not offering a permanency, my dear, and what would we do with one of the collection if he

came? Aunt Hannah wouldn't allow him on the place, and there's no hotel within miles. I do think Aunt Hannah might at least have selected a young farmer and 'hand' to run the farm! She's collected a valuable group of antiques, hasn't she? I've always been given to understand that there were stalwart, handsome sons of Anak on farms. Jeremiah and Hiram are a fine Anaky couple!"

"Nancy, you were crazy to come. You said you wanted to get away from people and be in a place where it would be green and quiet, and where you could loaf and invite your soul."

"Well, so I did; but my soul has sent regrets, and that changes my point of view. What I yearn for is the beach at Atlantic City. There are more fellow-beings—of a kind—to the square inch there, than in any other place I can think of. And to think I let you in for this, Pris. You could have gone to Kennebunk for this month, and I persuaded you into coming to Aunt Hannah's with me."

"Oh! that's all right—I quite like it," averred Priscilla loyally. "I'd rather be with you here than at Kennebunk without you."

"And how could I know she was a fossilized dragon—and that the lovely farm was a thousand miles from nowhere? Daddy hadn't seen her in forty years, and she wrote an awfully nice old-fashioned letter, and I sort of pictured a lavender silk, old mahogany spinet, Canton china situation. My literary sense will be the death of me yet. I presented Aunt Hannah with a cherished romance and a gentle, sentimental spinsterhood—and here she's a whalebone and rawhide Yankee manager, who hates men worse than she hates anything except dust and wastefulness! As a matter of fact, I believe she thinks men were just a bit of dusty wastefulness on the part of the Almighty."

"Never mind," said Priscilla soothingly. "We'll squirm through July and escape by the first of August."

"Miss Reynolds! Miss Reynolds!"

A high, piercing voice, with a fine nasal twang, came shrilly through the quiet sun-steeped air. Nancy sat up suddenly.



"There's the light-footed Maria. What do you suppose she wants?"

"Oh, Miss Reynolds!"

"Here, Maria."

Nancy was on her feet now, slim, pretty, expectant.

A spindling, slab-sided girl, in a shapeless brown gingham dress, plunged heavily through the willows and paused panting on the other side of the stream near which the girls were standing. "Please, Miss, your aunt's had a telegraph. She's that stirred up

she broke the blue-and-white teapot. Her niece, Molly, up at Springtown, she's goin' to marry somebody, or somethin', and your aunt, she's goin' right up and stop it. She's puttin' on her black alpaca, and Hiram, he's bringin' up the coup', and she's goin' on that two-fifty train. She wants you to come in right away, so she can tell you what to do over Sunday. She won't be back till Monday afternoon, anyhow."

Maria stopped for breath.

"Hooray for Molly!" murmured Nancy, as she and Priscilla made their way gingerly across the stepping-stones.

"Do you know her?"

"Never heard of her. You see Aunt Hannah isn't my aunt—is no relation at all. Father's brother married her adopted sister. They do say Aunt Hannah would have married father, if he hadn't been a sprinter. There'd be nothing for it but flight, if she once made up her mind."

The two girls hurried across the meadow, through the orchard, and up to the rambling white house, before whose box-stoop stood two huge sentinel elms. On the stoop, framed by the straight trunks of the giant trees, was a gaunt, angular figure in a black frock and bonnet of a year long dead.

An ancient automobile waited at the side of the house, and an elderly, hollow-chested, loose-jointed man, in blue jean and a torn straw hat, held the wheel.

"Girls, I've had bad news!"

Miss Martin's voice was crisp—her tone was grim.

"I'm going away for three days, and you'll have to get along somehow. I've told Maria what to have for meals, and written it down, so you'll see she does as I told her. The paper is in the first right-hand pigeon-hole of the desk in the sitting-room."

"I've put away the best china. That girl would be sure to break things, if I wasn't around with my eye on her. Be careful about the lights, and don't forget to bolt the doors. Don't you give Hiram any victuals, Maria Elkins. He's engaged to board at the farmhouse with Jeremiah's folks, and I don't

'low to feed him. I'm sorry I have to go off, but there isn't any time to lose. I guess I'll see whether a niece of mine's going to marry a good-for-nothing!

"Won't listen to her folks? Well, she'll listen to me! So'll he!

"I'll be back Monday afternoon at five. Goodbye.

"Now, Hiram, you make that car go as if it was new."

The old contraption rattled down the drive.

"Maria, don't you forget to fold the counterpanes, and don't talk to peddlers."

The parting admonitions were wafted back upon the summer breeze.

Nancy sat down limply upon the stoop and mopped her brow.

"Wish I could telegraph Molly," she said fervently. "Think of having even a good-for-nothing to run away with! I'd welcome a Hottentot!"

"It's rather jolly being left alone," suggested Priscilla.

"Well, rather. Next to having an agreeable man on the place, not having Aunt Hannah is the most consolatory thing I can think of. Maria, what's that that smells so good?"

"Baking—berry pies and doughnuts and bread and coffee-cake. There's floating-island made, too—and baked beans, and Miss Martin, she 'lowed she'd have a ham cooked tomorrow. There's fried chicken for supper."

"I will say for Aunt Hannah that she doesn't starve us," Nancy admitted generously. "Come on, Pris, let's go up to the falls. I left a book up there this morning."

THE two girls followed the winding garrulous brook past the willow-fringed meadows, into the woods, where it swirled noisily around great moss-covered boulders, and foamed over miniature rapids, dropping occasionally into silence in deep brown-hearted pools in the shelter of the rocks or fallen logs, or in the curves of shelving banks. Rank fern and damp, sweet-smelling herbs grew thickly along the path, the sunlight fell green-golden through the leaves, and warmed the velvety mosses

into sudden flashes of vivid colour. The splash and gurgle and ripple of the running water were light-hearted wood voices.

Nancy stopped for a moment to draw a long breath of content.

"After all," she admitted, spreading out her hands in a little inclusive gesture, "this isn't bad. There are moments when I can conceive of an Adamless Eden, but I could never consider giving up the serpent. Now, a man would probably see in the brook only a trout stream. He'd fish and fish, and be absolutely unappreciative of the aesthetic side of nature. A man—"

Her harangue broke off short with a snap. She clutched her comrade's arm.

"There is one!"

"A tramp!" gasped Priscilla tremulously.

"Tramp, indeed! Those are city-built knickers, Priscilla Pillsbury. When I get back to the house, I shall pour a libation of elderberry wine to all the gods."

"Let's go back now."

Priscilla was distinctly uneasy, but Nancy was cast in more heroic mould.

"Go back now! Perish the thought! Going forward is just beginning to be interesting. He's been fishing. Tramps don't carry fishing-tackle and read books bound in limp leather. I wonder if his face matches his back. Dreadfully long back—isn't it?—stretched out on the bank that way. Come on, Honey. It's time for us to be discovered."

She went swiftly forward, her face as guileless as a baby's, serene unconsciousness of the stranger's presence writ large upon her.

The young man heard the crackle of twigs, lazily lifted his chin from his hands and his eyes from his book, and for a second lay there, staring in blank surprise at the apparition moving toward him. Then he scrambled hastily to his feet, took his pipe from his mouth and his cap from his head, and confronted Nancy.

Her startled-fawn pose was a triumph. She was surprised, tremendously surprised. Anyone could have seen that, but she rallied with gentle dignity.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the man. "I'm afraid I frightened you."

Nancy blushed. She always blushes when she is interested in a *role*. It doesn't mean anything, but it is most effective.

"Oh! it's quite all right," she said sweetly. "Of course it did startle me. We are so used to having these woods all to ourselves that we had forgotten there were other folk in the world."

"Then I'm trespassing. It's my normal state nowadays, but there's no way of knowing, and the stream was an alluring proposition for a fisherman. I'm awfully sorry. You don't feel faint or anything, do you?"

Nancy didn't feel faint.

Priscilla had come up, and was eyeing the other young woman with an expression 'twixt severity and apprehension. She is never quite sure what Nancy will do next.

The stranger took the initiative. He was extremely good to look at. Even Priscilla admitted that. The corduroys were worn and shabby, the soft felt hat was battered, but the man was evidently a gentleman, and the frank boyishness and good nature in the handsome sun-browned face were disarming.

"I wonder if you'd mind telling me," the eyes were still fixed upon Nancy's blushes and a faint touch of dull red had crept into his own tanned cheeks. "You see, I'm a stranger here. I've been tramping, fishing, and sketching and loafing for three weeks, and I seemed to have missed my road today. I wonder if you'd mind telling me how far I am from Millville?"

"Twenty miles," said Nancy.

[Continued on page 44]



Maria clutched him with a strong, soapy hand.

THE SIGN

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by F. V. Williams



The cow drew back with a snort of dismay, kicking up her heels and prancing head down as a cow will.

PHIL WAYNE was wakened from his early morning slumbers by a rumble of hoofs outside the cabin. It was not usual for the old milk cow to indulge in daybreak exercises of this kind; indeed, she loved the quiet and leisurely walks of life, so evidently there was something out of the ordinary to account for her conduct. Wayne got up and moved one corner of the mosquito muslin from the window and peered out into the dewy solitude.

The cow was up against the snake fence which enclosed the clearing, sniffing cautiously through it at something in the long grass at the other side. What that something was Wayne could not see, but next moment the cow drew back with a snort of dismay, kicking up her heels and prancing head down as a cow will. At the same instant Wayne saw something dart through the fence and back again—aiming a sweeping blow at the cow's face, which she only just evaded, and to the man that something looked like a long yellow paw armed with fish-hook claws.

So Wayne quietly got his rifle and went to the other window, from which he could obtain a better view, and soon he made out the contour of a long yellow body crouching low in the grass and watching the cow. "A panther, my hat!" he muttered, and bringing the sights to bear, pressed the trigger. Thereupon the cat leapt high into the air, and fell back to the verdure. Again Wayne fired, and that settled the matter for good.

He was quite sure that this was so, yet he was in no special hurry to go out. Cats are said to possess nine lives, and he had known a cat of this particular variety to get up and play the unexpected long after it was thought to be slain. For fully five minutes he waited, his rifle ready, then he decided that there had been no shadow of doubt about it.

Yes, she was dead all right, and as Phil Wayne looked down at her he was surprised that a mountain lion should be so wonderfully marked. Her coat was in beautiful order, bright and glossy as silk, and her white markings were of purely snowy whiteness, setting off the darker shades to good effect. He was struck that her colouring was an exact counterpart of that of the whitetail deer on which the panther feeds so largely.

Well, in any case, it was a good thing that she was gone, for had one of those slashing blows gone home, the cow would not have forgotten it.

There were not many panthers left in that part of the Rockies, and as Phil stood there he fell to wondering whether there was any truth in the stories he had heard about them. He had heard strange stories—that the panther is ever man's friend, and he recalled a report which an Indian had brought in, and Indians do not lie concerning such matters. A panther had saved his life by sticking close to him when he was down and out, and the wolves were quartering for game. It had even brought him food, and there were other stories about the great wild cats making friends with human beings in dire need. But now, the dead panther stretched at his feet, Wayne chose to conclude that such stories were the result of animal scheming—to follow and to wait till killing was easy.

"Bloodthirsty varmints!" he muttered, prodding the dead beast with his moccasined foot, but just then his attention was diverted by a movement at the edge of the bush only a few yards away. He looked, he saw, and an exclamation of surprise broke from his lips.

For there, standing on a log, looking at him through the green leaves, was quite the prettiest

kitten he had ever seen. It stood with its head coily awry, regarding him with its big eyes, in which there was neither fear nor malice. It was perhaps half the size of a domestic cat, and of course he knew that it was a kit of the dead mother.

Phil went slowly up and stretched out his hand to lift it, whereupon the little creature crouched, the green hatred came into its eyes, and it hissed a warning snarl. There, if you like, was an illustration of the wild fighting machine, and Phil withdrew his hands thoughtfully. Still the kit made no attempt to escape from him, so keeping its attention with one hand, he grabbed it quickly by the scruff of the neck with the other, and the kitten, accustomed to being carried by its mother in that way, merely hung limply without a kick in self defence.

So Phil took the kitten into the cabin, and twenty minutes later one might have seen him on all fours rolling the fluffy mite over just as he might have played with a domestic kitten.

Thus Wayne's new pet was established, but what he intended eventually to do with it he did not know. Probably when the time came he would have no difficulty in getting a good price for it from some zoological collection, since puma cubs are not an everyday occurrence.

PHIL WAYNE, I fear, was not a very energetic man, and he had reduced the art of living well, without physical expenditure, to a very fine point. He knew how to drive a hard bargain, and for the most part he made his living by buying claims from hard-up prospectors who wanted cash, and turning them over at a profit. Also the old cow was a source of revenue, for less than a mile from Phil's cabin a small gold mine was working, and the men were only too glad to buy fresh milk at a fancy price. In addition he went prospecting on his own account when he thought he would, and in winter he did a little trapping, though of late Phil

had sunk into a backwash. His hair was growing long, his clothing was assuming an aspect of polished permanency, his ambitions, if such they could be termed, were sinking into an ever-narrowing groove. All this was a pity, since there was no finer mountaineer along the range than Phil Wayne, and it was said that he could go anywhere which afforded foothold for a goat. If any man might have made good up there, he might.

From the first the kit threw wonderfully on a liberal supply of new milk, and one evening the foreman of the mine was over for a pipe and a chat. Wayne was rolling the kitten over with his foot when the foreman cautiously remarked—"You want to watch that cub."

"Why?" queried Wayne.

The foreman drained his glass and put it down heavily ere he answered. He was a Scot. "I see her corner teeth are pretty well on," he said. "That's the time you want to watch."

Again Wayne rolled the cub over on the rug between them. Incidentally that rug was the skin of its poor slain mother. "You mean I'd kind of know about it if she made her teeth meet through one of my toes?" he queried, and forthwith gave the cub a cuff which sent it scuffling into a corner.

"She's big as a Scottish wild-cat," remarked Sandy, allowing his slow-moving mind due latitude. No doubt he would come to the point sooner or later.

"Maybe," Wayne agreed, "but she's smooth as a dose of the oldest and most potent which ever came from a Scottish still."

The Scotsman smiled and grunted at that. It smote his sense of humour. "You want

to watch them stills," was his best effort after a pause of about a minute.

Wayne regarded him keenly. "What the deuce do you mean?" he asked at length.

Again Sandy took up his glass, but finding it empty put it down still more heavily. He sucked hard at his pipe, spat through a knot-hole in the floor, then decided to frame his words. "The development of the corner teeth keeps pace with an animal's desire to kill," he explained. "When its corner teeth grow long enough it can hold its prey—can kill. The corner teeth grow as the need for them arises. When a young animal begins to need flesh, its teeth have grown to that length by which it can kill and obtain flesh. Now do you get me?"

"Yes," said Wayne. "You mean that, taking the kitten's teeth as a barometer, it is growing out of the milk stage. Well, I don't blame it. I grew out of the milk stage long ago, but I ain't never wanted to bite anyone. You boys along at the mine are uncommon fond of milk, so I take it you ain't got no corner teeth. Let's have a look." And Wayne caught the foreman irreverently by the forelock and jerked his head back. "No, blowed if you have!" he added. "Ain't got no teeth of any kind worth speaking of! What you have got would better be described as fangs, and they sure ain't fit for chewing meat!"

Sandy stared with stolid incomprehension, till Wayne suggested another drink, at which the Scotsman pulled himself together.

But nevertheless the point the foreman had brought forward stuck in Wayne's mind. So far the cub had subsisted entirely on a milk diet, but certainly from her size she would be killing for her own needs if wild and free. As yet she had never tasted blood, but she tasted it a few days later, and in a way which rather bore out the foreman's prophecies.

It happened that in the locality there was a young man of alleged religious tendencies, who acted, mainly for his own amusement, as local preacher among the woodsmen. It occurred to this young man that it was time to call upon Wayne with a view to suggesting to that worthy that he might pull himself together, tighten his belt and draw up his socks, and do something worth while in the world of men. So, as the young preacher walked in the direction of Wayne's cabin, he recited to himself the sermon he was prepared to reel off to that promising convert. He, the preacher, had seen many promising men sink to the clammy levels which were claiming the young mountaineer, but at the back of the preacher's mind, nevertheless, was the feeling that Wayne might turn round and answer—"You go ahead, old son, and try some of the things I've tried. Try life on a whaler till you're shipwrecked and have to spend six months with the Eskimos, living on blubber. Go through a scrap in Mexico and get stabbed in the rump by a Greaser. Go up to the Yukon without dogs or cash and try to make good. Go through the world war and get wounded five times, then come back and see if you ain't content to live in a cabin along with your cow, and let other chaps scrap for a living who want to."

To all this, reciting aloud as he walked, the preacher had his flow of eloquence ready, till he gained the creek at which Wayne daily drew his fresh water, and there, in the brilliant sunshine, with a king bird wheeling and screeching about its head, he saw the biggest wild cat he had ever seen, holding the centre of the pathway. The young man was not afraid. He knew that this was Wayne's pet panther, for it wore a crimson collar. All the same, he looked round for a club or a large stone, and finding neither of them he made a mental note of the nearest tree.

But he had no time to act, for the cat took the stream at one astounding bound, and next moment was at his feet, rolling over and over with bewildering quickness and tossing high the twigs like a playful kitten. Ere the young man could act, she embraced him about the legs, one of her forepaws obtaining a good hold of the seat of his trousers, and her ears twitched back as her long corner teeth closed on one of the young man's shins—closed and drew back.

Thereafter the preacher kicked out. He kicked her in the ribs, in the face, in the mouth, he kicked her clean across the creek till she fled for the timber, and a few seconds later he arrived panting at Wayne's bungalow, where Wayne sat on the verandah extracting melody from a mouth organ.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, keeping a brute like that!" shouted the young man, dancing on one leg.

Wayne stared, then placidly blew off a few soothing bars.

"She's bitten me!" announced the preacher shrilly, and Wayne tried a few higher notes. "Before long," the young man went on, "she'll maul someone, then there'll be the very devil to pay."

At that, I regret to say, in all the pious beauty of the summer afternoon, the young man turned away with a string of irrelevant oaths, while with a squealing as though from the bagpipes, the strains of the Dead March followed him, and Wayne's last thought ere he fell asleep was—"Thank God I ain't a humbug!"

And, if so it be that some day you or I have to look to our fellow men for compassion and mercy, maybe among the sinful we shall find it.

THIS incident caused Wayne furiously to think, for he realized that had the cub lost her temper she might indeed have mauled the young man severely. Thus he decided that it was time his pet was handed over to proper quarters, and he spent the next day knocking together a cedar crate in which the cub might be transported.

But the Fates had decreed that she was never to see the inside of that crate, for something happened which undeceived Wayne with a jolt as to

his own personal safety. He had been asleep for some hours when he awoke with the instincts of the old campaigner upon him that he was in peril. The moonlight shone through the windows, casting brilliant oblongs across the floor, but the rest of the room was in darkness. Slowly his gaze made out a sinuous outline stretched across the floor a few feet from his bunk. He saw a long tail twitching slowly from side to side, and the blood veritably froze in his veins as he distinguished two green eyes in which shone the hunting lust of the blood-loving animal, fixed upon him. His panther? Yes, his panther! Deserting her couch under the cabin, she had come silently in through one of the windows from which he had removed the mosquito netting, and had entered with the cunning of a thief. Now she was at his very feet, stalking him, tense and ready to spring.

Wayne's rifle was across the room. To gain it was impossible, and for some seconds he lay, paralyzed by the terrifying apparition before him. Then it occurred to him that unless he did something he would be mauled where he lay, and acting on an impulse he leapt up with a ringing shout, and in an instant the wildcat was gone.

Yes, gone! She had leapt clean through the open window by which she had come, without so much as touching the woodwork. Caught in the act of intended crime, she had fled with cat-like cowardice and in the knowledge of her guilt. That she had meant to slay him Wayne was convinced, for he knew the ways of wild animals, and he had seen the light in her eyes. So for the remainder of that night he sat by the open window, his rifle ready but he did not see the wildcat, nor was he destined to see her for many, many weeks.

It was, perhaps, a month later, and the first frosts had come, when a messenger belonging to the adjacent mine met with a terrifying experience. He was returning home at the edge of dusk from one of the outlying prospects, his hands in his jacket pockets, unmindful of danger, when he became aware that something was following him—shadowing him through the shadows. He turned quickly about, to see a panther sneaking pussyfoot up behind him, and in the dim light she looked the size of a tiger. Her head was down, and she slunk high in the shoulder-blades as a wildcat does when on mischief bent. Her eyes shone a dangerous

green, and the man saw about her neck a crimson collar.

The man threw up his arms, shouting and running towards her, hoping thus to scare her off, but the cat stood her ground in dangerous fashion till he was almost within arm's reach. Then she shot into the timber and lay on a branch, glowering down at him, her tail twitching slowly from side to side.

It is to be feared that thereupon the messenger lost his nerve and began to run, though he had not gone far when the animal crossed the trail ahead of him, rolling over and over like a playful kitten, and tossing high the snow crystals as she rolled. Thus feigning playfulness, her intention evidently was to gain his feet, but the man dodged and ran on, shouting desperately for help. The mine was not far off, and now, to his intense relief, he saw the light of a storm lantern coming towards him, and heard the voices of his friends.

Naturally Wayne heard about this. He was told roundly by all and sundry that he, by his darned folly, had introduced into their midst a beast which was a bloody danger to mankind. There ought to be a law prohibiting individuals bringing up formidable animals to a fearlessness of mankind. Was there ever a bear or a wolf more dangerous than that which has grown from a cub in man's keeping? Naturally not, for a wild beast reared by man has no fear of him, and returning to the Wild, as it inevitably will, it takes that fearlessness with it.

Meantime the children were conveyed to school under armed escort, social functions fell flat because the women were afraid to travel at night time, and Wayne became the most unpopular man in the vicinity.

So there was nothing for it but for him to hand over the care of his cabin and his cow to another, and to betake himself to the woods to hunt the beast he had inflicted upon his neighbours. But he went with a grudge towards his neighbours. If men and women were such fools it was no fault of his. "Scared, the devil!" said Wayne. Of all the milk-and-water-out-and-out cissies this settlement beat the band! Anyway, life was not worth living with public feeling unanimously opposed, so he might as well get out to the great woods and live a man's life.

I SAY that panthers were rare in that corner of the Rockies, but Wayne soon found that there were more of them about than he had ever known. He was a born huntsman, and when a panorama opened before him he knew from the look of the country what kind of game, if any, he might expect there. Here a broken level stretch with shattered spiky timber, touched with the lighter green of birch and poplar, would mean to Wayne "Moose country." Elsewhere he would find himself at the foot of a grey rocky rise with pine dotted about, and he would mutter "Panther country!"

During the first two or three weeks he killed three panthers and saw several more, but of his panther he had seen no sign, and as day by day the frost increased in severity, he felt the wolf blood surging in his veins. Each night he made his camp fire, cooked his wolfish meal, and slept on an icy, wolfish bed, and sometimes when he strode through the woods, he felt the call to raise his face to the moon and let forth the long, sad hunting cry. Words could not have uttered what was at his soul—there alone with Nature and with God. There with the indomitable white silence, the waving world of shadow, the vastness opening ever ahead, wide, vague, and infinite as the stars, and ever the call to steal on further, further, away into the Great Unsurveyed. There were times when Wayne would have fled as a deer flies from the sound of human footfall. He felt that never, never again did he want to see the lighted avenues or to hear the voices of his fellow men. He became afraid of his fellow men, and in that, his better judgment told him, lay the danger. He knew that the great solitudes were getting him down.

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As his mittened hands clutched the face of the sloping ice he saw something emerge. It was his panther who gave a rumbling purr of welcome, for it wore about its neck a ragged crimson collar!

The Moreland Complex

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrated by R. G. Herbert

CONCLUSION

TO A man, they were ready. They reached the thick undergrowth without being seen by the enemy. While the Balls and Turners fired more or less aimlessly at the building, drank white whiskey and cursed Bill Wade, Bill Wade and his men were making their way steadily in a wide half-circle up the side of David Moreland's Mountain.

Half an hour after they had left his office, Wade had stationed his men, deployed as a line of skirmishers, behind sheltering trees some two hundred feet above the Balls and their kinsmen.

John Moreland, Ben Littleford, and Bill Wade were not far apart. "It's a shame to do it," said Wade. "I swear, we can't shoot men in the back like this!"

John Moreland twisted his mouth into a queer smile of contempt, and so did Ben Littleford. They knew, far better than their leader, the ways of a people without a principle. The Balls and Turners wouldn't hesitate to shoot them in the back!

"Well," John Moreland replied, and it was almost a sneer, "ye might give 'em a chanst to surrender."

Wade leaned around his tree, which was a great gnarled chestnut, and called boldly:

"Will you surrender—or fight?"

One of those below yelled surprisedly:

"Who're *you*?" Then they all whipped to the other side of their sheltering timber.

Wade shouted down: "I am the chief of the finest hill clan that ever looked along rifle barrels. Will you surrender—or fight?"

He was unused to this sort of thing, and he was uncautious. He showed a little too much of his head—there was a sudden keen report, and a neat hole had appeared in the rim of his hat! John Moreland fired the next shot, and he broke the right arm of the man who had just shot at Bill Wade. The battle opened in earnest.

Soon the thunder of many rifles made a steady, roaring sound. The air was filled with the pungent odor of burning powder. Bill Wade emptied the magazine of his repeater, and sank behind the big chestnut to fill it again with fresh cartridges from his belt. Bullets now whined on both sides of him; they cut greenish white burrows in the bark of both sides of his tree; they knocked up little spurts of black earth to his right and to his left; they cut off twigs within an arm's reach of him. A dozen Balls were now firing toward him, seeking to avenge the death of their kinsman, the Goliath. John Moreland's strong voice came to him through the din and roar:

"Don't show no part o' yerself now, Bill! Ef ye do, ye'll shore be hit!"

Wade pumped a cartridge into the chamber of his rifle, and slipped one more into the magazine. He rose behind the chestnut. To remain there hidden and doing nothing while the clan he thought of as his own clan was fighting—to him it was no less than cowardly. He fired four shots rapidly, and before the wind had cleared away the blinding smoke he was behind another tree and firing again toward the Balls.

It lasted hotly for two hours; but the casualties were comparatively few, because there was so much cover available. From the beginning the Balls and Turners had the worst of it, which was due to uphill shooting, white whiskey, and lack of the iron that makes the true fighting man. The cartridges of those below were giving out; they had fired too many shots needlessly.

"It's about time to rush them and capture them," Wade said to John Moreland, as calmly as though he were merely playing some child's game.

A few minutes later, Wade sent the wings of his line down the mountainside, forming a half-circle of his force; then the whole line rushed, surrounded the enemy, and called for a surrender.

But the Balls and their kinsmen wouldn't surrender. They left their cover and started to run, found themselves facing Morelands and Littlefords in every direction, clubbed their rifles, and fought. It was not true courage that prompted them to offer resistance thus; it was utter desperation. They had never been givers of mercy, therefore they expected no mercy. The woodland rang with the sound of wood and steel crashing against wood and steel. Everywhere there were groans and threats and curses, victorious cries and further demands for a surrender.

Bill Wade, ever a lover of fair combat, threw down his weapon to grapple with a big North Carolinian whose clubbed rifle had been knocked from his hands. The two fell and rolled down the mountainside locked in each other's arms. And then one of the Balls struck him across the head with the butt of an empty gun, and Bill Wade slackened his arms and lay as one dead.

HE was lying under cover in a carved black walnut bed, and it was night, when he again opened his eyes. Above him he saw the bearded faces of Ben Littleford and John Moreland, and they looked anxious and haggard in the oil lamp's yellow light. Suddenly Moreland spoke:

"Dead—nothin'!" jubilantly. "He's done come to! Ye couldn't put him in a cannon and shoot him ag'inst a cliff and kill him, Ben! I hope ye're feelin' all right, Bill, shore."

Wade realized everything quite clearly. He put a hand to his head; there was a wet cloth

lying over the swollen spot.

"He shore give ye a buster of a lick," drawled a voice that Wade instantly recognized as that of his worshipper, By Heck.

Many men crowded to the bedside and smiled at him, and he smiled back at them. Soon he asked: "Did you capture that outfit?"

"Every durned one of 'em," answered John Moreland. "They're all shet up in the downstairs o' the office buildin', under gyard. The' hain't but one plumb teetotally dead, for a wonder; but the' a whole raft of 'em hurt. I've done sent Luke to town on hossback, attar a doctor for you and Saul and Little Tom; and he can 'tend to them crippled Balls too, I reckon, ef you think it's best. What're we a goin' to do with them fellers, Bill?"



He held the lighted lantern while Moreland worked. They were there for hours.

"We're going to take them to the Cartersville jail," said Wade.

"It's some devilish rough Christmas Eve ye're a havin', Bill, old boy, hain't it?" grinned By Heck.

"Rather," smiled Wade. He closed his eyes. His head ached, and he was very tired.

Within the hour he went to sleep, and when he awoke, it was almost daylight on Christmas morning. Ben Littleford, half dressed, was stirring the fire in the wide-mouthed stone fireplace. Wade felt better than he had expected to feel; he greeted Ben Littleford with the compliments of the season, rose, and dressed himself.

Littleford had just gone to make a fire in the kitchen, when there was a slow, light rapping at the outside door of Bill Wade's room. Wade rose from his sheepskin-lined rocker before the cheery fire, went to the door and opened it. Before him stood a slim, barefoot boy in the poorest of rags; in his pitifully slender arms there was something wrapped rather loosely in crumpled brown paper. Wade did not remember having seen the boy before, but he knew it was no Littleford.

"Come in, son," he invited cordially. "Come in and warm yourself. My goodness alive, it's too cold to go barefooted like that! Haven't you any shoes, son?"

"Shoes?" muttered the lad, queerly. "Shoes?"

He was shivering from the cold. His thin face looked pinched and blue. Wade stopped, picked him up bodily, and carried him to the old rocker he had just vacated.

"Now stick your feet out toward the fire, son—that's it," and Wade chafed the poor little, dirty, half-frozen feet and legs. "Son," he went on, his heart throbbing out of sheer pity, "you go to the commissary clerk and tell him to dress you up like the Prince of Wales, if he's got it, and charge the same to the account of Bill Wade. It'll be my Christmas gift to you, little boy. What's your name?"

The lad turned a pair of surprised black eyes upon the big and sunbrowned man.

"Are you Bill Wade?"

"Yes."

That which the boy said next struck Bill Wade with the force of a bullet.

"So you're Bill Wade! Well, — my soul!"

"Don't, buddy, don't!"

The boy went on: "My name it's Henery. I come here with a Christmas gif' for you," he pointed a dirty finger toward the bundle in his lap. "But you hain't a goin' to git it now!"

"Why?"

"Why! Shoes—at's why. Hell, did I ever have any shoes afore?"

"Son," protested Bill Wade, "you're entirely too small to swear. You mustn't do it."

"Yes," quickly, "I'm small. I'm small to my age. I'm done twelve years old. I've been measured for the go-backs."

"Measured for the go-backs?" laughed Wade.

"Yes. When ye grow littler 'stid o' bigger, ye've got the go-backs. I've got the go-backs. Maw she measured me with a yarn string, and 'en she wrapped the yarn string around the door-hinge. I'll 'gin to grow bigger, or die, one or t'other, afore the string wears out on the hinge. Bound to."

Again Wade laughed, but with a catch in his voice. Ben Littleford came into the room and Wade rose and faced him.

"Do you know this boy?"

"It's Lyss Ball's boy," answered Littleford, puckering his brows. "What's he a doin' here?"

"He brought a Christmas present for me," said Wade, "but he has decided that I shan't have it."

"The only Christmas present you could git from a Ball would be a bullet," frowned Littleford. He stepped to the rocker and took the bundle from

the boy's lap; he took away the crumpled brown paper—and there in his hands lay a loaded and cocked revolver! There was a dearth of pockets in the poor boy's rags.

"What'd I tell ye?" said Ben Littleford.

An hour later Bill Wade and a score of Littlefords and Morelands entered the big downstairs room of the office and supplies building. The defeated Balls and Turners lounged here and there, sullen and silent, on the rough-board floor of their temporary prison. Wade walked into their midst and addressed them:

"You'll admit, won't you, that I've got what you fellows call 'the deadwood' on you? And that it lies in my power to send every one of you to the state penitentiary?"

"I reckon so," answered Adam Ball's father. He was pretty well cowed, and so were his kinsmen.

"But I've decided not to do it," went on Bill Wade. "I can't forget that this is Christmas Day. You may have your liberty as a present from the man you've tried so hard and so unjustly to kill. After the doctor gets through with Saul Littleford, he will come here and dress all your wounds; then the guards will give you back your rifles, and you may go home."

Wade turned to John Moreland. Moreland's face wore a puzzled displeased smile.

"If your brother David was here," demanded Bill Wade, half angrily, "what would he do? It's Christmas Day, isn't it?"

John Moreland's face brightened. "Yes, it's Christmas Day, Bill." He looked toward the Balls and Turners.

"Merry Christmas, gentlemen!" he said—and Adam Ball's father immediately asked him for a chew of tobacco.

ON the floor of the richly furnished library of the Wade home, near a west window, Miss Elizabeth Littleford sat reading by the fast fading light of an

inquired: "Aren't you afraid you will injure your eyes, Elizabeth? Better have a light, hadn't you, dear?" The old coal king turned toward the switch on the wall.

"No!" she answered quickly. "I'm through reading for today—and I like this twilight."

Her improvement in speech and manner had gone on at a surprisingly rapid rate. She rarely spoke with any but the simplest words, but she never fell into anything more than a bare semblance of the old drawling hill dialect unless it was while she was under stress of some strong emotion.

She closed the book and looked up with eyes that were like the first stars in a summer sky. Her beauty was wonderful—finer and sweeter than it had ever been before.

Old Wade stood looking thoughtfully into her upturned face. He was somewhat pale, and he seemed troubled and uneasy.

Elizabeth shook her head. "You're worryin' again!"

He dropped limply into a nearby chair, leaned slowly forward, and let one hand fall gently on her thick and silky, chestnut brown hair.

"I wish I had a daughter like you," he said earnestly.

He took his hand from her head, lay back wearily in his chair, and closed his eyes; then he leaned forward again.

"The Morelands, Elizabeth—have they moved away from the settlement?"

The girl nodded. "Bill Wade has done wonderful things for them!"

The old coal king was silent for a moment, then he said suddenly, "I want to see my son—there is something I must tell him. 'Will you go with me, Elizabeth?'"

"I'd love it," she answered.

She thought she knew what stirred him. By intuition, supplemented by Bill Wade's occasional cryptic utterances, and pieced out by hill tradition,

Elizabeth Littleford gradually had come into possession of the older Wade's grim secret.

The following day John K. Wade and Elizabeth Littleford alighted from a north-bound passenger train at Halfway Switch. The mountains were covered with three inches of snow, and the hemlocks and pines bore heavy burdens of the beautiful white stuff; the air was still, and it wasn't cold.

Together, with the girl leading the way, they set out across David Moreland's Mountain. The trail showed no footprints ahead of them; it was the old Moreland trail, and it wasn't used any more.

Just before they reached the mountain crest, they passed a group of snow-laden jackpines that concealed a big man who had been silently following the footprints of a wild turkey. In his bare hands he carried a repeating rifle, and this marked him as one born in the hills; the lowlander would have had a choke-bored shotgun. When he saw John K. Wade he stopped suddenly; then he followed stealthily and himself unseen, watched the two.

On the pine-fringed crest, Ben Littleford's daughter halted to view that which lay around and below them. Old Wade stepped close at her side. The young woman brushed back a wayward wisp of brown hair and turned to her companion.

"The Moreland part o' the settlement looks lonesome, don't it?" she said. "See, there's no smoke comin' from their cabin chimneys...." she went on absently, "But

the Littlefords are there yet."

Old Wade caught the meaning that was in the latter sentence. It was a deep meaning.

"We are going to take care of the Littlefords, Elizabeth," he assured her. "I have thought a lot about it, and just now

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THE LONE PINE

BY A. L. FREEBAIRN

*A stunted pine, it stands alone,
Tormented by the gale
That sweeps from out the mountain pass,
Along the Sun Dance Trail.
Its gnarled trunk, like Pisa's tower,
Lists sadly towards the morn.
The branches sagging in the lee,
But make it more forlorn.*

*Yet only it, of all its kind,
Survives against the blast,
To prove that once the pine trees claimed
This crest in ages past.
And still each year it flaunts its pines,
Though fewer than they've been,
And further still upon the plains,
Its progeny are seen.*

*The sheltered valleys of the Crow,
Boast millions of its kind,
While its poor roots among the rocks
Scant nourishment can find.
But which of all the lordly pines,
Protected in the vale,
Has sown its seedlings half so far
Along the Sun Dance Trail?*

*Poor vagrant, battling in the blast
Upon this rocky crest,
While others of thy kindred thrive
At Nature's ample breast,
The struggle has not been in vain,
For down the trail below,
Stands many a lusty seedling
From the lone pine near the Crow.*

early March afternoon. She liked to sit on the floor, and she liked to read; she had read many books in the long days of that winter. In that way she tried to forget that she was lonely.

There were footsteps behind her, soft footsteps because of the thick velvet carpet; then a low voice

Seeing the Unseen

Remarkable Evidence of Mysterious Phenomena Caught by Cameras of Psychical Research Society

By Leslie Garden

*"Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes."—Horatio in "Hamlet."*

TIME was, and not so far in the past, when any attempt to peer into the depths that lie beneath our immediate consciousness of facts—in other words, to experiment with supernatural phenomena—was the signal for an outcry of horror and indignation from the Church and for open sneers from the inveterate sceptic. "It is the devil!" announced the former solemnly. "Humbug!" declared the latter group. But times have changed, and today, in a more receptive and tolerant world, we find Dr. T. Glen Hamilton, leader of the Winnipeg group of psychical researchers, whose work is creating great interest throughout the world among similarly minded people, actually addressing the Toronto Ministerial Association, the annual convention of the British Medical Association, and various service clubs, while the experimenters are besieged with requests for permission to become members of their society.

After all, there have been psychical researchers throughout the ages, and records of their efforts are to be found in many historical works. Saul was one when he disguised himself before his seance with the Witch of Endor, Croesus was one when he tested the oracles of Greece, and, coming nearer our own time and our own tongue, we find such men as William Ewart Gladstone, Arthur Balfour, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, W. T. Stead, Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer, Conan Doyle, Robert Blatchford—men of keen, inquiring minds that brought them material renown, all keenly interested in psychical phenomena, and, in most cases, actually spending a considerable part of their lives in adding to their own and the world's scanty knowledge of these phenomena.

There are few families that have not something "uncanny," mysterious and never satisfactorily explained, in their records, and perhaps it would be as well if, before starting properly on this article, the writer were to explain that he has no preconceptions regarding the source of phenomena of this nature. While admitting that there are things he does not understand, be they psychical or purely physical in their origin, he is no propagandist for any school of belief. What he does know is that these phenomena *do* occur, and, while not meant to be taken as a serious contribution towards the written matter on experiments of this nature, the article has been compiled in the hopes of interesting the thinking—and perhaps sometimes sceptical—public in a research that would seem to be leading towards some very definite and highly important conclusions.

"Seeing is believing." It is an old saying, and one that contains much truth. If you see a photograph of a figure, and you have satisfied yourself that there has been absolutely no possibility of "fake," we may take it that you are justified in believing that the figure appearing on the developed photographic plate has actually materialized.

Agreed? Then let us proceed to write this article on the assumption that the phenomena *have* occurred. And let us, having outlined the conditions under which they have been tested, leave it to the reader to draw his own conclusions as to their source—apart, that is, from a statement of his own conviction as given us by Dr. Hamilton.

Work by the Winnipeg group was commenced twelve years ago, and, in view of the confusion

between the idea of psychical research and "spiritualism," it may be as well to explain that the religious aspect of the question—if there be one—did not enter in any way into the plans of the experimenters. They attacked the problem in a cold, calculating scientific way, and it may not be out of place to mention that not so long ago they detected a medium from the United States, who has made a name for herself among the credulous, in a piece of trickery.

Dr. Hamilton, about whom the group grew, following his reluctant conclusion that there was

experimenters in all parts of the world, is in Dr. Hamilton's house. It is a small room, situated on the second floor and reserved for the experiments, like any other laboratory. Its two windows, about fifteen feet above the ground, are securely boarded over. Its one door of entry opens into an outside hallway at the end opposite the windows. The furniture consists of a deal table, wooden chairs and a wooden cabinet, and lighting is provided by a single ruby photographic lamp and a red ceiling light controlled by a switch attached to Dr. Hamilton's chair. The cabinet is a three-sided enclosure, six feet high and without curtains at the front. The cameras used at times number as many as twelve, and there are always two of them stereoscopic, enabling a three-dimensional photograph to be taken, when a teleplasmic experiment is under way. Frequently a sitter or a guest brings his own camera and handles it himself before, during and after the experiment. The flashlight, by which the picture is taken, is fired by electricity from a push button in the doctor's hand.

The bell boxes used—the mechanisms through which it is claimed that the "controls," or disembodied spirits, manifest their presence by rings—have been constructed on the lines laid down by the Scientific American as most suited to the investigation of psychical phenomena.

Now, with a picture of the personnel of the group and of the room and its arrangements in your mind's eye, we shall take you to a seance at Dr. Hamilton's house. But first give us just a minute while we tell of the precautions taken to ensure that the room is not entered by unauthorized persons or by anyone at the wrong time. "The room is always locked in the intervals between work," Dr. Hamilton avers, "and it is bolted on the inside when work is in progress. Mediums and sitters never enter this room between experiments. The medium with whom the teleplasmic structures are visibly connected removes the whole

or part of her clothing, depending on the nature of the experiment, immediately before a sitting, in an adjoining room in the presence of one or two of the ladies, putting on the loose gown and slippers which are supplied for her. She is then accompanied into the seance room, and immediately enters the open cabinet."

Once the group is seated and other arrangements completed, the light is extinguished, and the proceedings take place in darkness throughout, except for the flash. Hands are joined in chain formation (I quote from an official report to the journal of the British Society). The sitters to the right and the left of the medium are given the special task of seeing that her hands are controlled at all times throughout the experiment. They report from time to time that such control is being maintained, also any movements of her body or limbs which may occur during the time the phenomena are under way. These controllers and others frequently examine the face, neck, head, breast and under arms of the medium without releasing her hands in order to ascertain that nothing is on them, or connected with these parts of the body. Guests sit at the back of the room. It should also be mentioned that a competent note taker is always present to record happenings, and that the notes are signed by him, and frequently by all present, following the experiment.



The cameras used at the seances held in Dr. Hamilton's laboratory number as many as twelve, two of them stereoscopic, enabling a three-dimensional photograph to be taken, when a teleplasmic experiment is under way.

really something tangible to be investigated, had made chemistry his hobby, he was interested in photography, and he had a doctor's knowledge of psychology, physiology and biology. Besides, he is a man of affairs, has been a member of the Manitoba Legislature and prominent on the school board. Not a man to be easily fooled! Those associated with him include the financial manager of a prominent finance and insurance house, the assistant solicitor for a large corporation, a K.C. known throughout Canada for the keenness of his legal mind, other doctors and three prominent ladies of unquestioned integrity.

Let us turn from the personnel of the group to the mediums with whom the greatest success has been had. They are two Scotswomen, kindly, practical women, whose lot has not fallen along the way of education in the restricted sense of the term, and whom it is impossible to imagine as capable of the involved deception that would be necessary to "take in" a group of the type mentioned. Moreover, money, that root of deception, does not enter into the picture at all, the mediums receiving nothing for their services, while the "sitters" are, of course, out of pocket considerably as a result of their investigations.

The room in which have taken place the experiments that, when narrated in journals devoted to such topics, have aroused the attention of other

THE Winnipeg group has passed through all the various stages of experimentation in the sphere of psychic phenomena, and only in the past three of its twelve years' work has it reached the stage of successfully recording teleplasmic photographs. These photographs are taken only at long intervals, and their promise by a control adds new zest to the work. It may be remarked as strange that among the photographs taken there should be so many bearing resemblance to well-known figures of the past, but the group would reply to this by showing that a number of the three dozen recorded either have no resemblance to anyone recognized by the members or by outsiders, or resemble people who, while near and dear to them, were not at all prominent in the public eye.

The photographs are usually preceded by a considerable number of apparent communications with the person formerly owning the face upon this earth, and the writer would throw out the haphazard suggestion that, provided communication is really established, it is reasonable to suppose that the dominant personalities of the famous would be the most likely to assert themselves in this way. "It should be remembered," Dr. Hamilton remarked in the course of a discussion on this point, "that the evidence indicates there are those in

in the beyond who, just like people here, simply pooh-pooh the suggestion of communication, and that only those who are deeply interested in the work there, as here, engage in it and attain results."

Be these things as they may, the group considers that it has obtained photographs in which strong likenesses can be traced to such dead personages as Dr. Livingstone, the explorer, Robert Louis Stevenson, the writer, Gladstone, the statesman, and Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the Baptist, who drew a picture of fire and brimstone for the wicked with such telling effect.

FOLLOWING apparent communications with a number of entities, the group found its greatest success with a "control" called Walter who claimed that he had once worked in Manitoba. Judging from the records of Walter's conversations with the group he must retain an abundance of high spirits, while he is not lacking in an expressive vocabulary when things go wrong. Walter, it is said, at times employs the "direct voice," coming directly to the listeners and not through the entranced medium. This means of communication was employed when one of the most important of the three Spurgeon photos was taken, and the events upon the occasion will probably serve as well as any other record to give the reader an insight into happenings at a typical seance where a teleplasmic picture is recorded.

Walter asks that one or two of the sitters pass their hands over face and neck of the medium to make sure there is nothing there. Four of them do so, and report that nothing is there.

Soon after, Walter cries out, "Ready? Have you got hold of hands?" He is assured that they have, and Walter then tells Dr. Hamilton to fire the flash.

A few minutes later the control asks for writing material, and, on the medium being given paper and a pencil, she is heard writing. The control then states that he has written the name of the person who has been photographed, and he asks that the paper be not opened until the photograph has been shown to the other medium employed in the work with the group and she has been asked who she thinks it to be. The paper is at once given

into the custody of one of the sitters, all this happening in the darkness, of course.

Early in the sitting (it is recorded) Walter had announced that a guard had been placed to prevent "interferences." Someone asked where this guard came from, and in his reply Walter quoted Revelations and some phrases of a religious nature, making the claim that these were given him by John Plowman (the pen-name of Spurgeon).

The photographic plate was immediately developed by Dr. Hamilton in the presence of

another sitter, and shown to the other medium in the presence of the group. She at once said it was the photograph of one of her "friends"—of a man who said he was Spurgeon. The paper on which the entranced medium had written bore the words "Charles Haddon Spurgeon."

This terminated a very exciting evening for the Winnipeg group of investigators, and one that marked the beginning of a success in teleplasmic photography that has placed it in the forefront of other researchers along the same lines. The group probably possesses the most remarkable collection of the kind in existence, and when a selection from it was shown at the convention of the British Medical Association last August it left many of the medical men

and women, who were openly prejudiced, unable to offer any satisfactory explanation. There were declarations that the exhibit alone was worth the visit to Winnipeg from distant parts of the Empire.

MOST of the outstanding work in the realm of psychical research has been done by medical men, a feature that Dr. Hamilton explained by pointing out that the doctor sometimes observed in patients in the trance state a condition that his knowledge of the sciences relating to the human body—biology, chemistry, physiology and psychology—was unable to completely explain. This intrigued an inquiring mind, and, as in his own case, curiosity lead to experiment.

Besides the "control" known as Walter, the Winnipeg group has been brought into apparent touch with the late W. T. Stead, the great British journalist and psychic researcher

who was lost in the Titanic disaster, Camille Flammarion, French astronomer of note who passed away about six years ago, David Livingstone and Robert Louis Stevenson. In connection with the last named, a really remarkable sequence of communications, as well as one photograph in which a distinct likeness to the original is discernible, has been recorded. In all, over 1,100 communications purporting to come from the spirit of the great Scottish writer have been recorded by the group, and in the belief of its members this evidence alone is strong in support of the theory of an after-existence.

At the time Stevenson "came through" no member of the group had more than a passing acquaintance with his work, and none knew anything of his biography. Yet, through a medium whose education and personal contacts had given her no knowledge of the man or his works, began this extraordinary series of communications which have continued to the present day. Speaking of his home in the South Seas, Vailima, in Samoa, Stevenson—or what purported to be he—drew such colorful pictures of his quondam environment that he sent the members of the group scurrying to discover all they could about the dead writer. And, while this remarkable series is being held for inclusion in a book that will be given to the world dealing with the results of the Winnipeg group's work, enough of the facts has been told the writer to make him conclude that here is an extraordinary coincidence, to say the least.

Members of the group are, naturally, steeped in Stevensoniana nowadays, and have mostly become hearty admirers of the writer's works. Occasionally the voice that purports to be Stevenson's delivers talks that are claimed to be very typical of his writings in their pellucidity and gentle wit.

As for the medium through whom "Stevenson" communicates, she has received a liberal education in his writings from her trance experiences. And yet the medium has never read "Treasure Island," and up to the time these phenomena began, was totally unacquainted with Stevenson lore and his fiction. Frequently, on regaining consciousness from her deep trance, she regales the company with a description of the people and places she has

visited. Such characters as Long John Silver, with that wicked wooden leg of his, and the other gentlemen who "yo-hoed" for a bottle of rum, are among those she describes, and one night she gave a vivid picture of the scene wherein Jim overhears the pirate's plans from his refuge in a barrel.

Those early communications, at times marked for their continuity of thought and expression, gave a fragmentary picture that when pieced together and compared with the facts as set forth in Stevenson's own works and in those of his biographers, seemed to the group, a small one at that time, to be convincing testimony to the continued existence of the creator of "Treasure Island." There can be no doubt that when all this is given to the public it will create a sensation. I know enough of the circumstances to pledge that.

At the time Dr. Hamilton came into touch with these phenomena he was not, he states, looking for evidence of survival, but was rather seeking for proof of the reality of telekinesis, by which is meant the levitation

of inanimate bodies into the air without the apparent exertion of human physical force.

"But"—and thus he explains the second step that led him along the road to the position the group has reached today—

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William E. Gladstone picture taken while alive is inserted above the teleplasmic result obtained by the Research Society, though owing to the picture being taken when the face was disappearing, the likeness is not as perfect as it would have been if taken earlier.



The top picture is a photograph of the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Below is the teleplasmic picture on the medium's eye obtained by flashlight by Dr. Hamilton.

Flames of Justice

By William David Belbeck

Illustration by Frank Cameron

AS THE coupe drew near the fork of the road Jeffery Slugg knew he was not far from his destination. Switching off his headlights, he drove the car off the roadway and turned it into a clump of trees a few yards from the gravelled highway. Here he shut off the ignition and silenced the purring motor.

Peering across country he saw, by the aid of brilliant moonlight, the black outlines of a small house and several low barns. A feeling of exultation possessed him, for if all he had heard during the past two days were true, he would return to his car with enough greenbacks to keep him in the lap of luxury for many months to come. So eager was he that he had difficulty in checking an impulse to run across the intervening space which separated him and his destination.

Not wishing to take any unnecessary risks, however, Slugg drew closer and closer to the house, keeping the barn always between him and the building. When he reached the barn he crouched close to it in the darkness, his acute hearing tuned for any untoward noise. After a lapse of a few moments he was satisfied that all was well. Keeping one shoulder hugged against the wall, he moved cautiously along until he could see the house from the corner. Only one light was visible, and that apparently came from the kitchen window.

Jeffery Slugg carefully approached the lighted window. As the blind was raised about six inches he could plainly see into the room. His ferret eyes took stock of the interior with half a dozen quick glances. Before a littered and untidy table sat a gray-bearded old man reading, by the light of a smoky kerosene lamp, a thick book which Slugg did not doubt was a Bible. He occupied the only other piece of furniture in the room—a chair, which from all appearances was on its last legs.

Having ascertained that the old man was really alone, Slugg threw off his coat of caution and donned a mantle of boldness. Striding around the house to the back door, he mounted the stoop quickly, pushed down the rattling latch and shoved the door wide open.

At the sound the old man had raised his head, startled, and when Jeffery Slugg framed himself in the doorway a tinge of fear was just creeping into the old man's eyes.

"Hello, Mr. Troy," greeted Slugg. "I'll bet you don't know me, do you? That is, not just now. But you'll know me better after we've had a chat!"

"Wh— Wha— Who are you?" The bulky volume dropped with a thud from the old man's claw-like hands and he peered incredulously at Slugg over the rims of his nickel-plated glasses. His hands clutched the rickety arms of the chair and his tensed body leaned forward as if he were in the act of getting to his feet; but fear welded him to the spot.

"Well, grandad, I might as well introduce myself," Slugg chuckled. "Name's Jeff Slugg—and I'm here on important business."

"Slugg? Jeff Slugg?" the old man cackled. "I don't seem to remember the name; an' I can't place your face, nuther."

Conversation seemed to drain some of the coagulated fear from the old man's features, and he drew himself more erect. There remained only a look of bewilderment and a vagueness in his hazel eyes as

crossed one leg over his knee and inquired: "What might your business be? I ain't had no dealin's in the offen'—an' I don't want to buy anythin', nuther!" The last with some emphasis.

"Oh, don't worry about that," Slugg dryly remarked. "I haven't come to sell you anything. That is, unless you can call experience a commodity."

This last remark went over the old man's head. He hesitated a moment as if cogitating deeply upon Slugg's reply, but it evidently didn't make sense.

"Well, whatever your business is, you may as well get on with it, because it's gettin' near time I was to bed. But," he added tersely, "it's not likely it'll interest me any."

"There, grandad, that's just where you're making a mistake," Slugg challenged, leaning forward and directing a sly gaze upon Troy's watery eyes. "My business will interest you more than anything that's ever crossed your path before!"

He said it so earnestly and with so much pointedness that, despite himself, Troy's eyes showed a kindling interest in the words of the stranger.

"Well, go on with it," Troy directed, shifting his gaze from Slugg's bold stare.

Jeffery Slugg stretched one leg downwards so that it rested upon the floor and twisted his body about slightly so that he almost directly faced Troy. His right hand lowered and settled itself deep into his coat pocket.

"First, we'll have a little history so we can lead up to the deal," Slugg said. "Years ago, I understand, you lost considerable money in a bank failure. Since that time you have had absolutely no faith in the institutions. During the intervening years you've made a good deal of money but you've never entrusted it to the banks for safe-keeping. Am I right so far?"

Something in Slugg's attitude sent a warning flicker up Anson Troy's spine. For just a fractional moment he hesitated, then replied:

"Supposin' you are—what's that got to do with it? You're not goin' to try an' sell me a safe, are you?"

Troy's last question struck Slugg as something worth a good laugh, which somehow sounded forced and hollow. Some undercurrent in it served to throw Troy further upon his guard.

"Positively not, Mr. Troy!" Slugg exclaimed. "I may say I've been intensely interested in safes at one time and another, but not from the selling angle. But let me get along with my story . . .

"As the years slipped by, you accumulated more money and more land and became a very influential man hereabouts. As your fortune grew so did your fear of losing it. So you became a recluse and even

shunned your closest neighbors. From that day to this you've been a subject of much discussion in the village. Why, the first day I landed I heard the whole story!"

"Where's all this talk leadin' to?" Troy demanded. "To a point where we can get down to business," replied Slugg. "I simply want you to know that I've got you down pat!"

Slugg had reached the limit of his patience. Thoughts of bundles of hidden greenbacks within this very house forced him to show his hand. A light of avarice that

[Continued on page 42]



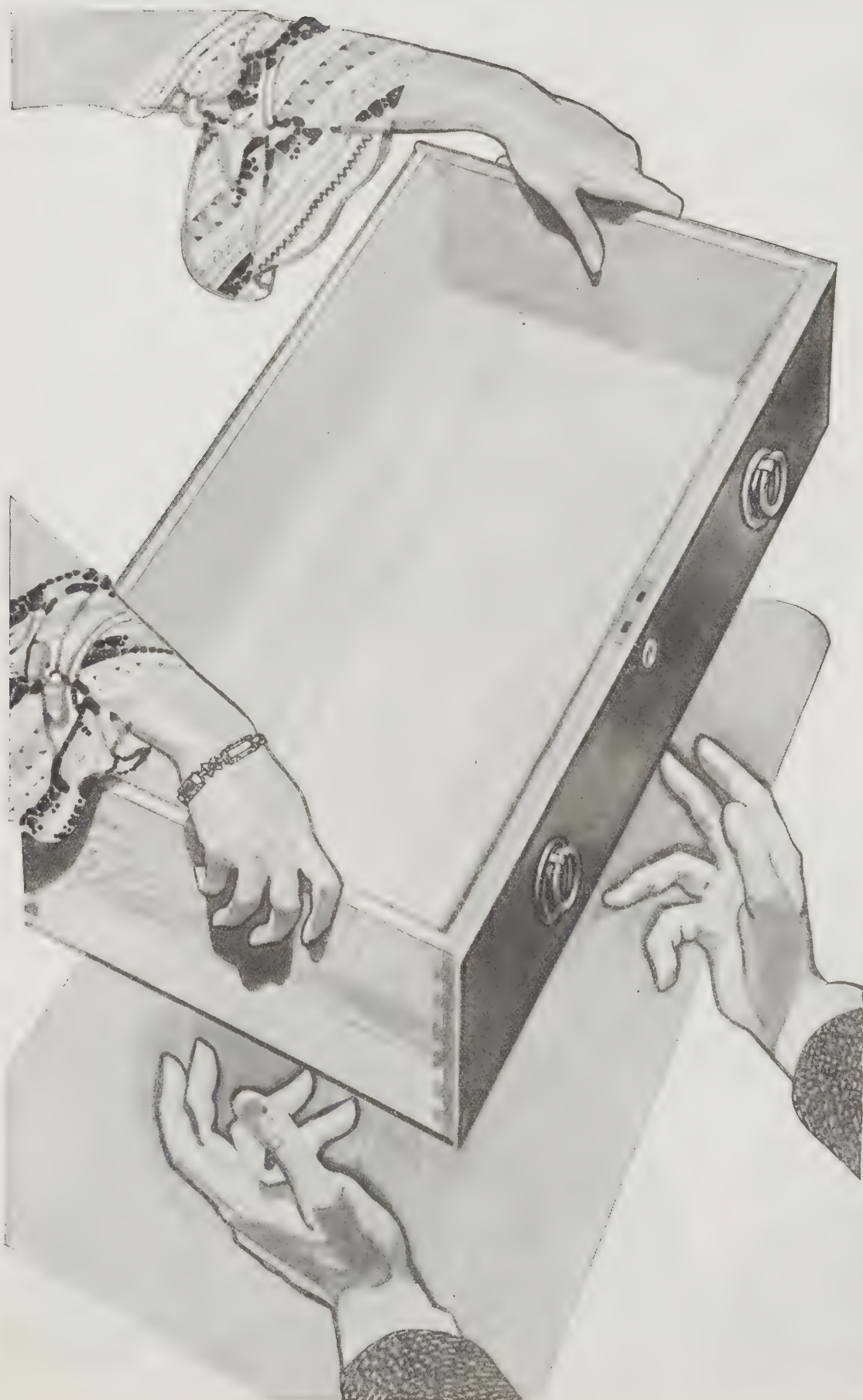
He dropped the box and struggled violently to regain a footing on a lower round.

he tried to resurrect from the past circumstances which would explain this stranger's visit.

Slugg was enjoying himself immensely. He had plenty of time on his hands, with no danger of being interrupted, since Troy's farm was far from the highway and neighbors would not be dropping in this late in the evening. He slowly crossed the floor and leisurely deposited his bulky figure on the edge of the table across from the old man.

Anson Troy's eyes followed Slugg's movements, and when Slugg had taken a position directly opposite him, he pushed his glasses back into place,

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Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

"Daddy Long Legs"

JEAN WEBSTER'S sentimental story makes the best vehicle that Janet Gaynor has had since she played in those very popular silent pictures, "Street Angel" and "Seventh Heaven." The plot of "Daddy Long Legs" is founded upon the ever-appealing "Cinderella theme" and its ragged, downtrodden heroine plays for every last bit of the audience's sympathy.

Miss Gaynor plays the role of Judy Abbott, a drudge in an orphanage. One of the trustees of the institution, a wealthy young man, pitying her and realizing her good qualities, decides to help her. She does not know the identity of her benefactor but, once having seen his elongated shadow, she nicknames him "Daddy Long Legs." Judy's charm wins her success and friendship in college and in society, and the story ends very happily when she finds that her "fairy godmother" and her "Prince Charming" are one and the same person: "Daddy Long Legs."

Miss Gaynor is very well suited to the part, played previously on the stage by Ruth Chatterton and on the silent screen by Mary Pickford. Warner Baxter is excellent as the hero. The scenes in the orphanage are particularly interesting and well handled, and they save the picture from being too sweetly insipid. "Daddy Long Legs" is a pleasant film, suitable for the whole family.

"The Lawyer's Secret"

CONSIDER the dilemma of a lawyer who sees an innocent man sentenced to death and can save him only by disregarding the ethics of his profession and violating the confidence of one of his clients. To heighten the drama of the situation the client with the guilty conscience and knowledge is the brother of the girl the lawyer loves. Should the lawyer tell? Common humanity urges him to do so. Professional ethics and the interests of those he loves forbid his speaking.

The situation is an interesting one and makes a good background for the story, but the theme of the lawyer's mental and emotional struggle soon gets lost as "The Lawyer's Secret" abandons psychological drama for sheer melodrama. But why quibble about a little psychological theme that is mislaid in the rush. "The Lawyer's Secret" is tense and entertaining, with plenty of human sympathy and a really good moral lesson thrown in for good measure.

Clive Brook's "noble gentleman" manner is well suited to the role of the lawyer. His voice and enunciation are fine, and his reading of the dialogue is persuasively natural. Richard Arlen is good as the wronged sailor, and "Buddy" Rogers is most unexpectedly good in the unsympathetic part of the rich young weakling. This is a new type of role for Rogers, and although his flapper admirers may

be disappointed in seeing him portray a coward, we were most agreeably surprised by the acting ability he displayed in the part. Essentially a man's picture, "The Lawyer's Secret" has two small roles for the ladies. In one of them Fay Wray is pretty but quite uninteresting. In the other, the role of the sailor's sweetheart, Jean Arthur, is most appealing.

"Day Break"

RAMON NOVARRO is well cast in this picture, which is adapted from the Schnitzler story of the same name. The foreign setting and the glamorous Austrian army uniforms are in keeping with the Novarro tradition, and the star is also given plenty of opportunity for light comedy which he does very well. A fairly entertaining picture for sophisticated audiences.

"She-Wolf of Wall Street"

Perhaps no stage star has ever enjoyed such general popularity as May Robson. A troupier of the old school, she must have visited every town in North America with her famous production of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" and her other successes. Her characterizations of

loveable and eccentric old ladies and her ability to mingle riotous

comedy with scenes of tearful sentiment won her admirers throughout the whole country. And now she comes to the talking screen.

Her vehicle, "She-Wolf of Wall Street," is founded on the stage play, "Mother's Millions," and the central character is a female financial wizard called "Harriet Breen," no doubt to call Hetty Green to one's mind. The part is admirably suited to Miss Robson, and the picture is entertaining and clean.

"Just A Gigolo"

"JUST A GIGOLO" is the picture adaptation of "Dancing Partner," the successful stage comedy. "Dancing Partner" was one of the last—if not the last—of the late David Belasco's noted productions, and, like many of his other plays, was a rather commonplace and somewhat dirty comedy directed and cast with meticulous care. The picture version is not quite so well cast as the original stage play and not quite so risqué.

The story concerns a young British aristocrat who has had so many successful affairs with other men's wives that he has ceased to believe in the virtue of any woman. His uncle chooses a nice girl

for him to marry, and he agrees to do so if the young lady can prove her virtue by remaining unresponsive to his notable charm for the period of one month. Just how the girl reacts to this scheme furnishes the story with an amusing climax.

The acting honors of the picture go to Irene Purcell who appeared in the original stage production. Piquant rather than beautiful, Miss Purcell's personal appearance comes as a rather pleasant change after so much of the stereotyped Hollywood prettiness. Of course, she is an excellent actress, and seems quite at home before the camera.

William Haines does not convey the sophistication that was the very essence of Lynne Overmann's suave handling of the role in the original play. But Haines is personable and quite attractive in the later sequences of the picture. C. Aubrey Smith is good as the uncle.

"Women Of All Nations"

VICTOR McLAGLEN and Edmund Lowe still busy with "sez you" and "sez me." The picture is full of old jokes and girls in their underwear. And it is very, very boring.

"I Take This Woman"

THIS rather slow and uneventful picture is based on "Lost Ecstasy," a story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. It tells of a wealthy girl who falls in love with a cowboy, marries him, leaves him and goes back to her wealthy friends, and finally returns to him again. Gary Cooper is the Western hero; Carole Lombard, the girl. Despite its slowness, the picture is fairly interesting.

"Chances"

THERE is nothing at all remarkable about this picture, but it is very sympathetic and nicely handled and acted. It is a war story written by Hamilton Gibbs, and contains sufficient heroism and love interest to make it right for Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s first starring production.

"Five and Ten"

This is a story of how great wealth very nearly ruined one perfectly good family, and I suppose it ought to be a great comfort to us non-millionaires. Richard Bennett is excellent as the father of the family, owner of a great chain of "five and ten" stores. There was real irony in some of the lines allotted to Mr. Bennett and one wished for more of it and him but, unfortunately

the picture was made as a vehicle for Marion Davies, and she had to be given the opportunity to do her stuff. She was, as a matter of fact, as pretty and as undistinguished as ever and no more so. Leslie Howard, the English actor who has recently been so successful on the stage in "Berkeley Square," was very good in the leading juvenile role.

—Jerome Carver



Ramon Novarro and Helen Chandler in "Daybreak"



Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Rose Hobart in "Chances"



"Buddy" Rogers and Clive Brook in "The Lawyer's Secret"



Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in "Daddy Long Legs"

"Elegance is the new watchword"



THE FORMER SEÑORITA MARIA EUGENIA MARTINEZ DE HOZ IS THE BRIDE OF A GRANDSON OF THE LATE MR. AND MRS. POTTER PALMER

says *M^{RS} POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER*

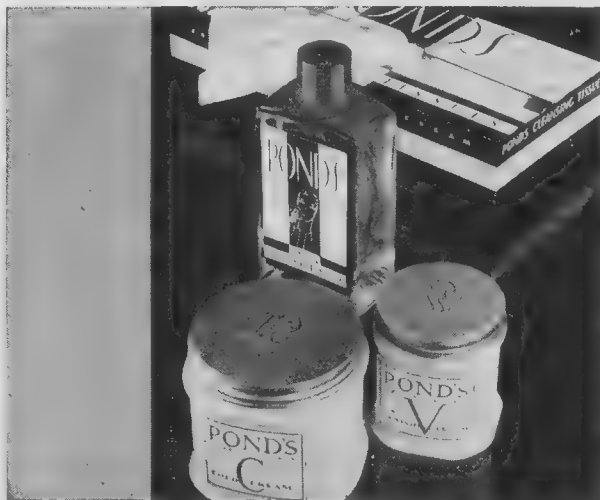
A SPANISH BLONDE! Velasquez would have thrilled to paint her . . . imagine the exotic charm of clear pale olive skin with golden hair and amber eyes . . .

She is the captivating young bride of a grandson of the late Potter Palmer, famous in Chicago history . . . her elegant distinction recalls that of the celebrated Mrs. Potter Palmer, who ruled as arbiter of Chicago society two generations ago.

Fresh from Paris on her recent first visit to America, with trunks and trunks full of chic frocks and hats, and all the rest of a trousseau in the grand manner, Mrs. Palmer talked of fashions, of beauty care in France.

She summed it up in one vivid phrase. "Elegance," she said, "is the new watchword. Women are groomed with fastidious attention to detail."

"But your wonderful skin?" we asked. "How do you ever keep it so enchantingly smooth and fine?"



POND'S EASY WAY TO A LOVELY SKIN

"Daily treatment!" replied Mrs. Palmer, with her flashing smile. "Yes, that's all-important, but it's really very simple . . . for Pond's four preparations are all one needs to keep one's complexion exquisite."

You use them in the four steps of Pond's Method:

1—Generously apply Pond's Cold-Cream for pore-deep cleansing of face and neck, several times daily, always after exposure.

Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt, powder and make-up to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2—Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, better because softer, more absorbent. White or peach color.

3—Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and reduce enlarged pores.

4—Always before you powder, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer. This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and forms a wonderful protection from sunburn. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms. And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white!

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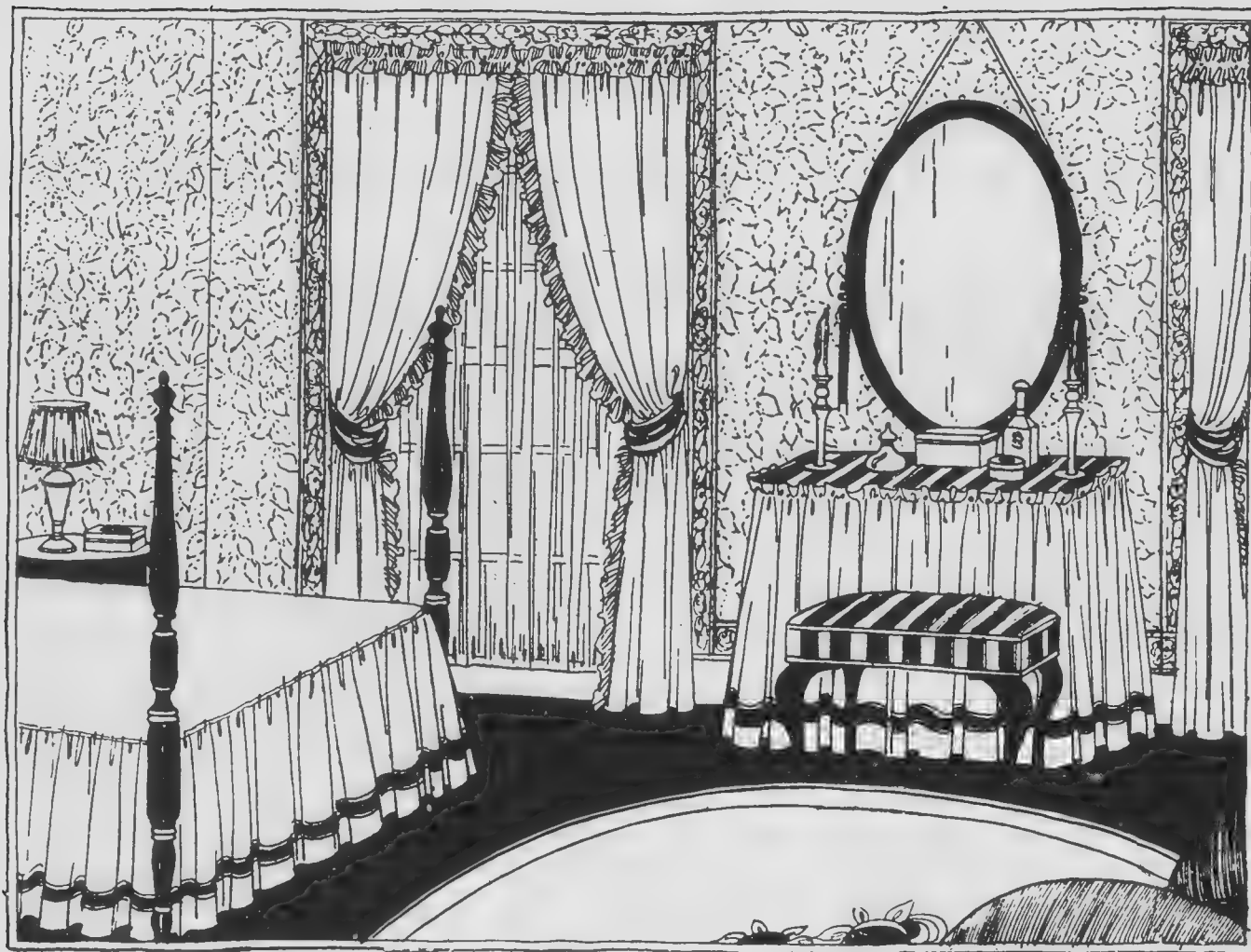
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A combination of old world atmosphere, modern fabric and modern decorative treatment.

Summer Urges Lighter Treatments

AS THE summer advances, are you finding some of your rooms a little boring? A bit on the heavy side perhaps, with their lack of concession to the summer state of mind?

As a matter of fact, it sometimes requires the emphasis that hot weather gives, to point out that a room really is too sturdily furnished, even for other times of the year.

Too much weight, either in furniture or fabrics, certainly does take away from the size of a room, from its sense of airiness and that cool uncluttered atmosphere that is one of the very best points in the modern mode of furnishing.

You may feel that it is a little late in the season to actually put a room into purely summer dress—though perhaps not, for it is often a surprisingly small chore to do so, and one that requires a most modest expenditure of money (more than paid for sometimes, in the saving on one's more expensive fabrics, that really suffer under the effects of summer sun and casual warm-weather usage).

But perhaps summer will inspire you to put, let us say, a bedroom into a lighter key, one that you will enjoy more all the year round. Bedrooms seem to be becoming more and more charming—with more grace and character, more of the restful, tranquil atmosphere they *should* have.

Yet there is no lack of interest, no lack of pretty detail. It is rather a matter of treatment and balance, and of the use, perhaps, of fabrics and furnishing ideas that have only lately been recognized in these roles.

Just such a room, we are illustrating for you on this page. It combines in the most charming manner, a certain old-world atmosphere with this modern use of fabric and a modern decorative treatment, that are most successful.

The modified four-poster is perhaps the one bed-style that is the leading choice today. All the old designs are being studied by the modern

Often an Advantage the Year 'Round

By Katherine M. Caldwell

manufacturer, and he is adapting them with great success, to our needs and tastes of today.

CONSIDER the bed pictured. Nothing could be more graceful than its slender, nicely-turned posts. Probably it would be made today of walnut; on occasion, you might find it in either maple or mahogany. You might even see it in an enamelled finish.

Particularly do we delight today in dressing a bed in the fashion of this picture, using a simple washable fabric, or when preferred, a drapery taffeta. And since no other bed design lends itself more readily than this one to such treatment, we find in that fact another reason for the popularity of this simple and good-style bedstead.

Closely akin to it, is the bed with two posts and possibly a headboard—and either two very short posts (approximately mattress-top height), or no posts at all at the foot of the bed. The flounced spread complements such a bed quite as well as it does the four-poster.

THE petticoated dressing table is, of course, immensely popular. There is a femininity about it that cannot help but appeal to a woman; and in the bedroom that is shared by the master of the house, such a dressing table has its place, so long as his interests are served equally well by his own high chest of drawers, with its pedestal mirror or simply framed glass hung flat upon the wall.

The latter mode of hanging appears in our picture, and although there are charming pedestal mirrors

that can be used upon a lady's dressing table, true feminine choice is apt to fall with more enthusiasm on a mirror of the generous size of the one depicted. You will note that this glass, being oval in shape, is hung upon a single cord that would naturally depend from one hook on the moulding. But I should like to add that,

were this mirror square, two silk cords ought to be used to hang it, one from each corner, and they should rise straight and true to separate hooks on the moulding; this is the invariable rule for the hanging of curved and straight-edged mirrors and pictures, when their cords are visible.

It has always been our ingenious practice to construct draped dressing tables on whatever foundations happen to be available. Many a length of sateen and muslin have I hung over wooden grocery boxes, in summer cottages! And at the present moment, I boast one such table that began life as a simple little painted sewing table, but is now ruffled in organdy and enjoying a complete change of character.

One can, however, buy straight and kidney-shaped tables constructed especially for draping. They have swing-arms that meet centre-front, and a varying number of drawers, thus offering a much fuller service to their owner. The petticoats are attached to the sturdy wooden arms which will swing open on their hinges, leaving the drawers free to render all their usefulness.

TWO basic rules are happily applied, in almost every case, to the choice of fabrics used in such ways as we are discussing: and the wallpapers that paint in the background.

A figured paper and plain fabrics will create a most pleasant impression, whilst if a figured material is used for curtains and furniture coverings, a plain wall or one that is no more than indistinctly

[Continued on page 35]

A frank discussion

on the merits of vegetable oils in soaps versus soaps merely claimed to be beautifiers

IF you seek beauty—and what woman doesn't—take the advice of professional beauty experts. They are scientifically trained to help you in your beauty problems, just as your doctor is in matters of health.

Over 20,000 of the leading beauty specialists, in all parts of the world, unite in recommending just one beauty aid. On no other would they remotely agree. That is probably natural. But they are unanimous in urging the use of Palmolive Soap. That is unique. No other soap—no other beauty aid—can claim this distinction.

Ordinary soaps may harm

Beauty specialists know that the true difference in soaps is in their effect upon the skin. And so they warn of the harm that may come from using ordinary soaps. Many soaps, presumably for complexion use, do not tell women what they are made of. But beauty experts know. That is why so many of them urge the daily use of Palmolive—and Palmolive only.

For your own sake you should know the reasons. Because Palmolive is made of vegetable oils, no other fats whatever. Because—

and this is important—these vegetable oils are olive and palm oils—the oils that have stood supreme for cosmetic use for generations. A fact millions know.

And read this

The creamy, lotion-like lather of this soap, with its olive oil content, penetrates deeply into every tiny pore and minute gland and purges them of poisonous accumulations of dirt, powder and impurities, yet washes so gently that your complexion is actually soothed as you cleanse it.

Don't gamble with your complexion. It is too precious. When tempted to use ordinary soaps, or soaps with gilded claims, remember:

Palmolive is pure—just exactly what that word means. Olive and palm oils, and no other fats whatsoever, are used in Palmolive. Its delicate natural color comes from the fine vegetable oils of which it is made. Palmolive is naturally wholesome, just like the complexions it fosters.

No wonder over 20,000 experts unite in urging the use of Palmolive. No wonder they say to you it is Nature's formula, to keep that schoolgirl complexion.



Made in
Canada

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

"I wonder how serious it really is"



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is a disquieting trouble to face. For with it come visions of all manner of dread dental diseases that may follow in its train.

Decisively, "pink tooth brush" does not imply that you may have pyorrhea. But it certainly does mean that your gums have begun to soften; that they need immediate protection if they are to be rescued from the possible attack of more serious troubles!

As any dentist will tell you, soft foods are responsible for what amounts today to a veritable plague of gum disorders.

For this soft and creamy diet cheats the gums of exercise. The tissues grow weak and flabby, soft spots appear. The gums bleed, at first, ever so slightly. And thus gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea get their start.

Rouse your gums with Ipana!

The remedy, as any dentist will tell you, is massage faithfully done, and to this recommendation of massage, hundreds of dentists add—"with Ipana".

With Ipana and massage you rouse the languid circulation. You sweep wastes and poisons from the tiny cells—you quickly restore to your gums their natural strength and hardness! For Ipana contains ziratol, a preparation long used by the profession for its efficiency in toning and invigorating tender gum tissue.

A good dentist and a good tooth paste are not luxuries

Let Ipana keep your teeth sound and sparkling—let it stimulate your gums to robust vigor. Its ingredients are the finest and costliest; its formula modern and advanced. It may cost you a few cents more than some dentifrices, but its use is a sound economy.

IPANA

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1241 Benoit St., Montreal, P. Q.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two cent stamp.

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The Benefits of Government

Continued from page 9

lady of the rich, severely dressed in black, and followed at a discreet distance by a bashful kitchen girl carrying a basket.

"How may I serve you, little girl?" he inquired.

At the market every female customer was addressed as "little girl," though she be married, and a grandmother ten times over.

"Is this the best thou hast, uncle?" the lady asked eyeing the fish contemptuously.

"They are all I have, senora," said Mauro, pawing among the catch for a fish which might take the lady's fancy. "Of a truth, senora, they are the best in the market. And cheap!"

The lady eyed the fish with an expression of acute distaste. "They smell as though they were rotten, old man. When were they caught?"

"They were caught only this morning, little girl," Mauro hastened to assure her. "And such beauties! Behold! Not twice in a life-time does one see such a fish!" He held out a "huachinango" of fair size for her inspection. "And for only six 'reales.' Did I say six 'reales?' No! I meant eight . . . But no matter! Your Grace may have it for the six—though I must be crazy."

"Ai! Six 'reales,' animal! You must indeed be crazy to think that I would pay six 'reales' for that handful of bones and fish-scales. Come, take these two 'reales.' The servants shall have it, though it is seldom I feed them such carrion."

"Two 'reales!'" cried Mauro appearing deeply offended. Then he laughed. "Ha! The senorita is pleased to jest. Come, let us be serious. You shall take it for five. It is a gift! But who knows? . . . Some day I may require a favor."

"Come, little one," he called to the waiting servant, "Take this fine fish your mistress has just bought."

"Por Dios!" shrieked the lady indignantly. "Five 'reales!' Look at this old imbecile! This robber! Come, Maria, let us go to Felipe. His fish are better, and his prices better suited to our purse." As she moved away, she called back over her shoulder. "Three 'reales,' uncle?"

Mauro's shoulders expressed regret, and he made a show of replacing the fish. "Saintly Mother! Four and a half is the very lowest, Madonna. Ai! . . . And my children starve."

The lady showed a renewed interest. "Three and a half, uncle, though it is robbery."

They stared at each other for a moment, and then the bargain was struck. "Four!" they cried simultaneously, as though both had been actuated by a common spring.

Instantly they relaxed and smiled. Polite inquiries as to family and fortune were exchanged. The lady showed great concern that Mauro's youngest child was ill from over-indulgence in dried shrimp, and suggested a purge.

"Go with God!" she said as she left.

"With God, little girl, until my next sight of you," he called after her.

The old man settled back in the shade well satisfied. The diversion afforded by the bargaining had been pleasant. He listened to the animated discussion between the fowl dealer, on his left, and a comely kitchen wench.

What a fool the man was. With a smile or two, the girl had addled the fellow's wits to a point where he was about to let her have a fowl for nothing more than its full value. How like a woman, he thought, to use her

charms in this unworthy manner—and then despise a man for his susceptibility.

Still, Mauro recalled a time when the pick of his catch had gone into the basket of a laughing "poblana"—and for a song. And she too, had ridiculed him to her friends. Thirty years of child-bearing and shrimping-boiling, with an occasional beating to relieve the monotony, had taught her to respect him though.

He had been a fool in those days—but a young fool—a joyous fool. He was old now—and wise. Wisdom, he supposed was Age's compensation for the lost joy of Youth. Still, to be young again . . . Ai!

The mists of the past were dispelled by the sunlight of the present—reflected into his eyes from a pair of patent leather boots. His gaze travelled up the boot, the white linen breeches leg, paused at the watch chain, and came to rest on the splendid black beard of Don Gonzalo Mendoza y Cuevas, District Inspector of Fisheries.

Good morning, Patron," said Mauro rather diffidently, "How may I serve you?"

The Inspector scowled at him. "First by learning to properly respect your superiors, animal. Rise and remove your hat!"

Mauro complied with the command in embarrassed haste. "Excellency, a thousand pardons! I had not thought . . ." he began.

"Enough, old goat! Think! Ha! Why attempt that which God never intended that you should do?" The Inspector snorted derisively, then went on, "What I want to know, is; have you come to pay for your license?"

"Not until tomorrow, senor. I did not have the money. The fishing has been bad. Tomorrow surely . . ."

"Enough! Enough!" the Inspector interrupted him. "You know well enough that delinquency in payment of a licence fee is a finable offence. Another thing, old man, you have here a number of fish that are too small to be legally sold. How is that?"

"They are what God provides, senor," said Mauro meekly.

"God!" fairly roared the Inspector, "What has God to do with it? It is plainly stated in Paragraph 30, Article 18 . . . Ten thousand demons, why explain all this to this old swamp owl? You know the fine provided for the offence is one hundred pesos."

"But, senor Inspector, God has placed the fish—large and small . . ."

The Inspector held up a silencing hand. "Old man," he said, in a low voice. "Less thought of God, and more of the Government would be a decided help to you. The Government—as well as God—has its little Hell—right here on earth. A little taste of it would probably enlighten your mind more than all my talk. So be it!"

Turning he beckoned to two grinning gendarmes who had been looking on. "Take this old goat to your hotel, and keep him there until I send for him. File no charges against him," he told

one of them, in such a manner as not to be heard by Mauro.

Mauro, who knew what the approach of the police portended, wrung his hands. "But, Excellency, I did not know . . ." he started to plead.

The Inspector cut him short gruffly. "Silence, fool! I have had enough of your words! They will have to be of gold to avail you anything now. Your fine will be one hundred and fifty pesos. If you cannot pay it you will have to stay in jail."

As they started for the jail, Mauro, out of the corner of his eye saw that one of his fellow fishermen had taken in the whole affair. He knew that this friend would make the necessary arrangements for the disposal of his fish—and whatever else he might do.

In fact, he had been in jail not over an hour when his name was called. He made his way, through the press of prisoners, to the barred door through which all conversation with visitors must be carried on. On the other side was the delta fisherman.

"Ai! Amigo Pancho, I am indeed glad to see you. One finds no friends here. Do you return at once to our village?"

Pancho nodded.

"Then do me the favor to tell Pepito that I have offended the Government. Tell him that I will need the fifty pesos that I have in the place which he knows of to buy food. Tell him, also, to bring my blanket."

As the guard turned away for a moment, Mauro whispered hastily, "Tell Pepito to be sure and not bring more than the fifty pesos."

Fifteen minutes later, the Warden of the jail, having found Don Gonzalo in the principal saloon of the town was reporting to him the conversation.

"This is good!" said Don Gonzalo with satisfaction, "I had thought that the old dog was of sterner stuff. I had expected a long wait. I judge that these fifty pesos constitute his entire fortune."

"That was the sum he mentioned," said the Warden thoughtfully. "To look at him, one would suppose that he had nothing but his lice."

"Ha! My Friend! One cannot judge before shaking the tree, just how much fruit will fall. True, his fines would have amounted to one hundred and fifty pesos; but we would have gained nothing by haling him into court." The Inspector laughed and sipped his drink. "As it is," he went on, "there are no charges against him. He may be released, and we shall accept his fifty pesos in return for a few admonitions."

The Warden began to see the light. He remarked admiringly, "Truly, senor, you have a great mind."

The Inspector smiled in a condescending manner. "And a charitable spirit as well. Look, you! We shall benefit to the extent of fifty pesos. Mauro will not be forced to pay the full amount of his fines. The Government will be saved the cost of keeping Mauro in jail. And last and most important the fishermen—when they know that Mauro has paid for a licence—will hasten to bring me their money. Why, I am a public benefactor—no less."

The Warden was lost in admiration. "Ai! Senor!" he cried, I am your servant and pupil. What one might not learn from such a man."

"When the worthy Pepito arrives, conduct them both to my office at once," he commanded, waving a fat hand in dismissal.

[Continued on page 37]





“Look, Jack, that car certainly rides

PEOPLE are remarking, more and more, about Pontiac's riding smoothness. They notice its comfort even on the roughest roads.

This riding smoothness is due, like Pontiac's beauty, economy and durability, to careful attention to little things.

For instance, you wouldn't think that 43 blocks of rubber insulation throughout the chassis constitute a major mechanical improvement. But the results in riding ease, in the smothering of noise and vibration *do* make a major improvement.

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“Yes, Pontiacs are comfortable even on the roughest roads”

able, deep cushioned seats - - - these will add to your motoring pleasure.

Then again, Pontiac owners also like the way their cars perform - - - they get away quickly, never labor, and have a top speed that's hardly ever used. Pontiac's big engine is responsible for this.

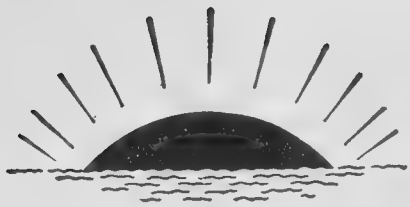
You'll probably like the same things. But after all the only satisfactory way to know a car is to drive it. Look in the telephone book under “General Motors Cars” for the name of your nearest Pontiac dealer. He will furnish a car for you to drive. Ask him, too, about the broad and generous provisions of the General Motors Owner Service Policy and the GMAC time payment plan.

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Of course, for all fabrics which require fast dyeing, use Sunset Soap Dyes. 15c per cake. The exclusive patented Sunset process enables you to achieve results not obtainable in any other way. The concentrated

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Always use Sunset for fast dyeing; use Dytint for tinting. For removing colour before dyeing use Dytint Colour Remover, 10c.

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Specially made for tough beards and tender faces—softens the most steely stubble.

P.S. Finish off with MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN



Brandon's First Post Office

As Told by Mr. Beecham Trotter to

A. W. Free

IN VIEW of the fact that the second city of Manitoba recently erected a new post office costing about \$150,000, it is of interest to learn that the first one, in 1881, consisted of a tent, a table, and a soap-box.

During the half-century just past Brandon has had four postmasters—J. C. Cavanaugh, Kenneth Campbell, T. M. Percival, and W. J. Munn, a native of Manitoba, who still holds the office. But the soap-box post office referred to was inaugurated by a provisional postmaster, Mr. L. M. Fortier, who was given authority to take charge of Her Majesty's mail at Brandon until such time as a regular postmaster could be appointed. With his bride Mr. Fortier left Ottawa on June 13, 1881, arriving at Brandon on July 11. The last lap of the trip was made by boat from Winnipeg along the tortuous stream that winds in and out among the Brandon hills. The young couple had brought their household effects along and at once pitched a tent on what is now Ninth Street. This tent served the dual purpose of domicile and clearing-house for Her Majesty's mail. At the opening stood an unpretentious deal table where letters and parcels were delivered and which was graced by a soap-box with a slit in it where the outgoing mail was deposited. Mr. Fortier proceeded to build himself a frame house and in November of the same year moved into it. Not long afterward, however, he returned to the East and he is now Honorary Superintendent of Fort Anne, at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia.

When Mr. J. C. Cavanaugh was appointed postmaster the Post Office was moved to the corner of Rosser and Thirteenth streets in one-half of a store building and later, about 1884, it was transferred again—this time to the west side of the imposing three-storey structure that housed the Masonic and I.O.O.F. lodges and a number of legal offices. Adjoining this building was a bookstore and printing office where one night in February, 1889, a fire broke out, destroying not only the immediate premises but the larger building as well, thus forcing the Post Office to move once more.

An old-timer of Brandon, Mr. Beecham Trotter, clearly recalls the occasion of this fire, since he took a prominent part in the concerted effort of the citizenry in putting it out. At that period Brandon had fire-protection consisting of several 40,000-gallon water tanks and a horse-drawn engine. The tanks were kept filled from the river and were situated at strategic points in the town. A volunteer brigade would haul the fire apparatus by hand and for their services were paid the nominal sum of \$6.25 per quarter, or \$25.00 yearly. Frequently the labor entailed in extinguishing a blaze was arduous, particularly in midwinter when the rubber hose would freeze "as stiff as poles." The town being financially unable to keep a team of horses in the fire-hall for the function of hauling the

engine arrangements were made with a local liveryman whereby a team was maintained in readiness to be called at a moment's notice. On the night of the fire at the Masonic Hall it so happened that one of the horses was sick and a green horse had to be hitched with the other to the fire-engine. When the alarm was sent in there was the usual rush of men to give assistance and the late Dad Crawford very promptly had a fire going in the engine and the team attached, ready for a record run. His good intentions were frustrated, however, by the behaviour of the equine recruit, which promptly took fright at the sparks from the engine's smoke-stack and declined to lift a hoof. The driver did what he could and advice came thick and fast. Some jerked on the bridle while others kicked the animal heartily and still others were for lighting a fire under him, after the traditional method used in Missouri for dealing with refractory mules. Finally, the terrified animal made a plunge that snapped the hame-strap and after considerable argument another team was secured. By this time the fire had gained such headway that it was consuming the bookstore and reaching for the upper part of the Post Office. The new team took their task in a leisurely manner and had to be spurred on "with oaths and a barrage of snowballs" but when the scene of the blaze at last was reached the flames had licked up everything in the lodge rooms, including the Masonic goat. The southeast wall had fallen, making it almost intolerable for Dad Crawford at his engine, but one, Billy Muir, secured a door from somewhere and set it up between Dad and the worst of the heat, thus enabling him to carry on to the end. When the large Post Office safe dropped through the floor it was such a close shave for the Fire Chief that it all but grazed the peak of his helmet. The shock of its fall reverberated throughout the town like thunder. In a short time the water tank at the corner was pumped dry and the brigade had to make for the next closest one, on Princess Avenue. There was more delay and confusion and the result was that the Masonic Hall, the pride of Brandon, was doomed, and with it the Post Office.

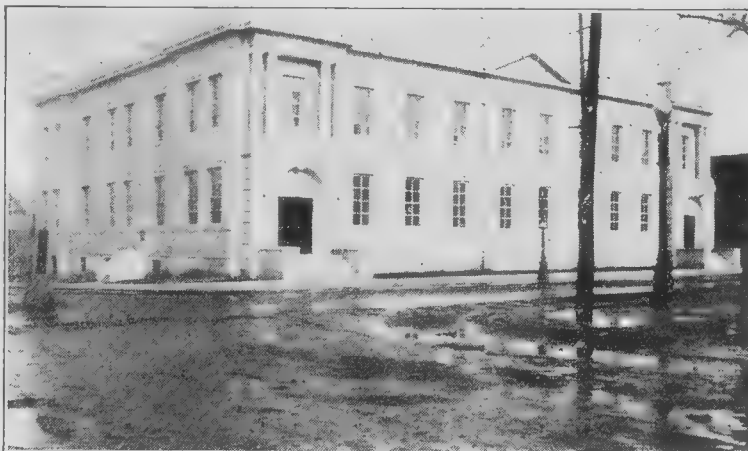
After that the citizens obtained their mail and posted their letters

"opposite the harness shop on Eighth," in hastily-improvised quarters that served until the now old Post Office was built by the late John Hanbury, of

Vancouver. The present building has been in existence for forty years and has admirably fulfilled its function throughout that time, as all old-timers will readily admit, even while they may qualify this with the criticism that the Post Office "has never stood square with the street." Through its wickets and into its mail-boxes have passed the messages of almost half-a-century of time, good news and bad, routine matter, love letters, dunning letters, Christmas and birthday greetings, remittances, money orders, dismissals, anonymous threats—all the miscellany of a busy city's postal business. Forty years is a long time in the life of a fast-growing community and a new generation is in the saddle. It is a far cry from the days when whiskered gallants drew up their spanking bays in front of this same building and entered it to register their diamond engagement rings to brides-to-be in the East. Just as it is a far cry to the soap-box era of 1881. Now it has been found that another move is necessary to keep pace with the progress of modern times. So Brandon, having long since installed an up-to-date fire department, will soon have the pleasure of pointing with pride to a fine new Post Office.

BRANDON'S first temporary jail was also on a very primitive order. It boasted no marble corridor with mosaic floor and flunkey in brass buttons to receive callers. It was a crude structure of common plank, in size perhaps ten by twelve, but for the time it served its purpose. Anyone might have stolen it for though it was well bolted together it wasn't bolted down, and one can imagine what a temptation it must have been to the prank-playing youths of the town on Hallowe'en. It had a strong door and even stronger fastenings, these made by the firm of McKenzie and Russell, blacksmiths. There was one small aperture, or window, criss-crossed with solid iron bars. This calaboose was situated at a point just east of the present fire-hall. Its first occupant was none other than the post-master, the charge being over-indulgence in Brandon's "mountain dew." What he was celebrating isn't recorded.

At this period a flour-and-feed store standing on the corner where the present fire-hall is came into the possession of the town fathers, who had it brick-veneered and converted into a combination fire-hall and jail. Mr. Trotter recalls that a heterogeneous assortment of prisoners occupied these cells—some tragic, others humorous, and that many a kindness was shown these unfortunates by the motherly Mrs. Dad Crawford, wife of the old engineer, who could turn her hand to anything. In emergencies she even rang the fire-bell.



Brandon's New Post Office

Moving London's "White Collar Brigade"

Continued from page 11

the Arsenal grounds, the Underground railway has to handle 20,000 football fans during the fifty minutes before and after a big game.

CHARING CROSS station is perhaps the busiest of all on the system. This is really three stations in one, three separate lines, the Bakerloo, Hampstead and District converging at this point and crossing each other at different levels. During the rush hours 195 trains an hour pass through this one station, and in the course of a day, 2,836. Records show that approximately 100,000 passengers use this station every day.

The layout of the station has been completely changed since 1928, to cope with the steadily increasing volume of traffic. There are now eight escalators running down from the large main booking hall at street level, and it is possible to reach the Hampstead line platform from the street in thirty seconds. Tickets are obtainable from a number of automatic machines in the main booking hall, their introduction having speeded up the movement of traffic tremendously. It is estimated that Charing Cross, like the new Piccadilly station, could easily handle 50,000,000 passengers a year.

The Piccadilly Underground station, which serves two separate lines, is perhaps even more extensive in its underground ramifications than is Charing Cross, and its construction under the very hub of London prior to its opening at Christmas in 1929, a remarkable feat of engineering. Indeed, few people realized the transformation that was taking place under their feet until the official opening of the station, so quietly and unobtrusively was the work carried out. Today this station has eleven escalators capable of handling 760,000 passengers an hour.

The frequency with which trains follow one another on the Underground system is indicated by the figures relating to the Metropolitan District Service between the Mansion House in the City and South Kensington. During the rush hours, trains follow one another along this section of track at the rate of forty-two to the hour. This means that there is a train every eighty-seven seconds and that there is only half a mile between each one. This is certainly a British frequency record, and is generally considered to be a world's record as well. It is interesting to compare these figures with the train service of the London North Eastern from Liverpool street of twenty-four to the hour, a world's record for steam.

The morning rush period on the Underground system is roughly between seven and ten in the morning. The traffic comes in three waves. At a certain station the movement begins at seven-ten a.m., at the rate of 150 passengers a minute. These are, for the most part, manual laborers who have to be at work by seven-thirty or eight. By seven-forty the first of the stenographers, office boys, bank clerks and others who have to be on the job about nine, begin to arrive, and the movement spurts to 450 passengers a minute. At eight-forty there is a lull, traffic having virtually stopped, but just before nine o'clock comes another wave of chief clerks, office workers and minor executives who should be in at nine and who

seldom arrive till nine-thirty. These last-minute arrivals bring the traffic flow up again to 400 a minute. From nine till ten, when the bosses amble down to the station, traffic is on the ebb until mid morning, when it drops as low as seventy to the minute or less.

IN addition to the steam railway systems and the electric underground railways, there remain the busses and tram cars for handling the city's workers. From point of numbers carried, the bus is the predominant form of transport in London, and during the rush hours about a million and a half workers arrive or depart by this means, while the daily traffic amounts to 4,500,000 passengers.

There are today about 5,000 busses serving London over 344 different routes whose total mileage is in excess of 1,000. The busses themselves are the last word in luxury, and in comfort compare favourably with an expensive limousine. Indeed they are frequently much more comfortable than the average private car. The seats are deeply upholstered, and the backs of the seats springed to take up the shock of starting and stopping.

The drivers are easily the most expert on the streets of London, and before being allowed to pilot a bus through the teeming traffic of the city are required to pass a stiff test at a drivers' training school. Here they are shown, among other things, just how a skid should be handled, and on a specially prepared greasy surface are required to skid a full-sized bus in such a way as just to miss certain obstacles placed on the "fairway." To ride behind one of these men as he threads his way at twenty and thirty miles an hour through the dense and whirligig traffic of Piccadilly Circus or Oxford Street or down one of the many narrow lanes for which the City proper is famous, is one of the exhilarating experiences which awaits the foreign visitor to London.

Those who live in the bustling cities and towns of Canada and the United States still labour under the delusion that the Londoner is a slow, lethargic fellow. This may have been true before the war. It is certainly not true now. The bustle of London is not so obvious as in New York, Toronto or Montreal, but actually the people move as quickly as anywhere else. It is because their movement in the mass is considerate, ordered and unhurried that the impression has got abroad that London lacks "go-getters." The manner in which the rush-hour traffic is handled disproves this idea; and if further proof were needed that the Londoner can rise to the occasion when necessary, one has but to watch how the London girl swings onto a bus at from ten to fifteen miles an hour, or see her alight at speed, and without disastrous results, on a greasy road.

It is because of the superb organizing genius of Britain's transportation experts that the daily movement of London's three million commuters is carried out without apparent bustle. Like Mr. Ford's tin lizzie of an earlier day, these English people take you there and get you home,—and usually on time.—What more could anyone ask?

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I've decided. When I decide, it's for all time; you know that, don't you?"

A great gladness filled Elizabeth's heart. It did not occur to her to ask him in what manner he was going to take care of her people; it was enough to know that he was going to take care of them. He put a father's arm lightly about her shoulders. Then he took his arm away, faced to the right and drew his hat rim low over his eyes. For two minutes he stood there and looked for the little old cabin down near the foot of the north end of the mountain, and failed to find it. His mind had gone back to that woeful night that had cut his life in twain. He remembered plainly waking in the early morning with an aching head and with the rankling taste of much dead whiskey in his mouth; remembered seeing David Moreland, with a bullet hole through and through him, lying on the floor beside him; remembered his horror, and his cries of anguish, and his hurried flight. . . . He had wondered, he remembered, why the law made no attempt to track him down. He had not known that the mountaineer's code of honor demands that the mountaineer himself collect that which is due him.

"Tell me," he said in tones so low that Elizabeth barely heard: "where is David Moreland buried?" He had turned, and stood facing her.

She pointed to the southward. "They buried him out on the crest o' the mountain a little ways, on the highest point, by the side of his wife. That was always a touching thing to me, that he buried his wife on the very highest point of his own mountain. You know why, don't you? I do. David Moreland believed that Heaven was up; he wanted to get even his wife's ashes as close to Heaven as he could."

"I—I'd like to go out there," muttered old Wade. "I'd like to see the place."

"I wouldn't—" began Elizabeth.

"Yes, yes, my dear—I must see the place," declared John K. Wade—"let's go out there."

THERE was never any disobeying him when he was determined, and he was determined now. Elizabeth looked at him curiously, then turned and started along the snowy crest of the mountain, wending her way here and there between clumps of snow-laden and bending laurel and ivy and huckleberry bushes and under snow-burdened jackpines. After a quarter of an hour of this difficult traveling, the two drew up before a small enclosure made of round oaken posts and oaken railings and hand-split and pointed oaken palings as high as a man's shoulders, all of which were gray and weather-beaten. Elizabeth knew the spot well. She swung the gate stiffly open on its creaking wooden hinges, and stepped inside. Wade, trembling in every fibre, followed her. His face was deathly pale.

Before them were two snow-covered mounds bordered with the dead stalks of flowers of another year. Near the two graves there grew bare-branched wild honeysuckle and redbud, and green-leaved laurel, which in the summertime were covered with beautiful and fragrant blossoms of golden yellow, royal purple and waxen white. At the head of one mound a great, roughly-shaped slab of brown sandstone marked the last resting place of David Moreland's young wife; it had been lettered by David Moreland himself.

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On the face of the other great slab of brown sandstone were chiseled other ill-shaped letters and misspelled words. The hands of John Moreland had done this.

Old Wade stepped unsteadily closer and read—

Here Lays David Moreland
The Best Man God
Ever Maid
Killed
By John K. Carlyle
May God
Blast His
Sole

It was a living curse, a breathing curse—a terrible anathema. If dead David Moreland himself had arisen from his tomb and uttered it, it would not have struck John K. Wade with greater force. The old coal king grew weak, as though with a fatal sickness. He sank to his knees in the snow, and his iron-grey head fell forward to his breast. Elizabeth Littleford quickly knelt in the snow beside him. She tried to find comforting words, for she loved him and was sorry for him, but no words would come.

There was a slight sound, the muffled breaking of a dry twig in the snow just beyond the palings in front of them, and Elizabeth looked up and saw the giant figure of John Moreland, whose face was white and whose eyes were filled with the light of hate and anger, who held a rifle in his cold, bare hands. The rifle's hammer came back, and the fine trigger caught it with a faint click. Moreland took one more step forward, and leveled the weapon across the palings.

"Ef it was any use for ye to pray, Carlyle," he said, and his voice was shaking and hoarse and choked, "I'd give ye time. But it hain't no use. Look up. Face it. Be a man for one second in yore lowdown life."

Old Wade raised his head, saw David Moreland's brother, and realized all there was to realize. His eyes widened a little; then a look of relief flitted across his heavy countenance.

"Shoot and even it up," he said bravely. "According to your code, it is just. And I'll be able, at last, to forget. So shoot and even it up."

Moreland winced perceptibly. The big crooked finger came away from the trigger. He had never expected to hear John K. Carlyle say words

like these. It had never entered his mind that John K. Carlyle could be sorry. Then the great and bitter desire for revenge rushed into his brain again, and his head went down, and his keen right eye looked along the sights and to the kneeling man's breast.

Until this instant Elizabeth Littleford had been as one frozen, had been as a figure carved in stone. Now she sprang to her feet and came between Moreland and his ancient enemy.

"Put 'at gun down—wait ontel I tell ye, John Moreland, what I've got to tell ye!" She cried tensely, lapsing into the old dialect in her excitement. She went on: "It wasn't Newton Wheatley 'at put up the money to start yore coal mine a goin'; it was this man here! And the Alexander Crayfield Coal Corporation—which has been a payin' ye two prices for yore coal—that was this man here! Mr. Hayes was his—his ally through it all. And he's sorry, John Moreland, this man is—so sorry that he wants to die; and cain't ye see it, John Moreland. But he don't deserve to be killed—and ef he did, you're too good a man to kill him. He's done paid—oh, you don't know, like I do, how he's paid. You mustn't forgit that. And you mustn't forgit Bill Wade, his son. Put down that gun, John Moreland! Yore people is saved as David Moreland wanted 'em saved. Now d-d-don't go and spoil it all!"

The giant mountaineer's eyes were wide with amazement, for Elizabeth Littleford's every word had borne the ring of truth, although he was too dazed to understand her allusion to Bill Wade as his old enemy's son. The rifle came back from across the palings, and its steel-shod butt found a place in the snow beside John Moreland's foot.

Slowly John K. Wade rose and drew close to him, and then from his soul came pouring the pent-up anguish of remorse that had seared it through the years. The torrent of words flowed on while the mountaineer stood rigidly regarding him, a strange light in his piercing eyes.

"I can't ask you to forgive me," John K. Wade finished brokenly. "I don't expect forgiveness; my crime was too great. But can't you for the sake of the boy let me try to atone for my sin?"

John Moreland looked long and searchingly into the eyes of the pleading man before him. The bitter struggle that was going on in his soul was mirrored on his rugged face. But gradually the bitterness faded; his huge frame trembled and he laid his hand on the other's shoulder, and wept.

Elizabeth ran out at the gate, rejoicing in her heart because of the victory she had won, ran up to John Moreland and put her arms about his neck. She drew his great brown head down and kissed him on the cheek.

And John Moreland let his rifle fall into the snow, put his arms around her shoulders as though she were his own daughter, bowed his head and sobbed out a few words that she didn't understand.

NIGHT had fallen when they reached Ben Littleford's cabin home. The daughter of the house was welcomed with much joy; old Wade was received with almost affectionate cordiality. A roaring fire was soon going in the best room, and John K. Wade was given the coziest of the sheepskin-lined rockers. Ben Littleford, washed scrupulously clean of coal smut, sat

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The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 30

near the guest of honor. John Moreland, who was so thoughtful that he seemed dazed, sat near Ben Littleford.

Suddenly John K. Wade looked toward his host and asked:

"Where is my son?"

At that moment, Bill Wade, in boots and corduroys, appeared in the outer doorway and answered for himself:

"Here he is. Are you well, father?"

The elder Wade rose, and they shook hands warmly. Young Wade then shook the hand of Elizabeth, who blushed as she faced him.

"How are you, Babe?" he said in his old, boyish way, using the old name that was sweet to her only when he uttered it. He ran on smilingly: "I wonder if it's bad manners to tell you that you get prettier every blessed minute of your life? Is it? If it is, I didn't say it, you understand."

To hide her confusion, Elizabeth turned to a tall and lanky figure that had come in behind Bill Wade.

"How are you, By?" she greeted him.

"Hungry," grinned By Heck, taking her hand awkwardly. "I never e't nothin' but a couple o' baked 'possums and a peck o' sweet 'taters for dinner, and I've been as busy as the dev—as thunder a doin' nothin' ever sence. Doin' nothin' shore makes me hongry."

Supper was announced, and they went into a long, log-walled room that served as both kitchen and dining room. There were a great many savory dishes, and one of them was a roast wild turkey that had been very neatly shot with a rifle at a distance of a hundred yards.

Young Wade sat by his father and talked of nothing but coal veins—big and little coal veins, long and short, broad and narrow, deep and shallow, blue and black coal veins. Babe Littleford, who wouldn't marry him, who had come back to the hills to torture him with a beauty that he had never believed possible in any woman, shouldn't know that he was even thinking of her!

He talked coal with his father until bedtime, and he was wiser in the ways of the black diamond when eight o'clock came. After Ben Littleford had haltingly conducted family prayers, Bill Wade bade them all good night and went to his office to sleep rolled in a blanket on the floor. There was a lack of beds at Ben Littleford's that night.

A little later, John Moreland drew his host out to the cabin yard. The skies were clear, and the moon was shining brightly; everywhere there was beauty and peacefulness.

"Ben," he said softly, "I've got to bother ye a minute, as late as it is. I want ye to find a hammer and a chisel and a lantern."

"I've got 'em all three right thar in the house," replied Littleford. "But what'n the name o' Tarment and thunderation do ye want with a hammer and a chisel and a lantern, John, old friend?"

"I'm a goin' up thar to whar pore David he's buried at, and cut off some o' them letters offen the stone, Ben. I can't sleep ontel it's done. You know what part I'm a goin' to cut off, don't ye?"

"Yes," said Littleford. "Babe she told me about what happened up thar afore dark. And I'm powerful glad ye're a goin' to do it, John."

Ben Littleford went with his friend to the little enclosure on the highest point of David Moreland's Mountain. He held the lighted lantern while Moreland worked. They were there

for hours. When the work was finished, Moreland rose from his knees, put the hammer and the chisel in his pocket, and spread open his cold, cramped fingers.

"Ef David could know about it," he said wearily, "I believe 'at he'd be glad I done it."

Ben Littleford put a big hand on John Moreland's shoulder. "Yes, old friend," he agreed, "ef David could know about it, he'd be glad 'at ye done it. The' hain't no doubt o' that. And maybe he does know about it."

Elizabeth learned of it early on the following morning. When breakfast was over, she whispered to John K. Wade that there was something that she *had* to show him. She wouldn't tell him anything in advance. So he went with her to see for himself.

When at last they stood inside the palings, Elizabeth pointed and said:

"Look there!"

Wade looked and saw. The color left his face, then came back. He turned to the young woman with a great joy shining in his eyes.

"I haven't been so glad," he muttered, "for twenty-five years."

The chiseling away of the lower five lines had left an almost perfect cross. Then John Moreland's cold, bare, and tireless hands had gone to work and made it, in every respect a perfect cross.

THE sun shone brightly that day, and the snow began to melt on the places that were not shaded. When he returned with Elizabeth from the crest of David Moreland's Mountain, John K. Wade took a rocker before the fire and sat there thinking, thinking, until the midday meal was announced. When the meal was over, he resumed his chair and sat there thinking, thinking until the afternoon was half gone. Then he called Elizabeth to him.

"Will you go to my son and tell him that I wish to see him?" he said. And he added as though to himself: "I have decided that it is best that he should know."

Should know! Know what? Elizabeth feared that Mrs. Wade had broken her promise. Nevertheless, she put on her hat and her gloves and went to Bill Wade's office.

Wade sat with his elbows on his desk and with his head in his hands. To all appearances, he was unaware of the presence of the girl in the doorway.

She spoke. "Bill?"

He sat up straight and faced her. He appeared to be surprised.

"Well, Babe?"

"Your father wants you," in a low voice.

"All right," Wade rose and reached for his broad-rimmed hat. "I'll admit," he smiled, "that I'm worse than a granny woman for poking my nose into other people's affairs—when are you going to marry Jimmy Payne?"

The answer came quickly: "Never."

"Never," very quietly.

"Never?" pursued Wade.

"NEVER!" cried Elizabeth, exasperated.

"Goodness!" laughed Wade. "You're dramatic, or vehement, or both. May I walk home with you, Babe?"

"Yes, sir," promptly, "if you want to."

They set out across the snow-covered meadows, and neither spoke another word until they had reached Ben Littleford's log house.

[Continued on page 32]

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CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 31

John K. Wade still sat before the fire, and near him sat silent John Moreland. Old Wade motioned toward an inside door.

"Please close it, Elizabeth," he requested, and she obeyed. He went on: "Now sit down and listen to me. I've got something to tell the three of you. And I fancy it will interest all of you."

The two who had just arrived took chairs at the fireside. After a moment, John K. Wade began:

"You've often wondered, Bill, about that savage streak—as you choose to call it—that is in you. You inherited it. Much of what we are, somebody claims, is inherited; and it must be correct. Like begets like, of course. But there is no savage streak in you. You are hot-headed, that's all. Your virtues over-balance that, by far. I have never seen a man who had a greater love for honesty and fair play, or a greater hatred for all that is hollow and false, or more courage to stick up for that which seems to be right, than you. Now I'll tell you how you came by those fine qualities and by the hot-headedness—

"Bill, this is hard for me to tell. It brings back a terrible thing. You know about David Moreland. When I awoke that morning and found David Moreland lying dead at my crazed, drunken hands, I wished that I, too, were dead . . . That great and silent wilderness smothered me. I imagined that I could hear voices calling to me, saying:

"'Cain! Cain!'

"They came from the ground, from the laurel thickets, from the trees overhead, from everywhere. You see, I wasn't all bad. Then I thought of the law, and I ran . . .

"But the cry of a child from the cabin I was leaving halted me before I had gone thirty yards. David Moreland's wife had left him with a baby only a few weeks old, which I didn't pay any particular attention to until I heard its piteous cry on that black morning. At that time there was no other house for many miles around. I couldn't leave the child there to die of starvation, after killing its father. So I went back and got the baby, and all its clothing, and I took it away with me. I left it at a farmhouse down in the lowland; and I went to another city, changed my name and started life afresh . . . But later I married, and then I went to the farmer and persuaded him to let me adopt the child. I brought it up as my own, and educated it, as a sort of compensation. And I came to love it. But it was years before my wife loved it. She didn't like children then. But she does now. She is paying now, and I am paying. Don't you understand, Bill—don't you understand?"

There was a choke in his voice toward the last. Bill Wade started to his feet. His eyes were wide, but he did not seem unhappy; and for that Elizabeth was grateful. John Moreland sat as still, with his bearded, viking face as expressionless, as though he had known it all along.

"And so I really am *in my own country!*" cried Bill Wade. "I am a Moreland, and the Morelands are really my own people!"

"Yes, you are really in your own country. And you are a Moreland—and your baby name was David."

It was then that John Moreland spoke: "Bill, when I first seen you, you made me think o' my brother the day he was married. I hain't never forgot that. I sartainly hain't surprised none at all. We didn't

know about the baby. Cherokee Joe told me the baby had died."

"And now, son," said old Wade, brokenly, "say that you forgive me."

Bill Wade, David Moreland's boy, knelt beside the old sheepskin-lined rocker, took the old coal king's hand in both his own and bent his head over it.

"It's all right," he said thickly. "It's all right."

ELIZABETH LITTLEFORD rose and stole blindly out of the house. Her footsteps led her, quite without her realizing where she was going, across the meadow and to the river above the blown-down sycamore. And there on that sacred spot, where she had first felt her heart leap at the sound of Bill Wade's voice, she sank down in a heap and cried, and cried.

Then a ray of hope shone into her heart: Bill Wade was really a Moreland, and therefore of the hill blood even as she was of the hill blood, and that should make them more nearly equal. She told herself that he wouldn't be so apt to condemn her for being able to take a human life easily as one of another blood would be; he would be more apt to understand. And yet, the women he had known were gentle, tender, and refined, like, for instance, Patricia McLaurin. Soon the ray of hope died within her, and she bent her head and sobbed again.

One of her bare hands began to drop idly in the snow before her, and she did not feel cold. Suddenly she realized that her hand was full of shavings, whittlings. Some man had been sitting there whittling with a pocketknife—it must have been a man, for who ever heard of a woman whittling? She felt in the snow with both hands, and found more whittlings—there were bushels and bushels of whittlings it seemed to her laying there under the snow.

It was quite dark now, for the moon was not yet up. A great bright star blazed above David Moreland's tomb like a beacon fire. Elizabeth heard the muffled sound of slow masculine footsteps in the snow behind her. She did not turn her head. In her soul she knew that it could be but one man. Bill Wade's head was down, and he moved as though he neither knew nor cared where he went. Then he saw the dark heap on the river's bank before him, and he halted. He knew in his soul that it could be but one woman.

Wade went on, and sat down on a stone the size of a small barrel that lay at the river's rim.

"Babe?" he said. It was the mating call of his heart in the spring-time of his life.

"Who d-done all o' this whittlin', Bill?" asked Elizabeth.

"I did," softly.

"But I thought you was so busy here! It's nobody but idlers, you know, that whittles—that is most o' the time it's nobody but idlers that whittles."

"I'm not busy on Sundays," replied Wade.

"Tell me this," Elizabeth asked pointedly: "what made you come to this one spot to do your whittlin'? Couldn't you whittle up there in my daddy's cabin yard?"

He answered her candidly: "Because I like to be here. This place is a shrine to me. It was here that I first loved you, Babe. Now you tell me this: why did you come to this particular spot to sit down in the snow? There's snow in your daddy's cabin yard!" [Continued on page 34]

Gifted—And All Canadian

By Constance Kerr Sissons



The Executive Committee of Harbord Collegiate Institute Literary Society 1894.
W. A. Sadler Miss M. Stovel W. T. Allison E. W. Beatty
(Now Mrs. R. F. McWilliams) (Now Mrs. F. I. M. Owen)

THIS quaint group of 'teen-age youngsters dates back to the middle of that droll decade (miscalled the "gay nineties") when Little Annie Rooney and Two Little Girls in Blue flourished side by side with balloon sleeves, bicycles, chaperones and sentiment. As the title of the picture explains, these boys and girls formed the Executive Committee of the Harbord Collegiate Literary Society, Toronto, in the spring term of 1894.

Oddly enough, the youthful editor of the old *Harbord Review* discusses in a contemporary number the likelihood that students who achieved distinction in the life and work of school and college, would be found later—"thirty years hence," he suggests—"among the nation's outstanding characters. "Those who do not at all distinguish themselves," he asserts, "outrun the others in the race for fame."

Here is evidence that refutes his argument. These young people were prominent in the life of the school, and later in their college careers. One only of their number has been called by death—Walter A. Sadler, whose musical genius is gratefully remembered. Let us then consider the tribute rendered to Canada by the four members of this group now living.

The demure flapper to the right of the picture—Amy Morrison, now Mrs. F. I. M. Owen, of Toronto—won distinction in the teaching profession. She eventually became head of Haver-gal College Day School, Winnipeg, passing on to scores of Western pupils that love of English literature which she had derived from her idolized teacher in the Toronto institution, the late Dr. Gertrude Lawler.

The dark-haired damsel beside her is surely not dreaming that she would one day serve as a Government Adviser for Canada on a future League of Nations at Geneva! Yet

such an important national service was Margaret Stovel—now Mrs. McWilliams, of Winnipeg—destined to render. From a college course in political economy, she stepped into journalism—thence into matrimony—and finally (but she does not recognize the word!) into a career embracing social and political service, educational work and authorship. Her connection with the Federation of University Women has made her a nationally-known figure, and has added to the prestige of the classes in Current Events which she conducts in the prairie capital—classes which have reached a membership of 800 women.

She is the author of a study in Western history, "Manitoba Milestones," which has met with distinct success; and with her husband, Roland F. McWilliams, K.C., of Winnipeg (prominent in legal and military circles) collaborated in the production of a bright little volume, "Russia in 1926," which embodies their thrilling investigation of the Soviet experiment.

The pensive features of the middle figure among the lads in this group belong to "Will" Allison—now William T. Allison, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of English in Manitoba University. Writing of the period at which he edited the school journal, Dr. Allison declares: "Those were the days when I took up my pen, and it seems to me that I have never since been able to drop it." Well may he emphasize the length and constancy of his service to Canadian letters, for he has conducted columns this twenty years. He is now literary editor of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, and syndicates articles in a number of Canadian newspapers. Some years ago he was National President of the Canadian Authors' Association; and since he delivered the very first university lecture in Canada over the Radio he has been a constant vis-à-vis of the microphone.

[Continued on page 34]

Take them to the Dentist, *Mother*, before school starts!

Their future health, their school work, may well depend on the condition of young teeth. Make sure they're in good repair.



FREE AMOS 'n' ANDY PRIZE

Have them right in your own home on cardboard cut-out figures. Six inches high, full colors, with fold-back flaps so they can stand on your radio. Be sure to get yours.

AMOS



MOTHER: Simply write a note giving your child's name and address—also name of dentist and date of visit. Address the Pepsodent Company, Toronto, Ont. The free Amos 'n' Andy prize will go forward at once. Expires October 1st.

IN TORONTO nine children in every ten need dental care! That is true in Montreal, Vancouver, and other cities. Those are tragic facts brought out by surveys.

It's a wrong but common belief that baby teeth don't matter. First teeth diseased may ruin those that follow. Many systemic troubles of later years are the result. Guard teeth under your dentist's supervision.

Why we sponsor this advertisement

The Pepsodent Company publishes this advertisement because our business is built upon the vital principle of better teeth. Hence our interest is selfish, for it's those who are most concerned about their teeth that eventually turn to Pepsodent—the film-removing tooth paste.

Your dentist will tell you about

film on teeth. That it should be removed because it harbors the germs of decay and other troubles.

What film does to teeth

Film glues germs to teeth so stubbornly ordinary ways cannot remove it. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive.

Pepsodent tooth paste removes film—gently. It embodies the finest, softest polishing agent known. Pepsodent is safe, completely safe, to the softest children's teeth. Use Pepsodent twice each day.

Pepsodent

Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year

THE FAMOUS

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WAXTITE Bag

ONE of the most famous Kellogg features is the patented waxtite bag that brings all Kellogg's Cereals deliciously fresh and crisp to your table.



This waxtite bag is an exclusive Kellogg feature. It is actually *sealed* against moisture, odors and contamination. No wonder Kellogg's Rice Krispies taste so delicious—and are so *crisp* they actually pop and snap!

Have them for breakfast tomorrow. Enjoy for lunch with fruits or honey added. Great for the children's supper. Nourishing and easy to digest.

Fine to use in recipes. Makes delicious macaroons, candies, desserts. Order from your grocer. Keep a red-and-green package in the pantry.

Kellogg's Products have been imitated time and again—but no other cereals are ever "just like Kellogg's." That's why wise buyers specify Kellogg's—in the red-and-green package . . . with the inner-waxtite bag that keeps the flakes fresh and crisp even after opening.

Kellogg Company of Canada, Limited,
London, Ontario

snap! crackle! pop!

Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES

Gifted—And All Canadian

Continued from page 33

But Professor Allison's labors in the cause of education must not crowd out the subject of his own creative achievements. In addition to prose writings, he has made a contribution of imaginative verse to the national store of literature—"The Amber Army and Other Poems" is a collection of his earlier work.

The earnest young gentleman with his right hand resting affectionately on his chief's shoulder, his left foot negligently disposed on a convenient ottoman—is none other than "Ed." Beatty, of C.P.R. fame. "President Allison," declares the *Harbord Review*, "has a Vice that's hard to Beatty-y." And, indeed, one would infer from the subsequent career of E. W. Beatty, K.C.—legal and otherwise—that he has been a formidable rival among competitors, and a stern opponent to possible foes. At any rate, his achievements are too well-known to need comment here. One of his rôles has been that of arch-interpreter between the various sections of our wide-wrought state, and his latest prophecies have all indicated that fair weather lies ahead.

IS IT not a significant fact that all these young people remained in their native land? That three of them found their careers in that home of opportunity—the West; while the fourth belongs to the whole country? It would need to be an earnest assemblage of present-day secondary

school pupils that, in so limited a membership, could hope to attain in the next thirty-five years as well-earned a recognition for service to their fellow-Canadians.

Turning the pages of their school periodical of 1894, one is struck by the patriotic feeling of young Allison's compositions in verse and prose; and the sympathetic, wide-awake nature of the "locals" written by Margaret Stovel, give promise of the energy with which she later attacked various social problems. But, perhaps the fact that most arrests one's attention is that even this juvenile journal is concerned with the great problem of that day—Unemployment. For during that stringent winter, Coxey's "Army of the Commonwealth" was marching upon Washington, and cities on both sides of "the line" were filled with the idle and destitute. It may have been this crisis that set the grave look on the face of young Beatty! Coming events casting their shadows before, might somehow have warned him that the year 1931 would find him grappling with the same dark problem—the onus of a coast-to-coast organization resting upon his shoulders.

May the Fates send Canada more young enthusiasts like these, and may Canadian schools continue to furnish them the means of enlarging their vision, and of substantiating their ideals!

The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 32

Said Elizabeth, in a voice that sounded smothered; "Acause, I like to be here—this place is a s-shrine to me too—it was here that I first loved you, Bill Wade!"

"Then why," he demanded, "won't you marry me?"

"Acause it was me that shot — Ball. I thought you wouldn't want me ef you knowed I'd done that, and I couldn't marry you without tellin' you. But you know now! And so do or say whatever you feel like doing or saying. You can't hurt me. I can't never be hurt n-n-n-no m-m-more—"

Carlyle went quickly to his feet. Truly this was a day of surprises for him. He stooped and caught her up.

"A real woman!" he said happily, straightening up with her in his arms. "A real, all gold, pure gold woman! You loved me well enough to kill a man to save me—and wouldn't let me know it! Woman is a mystery, sure enough. But it's because women are so fine and so high up that men-folk don't understand them, of course. Well, Babe, dear, must I take you bodily and drag you to the altar, or will you go with me of your own accord?"

"I'd go with you, Bill Wade—or David Moreland, whichever it is,—

to the very last inch o' the end o' the world," said Elizabeth Littleford.

EARLY the next morning, a tall and lanky mountaineer with a rifle in the hollow of his arm came strolling lazily up the river. He was looking for rabbit-tracks in the snow. Near the pool above the blown-down sycamore, he came upon tracks that had not been made by any four-footed animals. There were the footprints of a man coming in one direction, and the footprints of a woman coming from another direction; only the footprints of the man went away toward Ben Littleford's cabin.

By Heck was puzzled. "Here comes Bill," he frowned; "and over here comes Babe. And thar, as plain as day, goes Bill, but what become o' Babe? Whar in the name o' Tarment did she go to? Straight up?"

He scrutinized the signs with the understanding eye of the born woodsman. Then he grinned broadly and said to himself:

"I'll be danged ef Bill didn't jest pick her up bod'ly and carry her home, the danged old Injun!"

THE END

A Plea

By Aileen Radcliffe

When Love comes calling you,
What will you say?
Welcome his greeting, or
Bid him delay?
Do not disdain him and
Let him depart.
Will you not show him the
Way to your heart?

I would but serve you if
You need no more:
Tho' Love comes knocking
And pleads at your door,

I will tread softly, for
Love understands;
The rose of my life lies
Within your small hands.

Ah! do not jest with me,
Time is so fleet:
All that is best in me
Down at your feet.
My love would guard you and
Yet leave you free.
Will you not whisper that
You, too, love me?

Summer Urges Lighter Treatment

Continued from page 24

textured, will throw up the material's design and colouring.

I think that we can point the moral most easily by following out its application again in the room we have illustrated.

THE colour scheme is in itself cleverly captivating. It is ivory cream, with tones that range from palest apricot to deep salmon, and with black for accent.

This manner of using the pale tints and deeper tones of a single colour almost entirely in a room, is distinctly modern—and gives scope for more variety than you might imagine, and a charm that is decidedly fresh after rooms in which you have been accustomed to combine a number of colours, even in the most harmonious way.

The wallpaper in this room has the ivory background, with scrolls of the soft apricot and the deeper tones that range through the pale and rich salmon hues; and so the fabrics are matched to it with the greatest care.

The bed-spread, dressing table and side curtains are all of voile, in one of the lighter of these tones. Ordinary sateen gives a plain foundation for the bedspread and the table.

A band of the very deep salmon tone, with a narrow black edging on each side, trims the simple gathered flounce on both table and bed; and, on the table-top and the stool, a striped rayon material, in the same deep salmon and a paler tint, makes the flatly-fitted covers.

At the window, the very palest tint of apricot voile is used for the straight-hanging glass curtains; the deeper-toned material, with finely pleated frill to edge it, makes a second set of curtains. These should be made very full, so they will hang gracefully either within the confines of their very deep salmon tie-back bands, or when released from them, to give perhaps sufficient protection at night, if the windows are not too closely neighbored.

You will observe that there is a very dainty type of valance used with these over-curtains—two of the finely pleated ruffles (though gathers may be used instead of pleats, if you prefer them from the laundering standpoint) mounted, of course, on a straight-drawn piece of the voile.

So much for these particular fabric treatments—you will find them worth studying and following, and I think I have explained them in sufficient detail to allow the needlewoman of most modest capacities to make these pieces for herself.

I want to speak again of the walls. The scroll-pattern paper is one of those happy choices that fall conveniently between the absolutely plain background and the one that is much designed. Such a paper will often prove as good a foil for a gaily-designed chintz, for instance, as for the plain fabrics used against it in the room we picture.

In the latter case, the little flowered paper bordering that you see outlining all the woodwork, including the window frames, would probably not be used. Here, it adds just the decorative note that lifts this room from what might be a verging on severity.

The little border keeps within the colour scheme—it merely displays, between fine-drawn black lines, a scattering of small blossoms in the apricot, peach and salmon tones.

This colour scheme has considerably more sophistication than it

would have if worked out in tones of deep rose, paling to an exquisite pink—but it could not be said to have any more charm, and the rose bedroom remains the favorite of a great number of people.

I can see this room, too, a most cool and engaging place if accomplished in a yellow and green scheme—that pale yellow of spring iris, and the greens you would find in their leaves. The blue tones, too, would give plenty of scope to develop it.

PURPOSELY, the artist has allowed the floor to suggest the interpretation you prefer to give it.

Very new, of course, and undoubtedly successful, is the broadloom carpet (or the plain seamed rug) that extends from wall to wall. Our efficient vacuum cleaners have removed the horror we had developed of the all-over carpet and have made its return to fashion quite acceptable to our housewifely concern. If expense does not preclude it, such a carpet would be quite lovely in this room, even with so simple a drapery fabric as the voile we have suggested; the velvety floor would add a richness that would still be entirely in keeping with the exquisite taste of the dainty and trimly-handled transparent material. You could, however, swing with equal safety into silky fabrics, the cotton and rayon, or rayon or celanese, or pure silk materials—or if you still like cotton, organdy can always be substituted for voile; so can suitable muslins, plain, dotted, sprigged or printed.

Let us think, however, of the bedroom that must be worked out on a less expensive key. A painted floor, in black or colour, could be very smart, and could be relieved by a chenille or hooked rug, or any of the deep-tufted rugs that are manufactured especially for bedroom use, often with plain fields and charming bits of design in centre or border. Perhaps, in place of such a large one as that in our picture, you would use two or three small rugs. It isn't difficult today to find completely charming bedroom rugs, most delightfully designed and coloured, and in the simplest and cheapest types or those that are distinctly rich.

Still another suggestion for the floor, would be the use of a jaspe linoleum in neutral or dark tones. Its softly broken surface, suggesting a thoroughly irregular very narrow striping, offers an ideal background for scatter-rugs.

JUST a last word on the further details I have to suggest for this room. Barely edging into the lower right-hand corner, are the arms of a comfortable chair, covered in a plain stout fabric of jaspe striping, in the very deep salmon colour—it would be luxury to have a matching stool the same height as the chair seat, that could be drawn up close and change the arm chair into a chaise longue.

On the unseen wall, I would suggest either of two groups—the big comfortable chest of drawers already referred to, with its own mirror—or a full length mirror flanked by two tall and narrow chests; the latter is quite an unusual and a very, very satisfying arrangement—I hope to picture it for our Western Home Monthly readers in the near future, for it is not at all difficult either to have your cabinet maker work out two such chests to fit a limited space, or to find the sets of drawers already made in either the unfinished wood or in polished walnut.

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NOT MEASURE
QUALITY IN THIS
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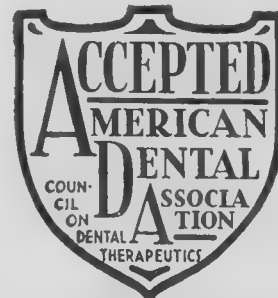
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QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN TOO!

Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan



THEY CALL IT
"ATHLETE'S
FOOT"

BUT IT ISN'T A JOKING MATTER

Many a man and woman has paid large doctor bills and limped around for weeks because of an infection that started with a slight itching sensation between the toes.

They made the mistake of not taking more seriously this common symptom* of "Athlete's Foot." Neglected, the skin between the toes soon became unwholesomely moist. It cracked—then blistered, perhaps turned red, peeled and finally became so raw as to cause pain when shoes were worn.

**It's a real infection; don't
YOU take chances**

Nine times out of ten this infection popularly called "Athlete's Foot" comes from a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*, which health authorities estimate to have preyed on at least half the adult population at some time in life.

Be on your guard; you encounter *tinea trichophyton* wherever you go. It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on shower bath floors, locker- and

dresser-room floors, in bathhouses, beach walks, gyms—even in your own spotless bathroom.

**Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the
germ of "Athlete's Foot"**

The *tinea trichophyton* is so hardy, in fact, you can't wash it away and socks must be boiled fifteen minutes to kill it.

But you can douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet morning and night and after every bath. For laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also shown its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. Then keep on using it, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. At drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample write W.F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal.



ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

The Sign

Continued from page 15

Yet, still northwards Wayne headed, feeling half instinctively that he would never return, yet in his inner consciousness there was a sense of vague disappointment at himself. These sensations he had known in his youth, but he thought he had lived them down. In his youth this same call had led him over half the hemisphere, and now, in his thirty-fifth year, he found the wild wolf once again awakened—awakened as never before.

Yet it was with a kind of mad jealousy that he realized his downfall. He thought of his brothers and sisters toiling in the glare of far-off cities, and he laughed a mocking laugh. They perhaps might live to see old age, but was it worth it? He would not live, because the blizzards or the blow-holes or the wolves would inevitably get him ere long, yet he felt that his life and the end of it would be infinitely the more glorious. What did they know, those city folk in their poor little four-walled lives, of the sparkling vastness, stretching on and on to the sky, beckoning a man forward, ever forward, sometimes with hands half extended? What did they know of an earth as vast as heaven itself, ever stretched at one's feet, of a silence where only God and the angels whisper, and where only in the light of the tamarack fire does one see the faces of one's fellow men?

So this was the North—this the call of the North! Often Wayne was weary, too weary to drag his snowshoes, often he was hungry, so hungry that when game fell to his rifle he seized upon it with crooked claw-like fingers, as a catamount seizes its prey. This he knew was the sign—the desire to tear his food with his hands, to sink his fangs red-hilted into bloody flesh!

Once or twice Wayne fell in with the Indians and slept in the smoke of their snow-buried cabins. Savage love came to him, wolf love, which fled with the dawn, and he went his way alone—glad to be alone. He fell in with white men, and they warned him against the frost sores on his face, at which he cursed them with bitter venom, advising them to watch their own faces, which, from what he could see, would be a blessing to mankind. He fell in with the priests at Holy Cross, and they alone understood when he told them that at last he had found his God. They did not argue with him, they did not plead with him to return to his fellow men, for in their Puritan souls was the knowledge that he had found a higher level. Not till he was gone did they shake their heads gravely—"So be it!" said they. "He'll just be written off, and we and no one will know how he goes."

Often Wayne's mind was a complete and utter blank as he toiled across the whiteness, but sometimes he thought, and ever the same thought came to him, till it promised to become an obsession. It was as though the stars and the moon and the shadowy timber and the eternal whiteness were putting it to him—"For what are you searching? What is this will-o'-the-wisp which is leading you thus?"

By the radiant camp fire, when the ice crystals shone around and the very silence seemed to crackle in his ears, a part of the frost, Wayne tried to probe deeper into that soul of his. Why was he here, and what was he doing? Gold? Was it gold? Was it after all the desire to win, to achieve, to rise high among his fellow men? He could not bring himself to

believe it, yet, a prospector at heart, those were not idle days, and ever he was searching.

THE sun had turned north ere Wayne turned south, and it came about that one day he found his progress barred by a great cragland barrier towering into the sky. His instincts told him that this section of the mountain was as yet unscratched by the mace of the prospector, told him too that it was worth investigation. So he began to ascend from below, and he had not climbed far when he found distinct indications of mineral wealth. So, lured on by repeated small discoveries, searching for the mother lode, Wayne suddenly found himself in difficulties.

Misfortune of this kind is apt to overtake the mountaineer like the clap of thunder. A moment ago no thought of danger had entered Wayne's mind, but now he found himself clinging perilously to the brink of an icy shelf, with four hundred feet of swinging nothingness below. His mittened hands clutched the face of the sloping ice, and under his feet was a glassy slant on which his hold was but momentary.

It was not the first time Wayne had found himself in difficulties, yet, hardened mountaineer though he was, the blood veritably froze in his veins, and the rifle hanging over his shoulder seemed to be exercising a deadly force to drag him backwards. He must get rid of that rifle, and now, staring into the eyes of death, he slowly eased the strap round his shoulder till the buckle came within reach. Then, by easy stages, shifting his grip from rock to ice, from ice to rock, inch by inch, he closed his fingers on the strap, and a second later he heard the rifle strike at his heels, then go spinning off with a swish, and many seconds passed ere the hollow boom came up from below.

Flattened to the face, Wayne began to edge himself round the corner, and then it was that a strange thing happened, for as he paused to regain his breath and to steady his hands, he saw something emerge round the outcrop. For a time it stood perfectly still, watching him—a panther! Yes, his panther, for it wore about its neck a ragged crimson collar!

So they had met at last, here at this place, met face to face on the narrow shelf, as per the buccaneers of old!

For fully a minute they looked at each other, the wild cat slowly moved round the shelf towards the unarmed man. She arched her back and erected her long tail, she rubbed her shoulder blade against the shelf, and Wayne heard a rumbling purr of welcome. As though in a dream he heard her greet him, and dimly he realized that she was pleased to see him, for there was no malice, no distrust in the great cat's eyes. Then as Wayne drew his hunting knife, the sweat streaming from his forehead into his eyes, the panther turned about on the narrow shelf, as only a cat could, and began to retrace her steps by the way she had come. And as she went she glanced over her shoulder and muttered a rumbling purr for Wayne to follow.

Yes, she was inviting him to follow her, for he recalled that trick of old. Thus in her kitten days she had led him to her empty dish, but now—why was she enticing him on? Did she understand that he was in a perilous situation? He could not

[Continued on page 37]

The Sign

Continued from page 36

credit it, but—again those stories came to his mind.

Anyway, follow he must, or freeze where he was, and already the cat had marked out for him a shelf which he would not have noticed, but which, he now saw, afforded the safest way. So, like a character from a fairy fable, Wayne followed his old pet.

They came to a place at which the man looked upon a scene which for all time was photographed upon his memory. He looked, he stared, and for many minutes he did not stir. It was a great grey cauldron in the cliff face, and at the foot of the rocks was a green patch the size of a bandstand. On three sides of that patch the rocks rose vertically, water-washed and fissured, and streaked fantastically with veins of snowy quartz.

Was it quartz, or was it merely ice formation? He stared, he blinked, hanging on with crooked fingers, for the scene was unreal, and he saw it as in the limited comprehension of a dream.

Then again his gaze shifted, and his thoughts veered, for there, at the edge of the green patch, surrounded by the overhanging cliffs, the cat had taken up her stand. She stood erect, watching him, her long tail twitching from side to side, and at her forepaws lay a fluffy mite, which took Wayne back to the day when her own mother had lain in the grass at his feet!

So this was her kitten!—yet the man was not surprised. He knew that the ways of the wild are strange, strange ways, mysterious, often unaccountable; he knew that though as a rule a wild beast strives above all other things to keep the whereabouts of its young a deadly secret, yet there

are strange exceptions. He had known a wild hind to take a forest ranger to the spot where her mottled fawn was hidden, showing her treasure to him with pride and trust; he had known a mother bear to show a human hunter where her firstborn lay. So Wayne watched, impressed yet not impressed, surprised yet without wonder. He of late had trodden strange ways; he had followed the path of the swans through the dim and desolate places, he had trodden the trail of the caribou herds, and there, with the stars, with Nature, and with God, new understanding had come his way. A moment ago he had looked into the eyes of death, but now he was staring into the eyes of life—Life radiant and bidding, with ever-opening vistas enticing him anew, for from the motherly scene of the great wild cat proudly fondling her kit, his gaze veered back to the dragon of quartz engraved upon the naked face above. A rampant dragon it was, rearing zig-zag up the storm-swept brow—a dragon of dull yellow quartz, studded and streaked with bands of orange outcrop.

Of such dragons are cities built, cities by which men rise or are engulfed by the weeds which drift and whirl with the tides of failure or success. Gold? Yes, gold that would build a city—his city, Wayne's city. His city, for good or for ill, and Wayne knew now that for him the long, long trail was at an end. He felt again the call of his fellow men, and as he stood at the brink, trembling, there was a great craving at his soul—the craving to achieve a mighty thing among his fellow men, yet behind it the knowledge that the Wild would ever call and beckon and call, yes—and for all the world, tear out his heart strings.

The Benefits of Government

Continued from page 26

LATE that afternoon, Mauro and Pepito stood before Don Gonzalo's desk.

Don Gonzalo spoke pompously. "Friend Mauro, I have been making some inquiries concerning you, and what I have heard has inclined me to help you. You will find that Don Gonzalo Mendoza y Cuevas—like your God—can be just and lenient."

"A thousand thanks, Patron," murmured Mauro.

"Unfortunately though, my friend," the Inspector continued, "there are some small expenses in connection with this affair. Do you happen to have one hundred pesos?"

"Por Dios, your Grace!" Mauro exclaimed, "nor a third of that amount. I am only a poor fisherman."

Don Gonzalo frowned thoughtfully. "It is barely possible that I may be able to arrange the matter for seventy-five pesos, though I doubt it. Can you pay that amount? As you know your fines would amount to double that if you are tried. Listen to the law."

He then proceeded to read aloud certain portions of the fish and game laws. Secure in the knowledge that neither of the fishermen could read, he misread the text as it suited his convenience.

"So you see, friend Mauro, you are in a bad way. Could you pay—say fifty pesos now and twenty five in ten days?"

"My son has brought me twenty five, Excellency. You are welcome to them," said Mauro hopefully.

The Inspector glared at him. "Fool!" he cried, "Do you attempt to deceive me. You have fifty pesos upon your person. Out with them! The Government knows all!"

Mauro cringed. "But, senor," he whined, "I had . . ."

"Enough!" roared Don Gonzalo, "Take the old goat back to the jail. The firing squad needs practice in any event."

But before the gendarmes could reach him, the old man fumbled in his sash, and with trembling hands laid some gold pieces upon the desk.

"Ai! Ai! Senor!" he quavered, "How could you know that I had the money? I had thought that only God knew all. Truly, never again shall I attempt to deceive the Government."

"See that you do not, my freind," said Don Gonzalo sternly. "And furthermore, see to it in the future that your taxes are paid promptly."

"I shall, senor, I shall!" cried the old man, relieved at the withdrawal of the gendarmes. "Forgive me, Excellency, I am only an ignorant old fisherman. Henceforth, order me as you will, for I am your servant. May I go?"

"Go then, and remember to return here—" The Inspector consulted a calendar as he spoke, "within fifteen days with the twenty-five pesos required for the tax. Adios!"

"Adios, Excellency, and again a thousand thanks from your servant."

[Continued on page 38]

No one can afford to pay this price of NEGLECT

ALTHOUGH they are still able to chew their food, countless people today find themselves ashamed, even afraid to smile.

It is a grim yet needless price they pay to wear false teeth, because they can usually blame neglect and resulting pyorrhea for the loss of their own.

An insidious disease of the gums, pyorrhea comes to four people out of five past the age of forty. Hence, it's 4 to 1 you'll lose, if you gamble with this infection.

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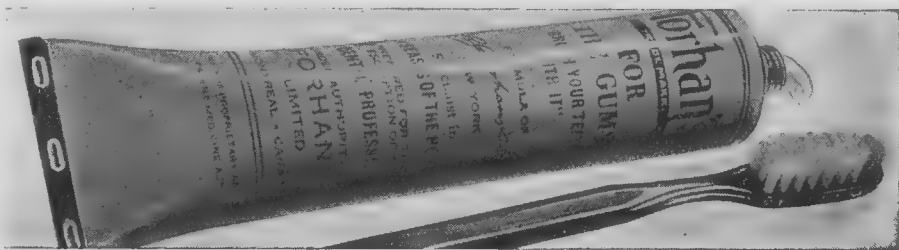
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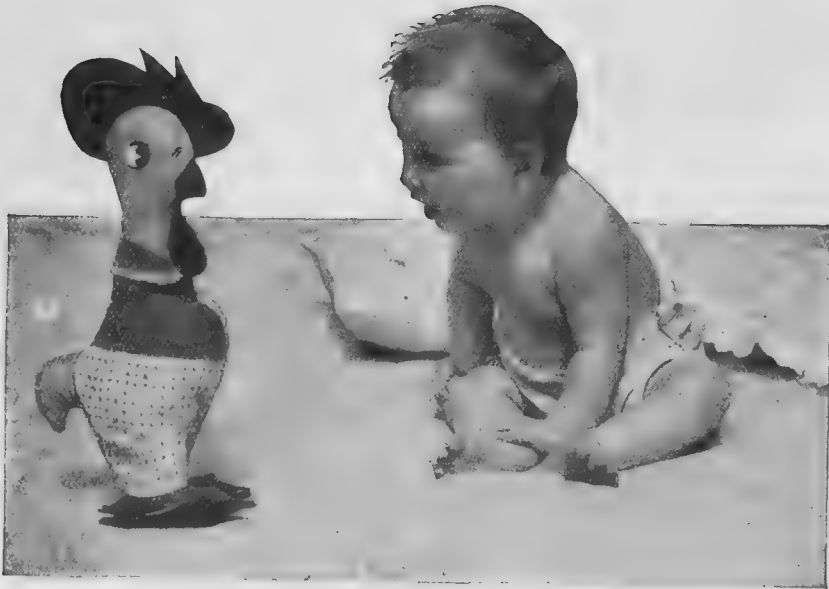


False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40



Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS



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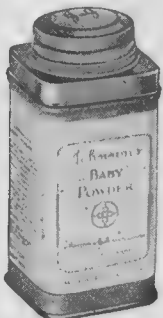
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The Benefits of Government

Continued from page 37

And Mauro shambled out, closely followed by Pepito.

"How now?" inquired the Warden as soon as the old man was out of ear-shot. "I thought the tax was only ten pesos."

"The Government tax is ten pesos." Don Gonzalo corrected him. "My own—or shall we say the disciplinary tax in this case is an additional fifteen pesos. One does not leave the easy life of the capital for nothing, my friend."

"I don't know that it is wise in this case, señor," said the Warden thoughtfully. "This Mauro is a tricky old devil, from what one hears."

Don Gonzalo snorted contemptuously as he produced a bottle of brandy and two glasses from his desk. "He may be that, my friend. Most of them are—if they have the brains. A little taste of the iron does for them. Did you ever see a more abject old villain in your life? May I serve you?"

"Still, Don Gonzalo," insisted the Warden, "it is almost a certainty that he is the 'Mad Dog.'"

"'Mad Dog!' Bah!" sneered the Inspector, "I trust not mad enough to try any tricks on me. This makes an excellent muzzle for dogs of any kind." As he spoke, he patted the pistol at his side.

BACK in the village Mauro displayed an unwonted activity. From house to house he went—from fisherman to fisherman.

Always his questions were the same. "Had they paid for their licenses? Had they paid their taxes?" In some cases payment had been made, but the majority of the fishermen—following Mauro's example—had merely evaded the issue.

Now, however, he told them, "It is necessary that these payments be made. The Government demands it, and if we are to reap the benefits which the Government intends for us we must comply with their laws. I promise you, that you shall not lose by this."

And because Mauro was known in his village to be an honorable man whose opinion was much respected, the money necessary was forthcoming.

Fourteen days after the occasion of his arrest, he appeared again in the Inspector's office; followed as usual by Pepito. Clad in clean white cotton, they stood in embarrassed silence, hat in hand, until the Inspector glanced up.

The Inspector smiled faintly into his beard, and then assumed his official scowl. "Well, my friends, what do you desire?" he inquired.

"Señor," announced Mauro, "we have come in the matter of the payments." As he spoke, he emptied a small sack of gold coins upon his desk.

Don Gonzalo's eyes glittered greedily and the scowl gave way to a smile of satisfaction. "But, how is this?" he inquired.

"Señor," he explained, "some of the men in our village did not understand the law. For this reason, they had not come to make this payment to the Government."

The Inspector's smile broadened. As he had planned; the loosening of the key-stone had sent the whole arch tumbling in. Mauro had been that key-stone.

"As your Grace was kind enough to explain the law to me," Mauro continued, "so I explained it to them. Where formerly the fish came from God; they are now the property of

the Government. Where formerly God provided, the Government will now provide. Where formerly we rendered tribute to God, we must now render tribute to the Government. It is so the men of the village understand it."

Don Gonzalo stifled an impulse to laugh as he thought, that also, where formerly much of the tribute to God went astray, so did much of the tribute to the Government. However, he said gravely, "Truly, friend Mauro, you have the straight of it. And how much have we here?"

While the Inspector had been speaking Mauro had been arranging the coins in small stacks. When he had completed this task he spoke. "This is that of Lazaro Luna, this is of Pedro Gallardo . . ." touching each small pile, and naming the man who had given it to him. "And now, señor, will you please give me the papers of the men."

"With pleasure!" replied the Inspector sincerely. This turn of events was extremely gratifying. Whereas, he had intended merely to intimidate old Mauro—in order to make easy the collecting of taxes; and discreet excesses—the old man had actually assumed the duties of tax-collector, thereby relieving the Inspector of a great deal of work.

When the old fisherman had tucked the papers away in his sash, he spoke again, evidently with some embarrassment. "Señor, you must forgive us for having given you concern in this matter. As I have said, we are but ignorant fishermen. We did not understand, but now that we do, we shall comply with the laws of the Government, as we complied with the laws of the Church—when there was a Church."

The Inspector smiled complacently. "This is good, friend Mauro. Very good, truly. Remember too, that Inspector Gonzalo Mendoza y Cuevas is your friend, protecting and helping you always."

"A thousand thanks, Patron," replied Mauro eagerly, "And since your Excellency is so disposed, would you not honor our village with your presence during the Feast of San Andres. Our patron saint, it has long been our custom to honor him."

Don Gonzalo glanced at Mauro sharply. What was this? A trap! But no, the old man's attitude was one of humble supplication. The invitation, the Inspector decided, had been entirely spontaneous; the result of his casual avowal of friendship.

"I see," remarked Don Gonzalo, thoughtfully, "It would also serve as a sort of armistice celebration. No?"

"Si, señor," agreed Mauro, although he had no idea of what an armistice might be.

"Well, my friend, we shall see. When does the celebration take place?"

"In eight days, señor," Mauro replied. "If the señor wishes, the best canoe of the village shall be sent for him. It will be a great 'fiesta,' señor." The old man waxed enthusiastic. "It will be a joyous 'fiesta.' Music . . . Dancing . . . Drinking. And the girls of our village are not to be disdained, señor."

"Ah! You have some pretty ones then?" The Inspector was interested.

"Too pretty for slimy handed fishermen." Mauro leered knowingly at the Inspector. "Already, señor, have I whispered to them of your fine figure, and your magnificent beard. Tell me, señor, may we send the canoe?"

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The Benefits of Government

Continued from page 38

The Inspector stroked his beard thoughtfully. In Mexico City, an unfeeling Government expected a man—regardless of discomfort and danger—to make trips of inspection. Why not take this opportunity of combining business with pleasure?

After all, there could be little danger from this child-like humble people. Mauro's capitulation was eloquent of the complete awe in which they held him. Then too, he would be armed—and very watchful.

Fraternalizing with them—with due condescension, of course—could not fail to ingratiate them. It would be a wise thing to do, he decided.

"After all, Mauro, it is my obligation to know your people, and be friends with them. I shall go to the Fiesta of San Andres. You may send the canoe in eight days."

Mauro bowed. "A thousand thanks, Excellency. The people of the village will be glad. May the Saints bless you. Adios!"

IN THE square formed by the thatched huts of the village on three sides and the estuary on the fourth, the "fiesta" was in full swing. The white moonlight was made hazy by the pungent, drifting smoke of the "Puyequi" wood fires; kindled to free the dancing space of "jaijenis" and mosquitoes. Tin cressets, identical in design with those carried by the followers of Hernando Cortez, burned smokily here and there.

The orchestra; guitar, flute and violin; played tirelessly—like automations. The dancing couples—rigidly holding each other at arm's length—whirled in wide circles to the machine-like rhythm of the waltz. The girls—long, black braids swinging, voluminous skirts swirling—giggled continuously. The men—bright-eyed with excitement and "guaro" rum—paid them exaggerated compliments, and kept their knife-hilts within easy reach.

From a bench, in front of the largest house on the square, the Inspector, with Mauro and some of the other elders of the village, watched the merry-making. Near-by stood several large demijohns of "guaro," and on the end of the bench were some bottles of brandy—a concession to Don Gonzalo's patrician palate.

Don Gonzalo was tired. He had danced a great deal; a strange figure among the white cotton and printed calico clad fisherfolk. He was light on his feet for so large a man, and danced well. His muscles however, were not equal to the task of hours of continued effort as were those of the fishermen.

As Pepito replenished his glass, he yawned. "With your permission, my friend, I shall retire."

"As you wish, señor," replied Mauro courteously. "It is understood then, that tomorrow we shall go to the fishing grounds in order that you may see them."

Don Gonzalo sipped his brandy, and then replied, "Yes, my friend, I believe it advisable to inspect the water while I am here."

"I also shall retire then, Don Gonzalo," said Mauro. "God willing, we shall leave before the dawn. Rest well, señor."

AT SUNRISE the next morning, the dug-out neared one of the hundred of tiny islands to be found in the delta. "If the señor permits," Mauro suggested, "we shall land here for our morning coffee, and some small stimulant."

The Inspector nodded enthusiastically. He had noted, with some gratification, that among other articles, a

bottle of brandy had been stowed in the dug-out.

Tying up the canoe, Mauro parted the brush, and disclosed a path—artfully invisible from the water. Following this for a short distance they came upon a small clearing, in the centre of which stood a well constructed hut of bamboo and salt marsh grass.

The Inspector was curious. "Whose house is this?" he asked.

"Mine—and yours," replied Mauro, and then he added, "There have been times, señor, when it was necessary that I remain here for days."

The Inspector raised his eyebrows questioningly, but Mauro volunteered no further information. He did not deem it necessary to add; that at those times there had been entirely too many soldiers searching the delta for suspicious persons, to suit his convenience.

The making of coffee required but a few minutes time. Pepito attended to this, while Mauro pointed out the early morning beauties of the delta country.

At last came the call from within, "Ready, señores!"

Inside, the strong black coffee, boiled with the brown sugar of the country, was steaming in clay "ollas."

"Will the señor have brandy in the coffee, or apart?" asked Mauro, uncorking the brandy bottle.

"In the coffee, please, and let it be strong."

Don Gonzalo, after the pleasures of the night before, was far from being at his best.

Having finished his coffee, he felt increasingly drowsy, and suggested that they sleep for an hour or two before returning to the village.

Mauro had evidently anticipated this, for he at once produced and slung a hammock into which the Inspector climbed gratefully. After all, one was no longer young. . . .

His awakening was strange indeed. His head and body ached throbbingly. The sun, already high, shone in his eyes. Dazedly, he attempted to stretch. Failure to accomplish his object startled him into full consciousness.

An attempt to move his head disclosed a new agony. From his beard—where it was firmly tied—a heavy fishing line extended upward to a bent "mangle" limb. The tension exerted was not great—enough perhaps to lift a small dog—but it made any attempt to move the head sheer agony.

He was in a kneeling posture, and at his back was the slim trunk of a "mangle" tree. His wrists and ankles had been firmly bound about the tree but not to it. He was thus able, by straining upwards, to somewhat relieve the strain on his beard.

Having ascertained that he was entirely helpless, a great rage seized him. The insolence, the presumption of these mangy dogs—these sniveling, whining sons of damnation! Fear as to what his fate might be dwindled to nothing as the immensity of the affront to his dignity grew upon him.

"Mauro!" he roared, "Son of a thousand demons! What is this? Come and release me at once."

Mauro appeared from within the hut. The Inspector immediately sensed rather than saw, a change in the old man's bearing. Outwardly he appeared the same. Deferential and courteous, mild looking, but the cringing, cowed fisherman was gone. He was a man who would kill for small cause, and the Inspector perceived it. The realization filled him with a sense of hopelessness rather than fear.

[Continued on page 40]



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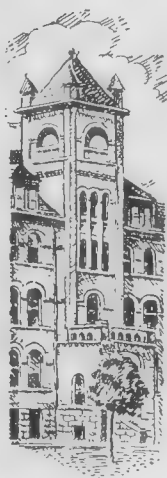
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The Benefits of Government

Continued from page 39

Never-the-less, he blustered, "Son of a goat! What is the meaning of this outrage? How dare you lay hands upon me? Why the estuaries will swarm with soldiers searching for me. Animal! Release me at once!"

Mauro smiled. "Truly, senior, the 'esteros' will swarm with soldiers. And what will they see? Nothing more than a pack-mule does when the 'arrieros' blind it. It has been so before, senior, and never have they found that which they sought."

Mauro shook his head with a sigh, and went on, "Then too, senior, the alligators leave few traces. The crabs, though, are the worst. I have often thought of what a horrible death that would be. A man wounded and help-
less—or tied, as the senior is. Ai! The crabs would gather around and click their claws.

"It would take their low intelligence hours to grasp the fact that a person was without defense. They would approach cautiously—and then scuttle back to safety—and click their claws. Ai, Senior! But the end! Let but the first tiny piece of living flesh be torn out, and the rush would almost smother one.

"Imagine, senior, a thousand—ten thousand, cold, slimy demons tearing at one's flesh." Mauro stooped and pinched the Inspector's thigh, and the big man started.

"Ai, Don Gonzalo! The thought of such horror almost tempts me to shoot you with this fine gun of yours."

The Inspector groaned and the sweat stood out on his face, though the heat was not great. "Come, Mauro, be reasonable! You know that you would be arrested at once if I failed to reappear, in a day or so."

"As you say, senior, I should be arrested." The old man shrugged his shoulders, palms to the front. "But you see, senior, I am leaving the delta. There are, as you know, other deltas along the coast. Deltas where a man may never be found. Even now my family and household effects are many miles from here."

Terror seized Don Gonzalo. "Mauro! Is this the truth?"

"Truly, senior, it is as I say," Mauro assented gravely.

"My God! Surely you are not inhuman enough to leave a fellow Christian here to be eaten by the crabs—like a rotten fish. Surely, in God's mercy, you would shoot me."

"That, senior, would be my wish, but unfortunately it is against the law." Mauro smiled a thin lipped smile that chilled the Inspector.

Tales that he had heard of the "Mad Dog's" pitiless cruelty recurred to him. Unproven tales . . . still . . . how was one to know? In town the man had not seemed capable of anything—not even resentment. But now . . . At the water's edge a crab claw clicked.

"Mauro!" gasped the Inspector, "You leave me here to die?"

"A matter of small moment, senior." Again, Mauro smiled that spine tingling smile. "Doubtless there are other men, willing; anxious even; to aid the Government—and rob ignorant fishermen. May God rest your soul, senior, since the Government cannot." The old man turned as though to leave.

The crab claw clicked again at the water's edge. Panic stricken, the Inspector, struggled to free himself. The agony of the taut-drawn beard forced him to desist.

"Mauro!" he wailed, "Come back! Release me! I will pay you—make you rich!"

Old Mauro turned back. "Rich, did you say, senior? That would mean a great deal more money than there was in the pocket-book that I took from you. How much would you pay, and—how would you pay?"

"On my honor!" pleaded the Inspector, "as soon as we reach the town, I will pay you a thousand pesos."

Old Mauro laughed outright. "A thousand pesos when we reach the town . . . One would not think to look at you, that you held your life—and my brain—in such contempt. I would not risk a trip to town alone for a thousand pesos—nor with you for ten thousand. Adios, senior!"

"No! No! Mauro, not yet. You shall have everything I have. Everything!" To the Inspector, it seemed as though a thousand claws were clicking on the mud flat, but Mauro heard nothing.

"Everything, senior?" Mauro surveyed the Inspector appraisingly. "A great deal at times, and then again—nothing. How much might it be in this case, senior?"

"I do not know exactly. Something over five thousand pesos. It is in the office safe."

"Ah! Then the money would come from the Government?"

The Inspector hesitated before replying. "Well, yes. But I am authorized to use it in any manner I see fit."

"And how, senior, would you avail yourself of these pesos? Mauro appeared rather doubtful. "Is there any one who could deliver them to me?"

"My clerk," cried Don Gonzalo eagerly, "He would turn the money over to the Devil, if this person should present an order from me. After all, strange things happen to Government funds."

"So be it!" agreed Mauro. "You know, senior, that I cannot read. Be very careful, then, not to intimate that all is not well with you. Should anything befall me, there would be no one to release you. It would take many days for the troops to find you, senior. By that time, my friend, you would not even be a memory—to certain crabs and alligators. Guard well then, your words."

While speaking he had produced pencil and paper. With the Inspector's pistol in one hand he placed them beside the bound man. Then with his free hand he loosened the other's bonds sufficiently for him to write.

THE sun was low when Mauro released the Inspector. Don Gonzalo had passed the latter part of the day in a stupor but was soon revived sufficiently to stand.

Arriving at the edge of the estuary, Don Gonzalo noted that there were two canoes in the water. In the bow of the larger, the sight of a familiar red, white and green Government coin sack.

Pistol in hand, Mauro, waved the Inspector into the smaller canoe. "By this means, senior," he said, "you may return to the town. I have provided water and other necessities against the possibility of your losing your way. In any event the soldiers will find you in a day or two.

"I do these things for you because I am grateful—and honorable. I could easily have killed you—and still could. But, as I say, senior, I am grateful to you and to the Government. The Government has given me more in a day, than God has given me in a lifetime. Adios, Senior! Great, indeed, are the benefits of Government!"

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View of Winnipeg Division Camp at Ponemah Beach

Guiding on the Prairie

By Marjorie Dorset

RECENT events in the City of Winnipeg have brought the Girl Guide Movement before the public even more than usual during the last few months. For the first time, the Dominion meeting of the Girl Guides Association was held there and this was the first Dominion meeting at which every Province was represented. The visit of Mrs. Warren, Chief Commissioner for Canada, was greatly enjoyed by all who met her. During her visit the Winnipeg Division put on a Rally showing the numerous activities of Guides in Winnipeg. The feature which impressed the spectators most of all seems to have been the Human Flag which was a Union Jack formed by a large number of Guides from all parts of Winnipeg.

The Camp scene, showing a typical day in camp, recalled the fact that the wonderful standing camp at Ponemah opened last month and is giving Guides happy holidays in surroundings that would meet with the approval of the most careful parents. Here, the art of living in a tent is taught to perfection and Guides have opportunities of learning many things that make outdoor life more attractive. Games of all kinds and swimming are included in the programme as well as preparation for those Guide Badges which cannot be taught easily in the city. Guides from other parts of Manitoba visit the camp and last year two American Girl Scouts and their leader came to spend a few days at Ponemah.

THE Guide movement is spreading with ever-increasing rapidity throughout the West, although Eastern Canada with its denser population still leads the way numerically. One of the most interesting branches in Manitoba is that of Lone Guide Companies formed to meet the needs of the girls in country districts, who have been Guides when in the city, or who desire to join the great Sisterhood which has members throughout the British Empire, and in over fifty other countries, and which welcomes every race and creed. There is something in Guiding that appeals to almost every girl and which makes married women, and those engaged

in business all day, willing to devote a large part of their spare time to the work of the movement.

The reader may well try to find out the secret of fascination which Guiding has for those who take it up, since one prominent judge recently said that no other movement had a greater influence for good in the training of our Canadian girls.

FIRST of all, Guiding with its simple promise and law has ideals which supply a very real, but often unacknowledged, need of every young pilgrim starting out on the journey of life. Secondly, the great variety of training makes an appeal to girls with widely differing gifts. All must pass certain tests taken from the following groups:—Intelligence, handicraft, health and service; but once these have been passed, each Guide is free to work for those badges that appeal to her specially. A slightly greater importance is attached to those badges which prepare the Guide for homemaking either in her own or in some one else's home. Even in this case, there is a certain amount of choice.

THOSE who criticize Guide work are usually people who prove by the remarks that they make that they are ignorant of the aims and organization of the movement. The best exponents of Guiding are the mothers of the Guides who invariably express their gratitude for an outside influence which makes daughters more thoughtful for others and more helpful in the home.

Mothers are not the only ones who appreciate the Guide movement. Guides love it because it is "such fun," their officers find in it a comradeship which means a great deal to them, and those who are watching the growth of the young Canadian nation, see in Guiding and Scouting qualities which promise a greater measure of peace and goodwill than any nation has hitherto produced. This spirit should help to unite in a bond of fellowship the numerous races who have left their "Old Country" to make new homes in Canada.



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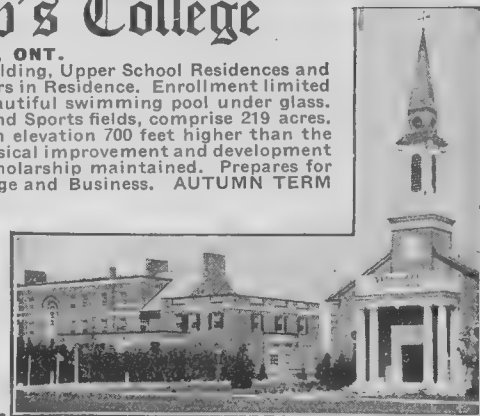
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would not stop at anything, crept into his eyes and set Troy's nerves to twanging.

"Troy," Slugg said, with burrs in his voice. "the story goes that all the money you've saved in your stingy, long life is hidden somewhere in this house—and I'm here to take it!"

FULL realization of what that statement inferred froze the blood in Anson Troy's veins, but as his slug-gish old brain commenced working it aroused an anger that instantly thawed it out. In spite of his stiff joints he got to his feet as quick as a thought, his eyes fairly snapping.

Jeffery Slugg got to his feet, and the hand that had been buried in his coat pocket came forth gripping a revolver. Before Troy could utter a sound, Slugg leaned over and poked the gun-muzzle into his ribs and cautioned him:

"Take it easy, old boy! And sit down!" Slugg pushed the gun forward and Troy flopped back onto the chair, as limp as a rag.

"Now, old fellow, hurry up and tell me where you've got all your money hidden," Slugg demanded harshly.

Anson Troy was a pitiable sight as he sat there so feeble and helpless before the ponderous Slugg. Fear was rotting his heart away; fear for his very life, for he instinctively realized that Slugg was a man who would stop at nothing in order to secure what he had come for. But like a drowning man clutching at a straw, Troy resorted to the only thing left him—denial of having money.

"I haven't got any money here," he whimpered, cringing under the other's baleful gaze.

"Where is it, then?"

"In the village bank," Troy whispered. "I—I worried so much about—having it around, I couldn't—stand it any longer. Everybody—was talkin' about me havin' it hid—away; I was afraid—some of them would come searchin' an'—find it; so I—I decided it'd be safer in the bank."

"You're a liar!" Slugg grated. "But if you did—show me your bank-book!"

Troy realized he was cornered. If he couldn't produce a bank-book he knew Slugg would force from him a secret he had guarded for years. Nothing could save him now. But he would keep it as long as he dared.

Slugg took a match from his pocket and held it in his left hand.

"Look here," he said with terrible emphasis. "I'm going to strike this, and if you haven't told me where that money is by the time I have to drop it, your light's going out, and I'll search this place until I find it myself!"

Without the least pause, Slugg struck the match on the table-top. Troy, with bulging eyes, watched the tiny flame eat its way closer and closer to Slugg's finger-tips. He saw Slugg's finger tighten on the trigger, and realized that Slugg could already feel the heat. The flame fascinated and held him speechless. In it he recognized his Gethsemane.

The flaming splinter dropped from Slugg's fingers. The light pat it made as it struck the floor brought Troy from his spell-bound trance. His eyes flashed up to meet Slugg's glare and read sinister determination in the man's piggish eyes. Speech rushed to his dry lips.

"Down cellar—under stairs—buried in wall," Troy croaked. "For God sakes don't—take it all!"

A snarling grin captured Jeffery Slugg's evil features. His yellow eyes mirrored the greed in his heart.

"I thought you'd come through, old skinflint," he said. "Anyway, you can't take it with you. I'm going to

bump you off because I can't run the least risk of being traced—for I've a big price on this head of mine now."

Anson Troy's body taunted on the chair; his arms flung forward in a pleading gesture. A shrill scream rang in Slugg's ears, only to be silenced forever by the roar of his revolver.

Slugg rammed the smoking weapon back into his pocket and, without even a glance at Troy's inert body which draped the chair, he hastened about the interior of the room searching for a trap-door. At the end of a few minute's investigation, he finally discovered it beneath the table.

Pulling the table to one side, Slugg got to his knees and endeavored to raise the tight-fitting door; but before he could lift it he had to pry it up with a food-littered knife from the table. He leaned the door against one leg of the table and, still on hands and knees, he peered downward into the blackness. The feeble light of the room made it impossible for him to discern anything, so he lit a match.

The damp, musty air made the flame sputter, and extinguished it before Slugg had glimpsed anything beyond sight of a slender set of steps. A second match, though it held its flame longer, did not give any better results. Cursing under his breath, Slugg rose to his feet and took the lamp from the table. With this in his hand, he commenced to descend backwards down the steps into the darkness.

Under Jeffery Slugg's two hundred and fifteen pounds of bulk, the rounds of the shaky ladder creaked and bent. Just like the old skinflint, he thought, to build a ladder that would hold little more than his own weight. For the remainder of his descent Slugg trod close to the edges, where there was less danger of snapping one off.

When his feet finally touched solid ground, Slugg held the lamp above and slightly to the side of his head and glanced back up the ladder. The opening in the floor was at least six feet above his head, and he cursed

Troy for being a fool in digging a cellar so deep. No sense in it.

Turning his attention to his quest, he glanced here and there about the small confines of the excavation. It measured no more than eight feet square and was piled high with all manner of rubbish: old crates and boxes, sacks, rags, and even pieces of broken farm machinery. From its untidy aspect it was evidently the depository of anything Troy had no use for, but was so stingy he couldn't bring himself to discard entirely.

Clambering over rubbish a foot deep, Slugg made his way behind the ladder. Leaning against the dirt wall he saw a dilapidated door. He shoved it roughly aside, and as he did so a cry of exultation overflowed his lips and his avaricious eyes sparkled in the lamplight. There before him was a squared hole in the earthen wall, and snuggling in it was a rusty tin box approximately a foot square and almost as deep.

Slugg's unoccupied hand reached out for it, but there was no handle on it and he found he could not move it out with one hand. He would have to set the lamp down, so he reached over and drew an old apple-box toward him, kicked a space clear of old rags in order to set it firmly on the ground, and placed the lamp upon it.

Then he feverishly turned back to the tin box. With both hands free it was a simple matter to extract it from its resting place. Kneeling among the rubbish he took the box on his knees and jerked the lid free. Nestling in the container was bundle after bundle of neatly packaged bills. Slugg hastily took one package out, tore off the twine that bound it, and fanned it with a thumb. Not a bill under a five denomination! And he had caught flashes of more than one twenty! What a haul! Now he was fixed for life!

His heart beat like a trip-hammer and a sweat broke out upon his forehead. He had fully expected to

fall into a few thousand, but this was far beyond his wildest dreams!

Jeffery Slugg clutched the box to his breast and rose quickly to his feet. In turning around his feet became entangled in the mouth of an old gunny-sack. In mid-stride he found himself falling sideways; made a desperate effort to retain his balance—and failed. He fell headlong against the up-ended apple-box and sent it crashing. The lamp, which rested upon it, came in contact with a broken disc-wheel and was shattered into a dozen pieces.

For a second the flame flickered—then, fed by the released oil, it quickly spread itself out. In the space of time that it took Slugg to regain his feet and shake the sack from his feet, the flame had attached itself to some of the rags and boxes, and had grown a foot in height.

Slugg stooped and recovered the tin box from the rubbish and, with a genuine fear gnawing his vitals, he scrambled around to the foot of the ladder. With the box under one arm, he commenced to hurriedly climb to safety. Even in his haste he couldn't refrain from casting a terrified glance downwards. Now the flame had developed a roar and had spread until one of its many hungry tongues was lapping out at the foot of the ladder.

Perhaps it was due to Slugg's haste, or perhaps it was because Troy's ladder was not of sufficient strength, that one round snapped squarely in twain as Slugg placed his weight upon it. His foot went through, and his body, too broad to follow, landed heavily against the uprights. He dropped the box unconsciously, and frantically struggled to regain a footing on a lower round. So violent were his efforts that the entire structure swayed beneath the strain. And when Slugg continued his struggles desperately, the uprights finally snapped, dropping him to the raging furnace below.

Scream after scream broke from Slugg's smoke-tortured throat. He arose to his feet, his clothing a mass of flames, and made three terrific lunges upward in a futile attempt to reach the edges of the opening far above him. The next moment even that was blotted from view as a volume of black smoke poured through it.

The Robin's Faith

By Phena Catherine Taylor

*I heard him this morning out in the rain,
Singing away merrily gay;
I, who was sad began to rejoice,
Just at the sound of his voice,
The dear robin, red robin's voice:
There are sounds like his coming out on the
air,
Happy and free. Gay as can be;
And we, who have burdens cast them aside,
And rejoice with the robin's song to his bride,
The dear robin, red robin's bride.
I heard him at night when the sun set,
Singing away, he had sung all day,
Only a bird making use of his gift,
From my heart such a burden of sorrow did
lift;
Just at the thought of his faith,
The dear robin, red robin's faith.*

Flight

By H. Reginald Hardy

*From empty hills I watch the evening sky,
The slowly westering sun,
The dim, mauve-misted earth grow softly
gray,
The silent shadows run.
The yellow leaves come fluttering to my feet,
And rustle in the grass;
And far above against the broken clouds
I watch the wild geese pass.
Oh, wanderer birds who trail the warm,
sweet days,
Who voyage where you will:
When from your lofty course I hear your
cries
My heart will not be still.*



Courtesy of Canadian National Railways
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Do Your Feet Spoil Your Pleasure?

By Lois Ardwyn

ONE thing is certain, we are started off in life with a perfect outfit in our pair of feet. Beauty and efficiency fresh from the hand of the Creator. Could anything be more lovely than the soft pinkness of a baby's foot? Beauty unsurpassed in shape and coloring, efficiency for the task ahead. All virtue wrapped up in this wonderful tool, the human foot! All it needs is to grow and gain strength day by day, free and unhampered. We never tire of watching the baby stretch and spread her little pink toes into a fan. It seems like a miracle. She can do the same with her rosy fingers—but then, so can we all, even at seventy. Gloves are not binding, but shoes, alas! That is, the wrong shoes. So soon we lose the freedom of babyhood!

In a fashionable shoe shop I awaited my turn, while a fourteen-year-old tried on various types. I leaned forward in amazement. High heels! The little school-girl paraded before the mirror, her feet at an angle of 45 degrees to the floor. Standing on her toes, in fact.

The saleswoman had a conscience. She advised strongly against the girl's choice. She appealed to the still-youthful mother sitting by, imploringly, eloquent in her praise of the low flat heel. I could not hear the mother's reply but it appeared to be quite ineffective. The girl resumed her seat, really tired, it seemed, of tottering so uncertainly on pegs which failed to support her plump little body. But comfortable again in her chair she continued to admire the shoes, looking at them from this side and that.

"Let me advise you to continue wearing low-heeled shoes until you are a little older," went on the earnest tones of the saleswoman. "Your feet are not developed yet; the arch will be ruined, and you will have foot trouble the rest of your life. Wait until your feet are mature, then you can be fashionable and healthy at the same time."

It was no use. All the girls had them for parties. The gang age! The mother gave the address and off they went. Number 168 looked actually sorrowful as she turned to me.

"You did your duty," I comforted. "But what did the mother have to say? I noticed that she herself was wearing broad shoes."

"Probably she has to, now," she shrugged scornfully.

I stood up while she measured my stockinged foot and got the maximum length and spread. That is something I learned from bitter experience when I was wearing shoes too short for me on my first trip overseas. Nothing will bring a worn look to the face more quickly than badly fitting footwear.

BUYING shoes for every occasion is not so extravagant as it sounds. On the contrary it is economy. When you keep several pairs on your closet shelf you are practicing thrift. When you don't need to wear the same pair day after day, you are giving your feet a chance, because worn shoes have lost their grip and support and actually do harm to your feet. Then, too, the life of the shoes is being prolonged. Two pairs will last more than twice as long as one pair. Besides, having several pairs in use at a time



means that they need never wait for repairs until they are badly trodden down and therefore very expensive to restore. Take your shoes to the mender at the first signs of wear and save money. Also, ensure foot comfort.

For walking you must have a really comfortable and sturdy pair of shoes. Why suffer discomfort from thin, damp soles when you can get serviceable footwear that is both smart and graceful.

Some of the penalties of wearing the wrong shoes are cramped, misshapen toes, fallen arches and corns. The other day a busy woman physician said to me: "I could spare only ten minutes for my bath this morning and I gave half that time to my feet." Insufficient drying after bathing is often the cause of that irritable pest the soft corn. Continual perspiration is another cause. Soft corns appear when two surfaces of skin rub together, as between the toes. They are often covered with a thick white or yellow skin, and when this is the case, or any abscess is present, it is necessary to visit a qualified chiropodist. In ordinary cases the place may be touched each day with a stick of silver nitrate, obtainable from any druggist. Apply a soothing ointment made of equal parts of vaseline and zinc oxide, and wrap the toe with sterilized cotton.

Foot ills play havoc with your looks, printing lines of pain around your mouth and eyes and taking the spring from your walk. Corns of the simple variety may be treated successfully at home if you possess a steady hand and eye. A chiropodist can remove the worst corn without the slightest pain.



A hard corn is made up of a hard skin and a small hard centre which invades the tissues causing pain.

This type can be cut at home by the use of a pointed chiropody knife kept just for this purpose. Bathe the foot in warm water and soak the corn in peroxide to sterilize it. With a slicing movement of the knife trim the hard skin away, being careful not to cut too deeply. Using the pointed end of the knife, which you must remember is very sharp, take away as much of the hard centre as you can. Soak the corn again with peroxide and apply boracic powder. Put a felt corn pad over the spot keeping it in place with strips of adhesive plaster.

If you haven't the courage for the cutting, there are special pads which will remove the corn if they are worn continuously for a time; being waterproof they remain on even in the bath.

It is best not to touch blood corns which are caused by congealed blood making a dark red or black discoloration under the skin. A corn in the toe-nail is another type which also requires professional treatment.

The top of a hammer toe is a very painful spot for the formation of a corn. Cut an oblong felt pad to fit the top of the joint with a hole in it to fit the corn. Make an oblong piece of felt to fit underneath the toe, and strap the two together with pieces of adhesive plaster. This little "jacket" can be easily slipped on and off and will give you lots of comfort.

Bunions or enlarged toe joints sometimes have corns form on them to make matters worse, a state of misery which needs the skilled attention of the chiropodist.

Chilblains are caused by wrong diet or faulty circulation. Eat very nourishing and heat-producing foods, such as well-cooked porridge, suet pudding, egg yolks. Three times a day take a tablespoonful of lime water in milk. There is a special lotion to be applied twice daily to stop the pain of chilblains, and another to be used to massage the feet and stimulate circulation. Exercise every morning until you feel warm from head to toe. Hot and swollen feet are relieved by bathing in hot water in which is dissolved enough permanganate of potash to make the water a bright pink.

Calluses on the sole are caused by the weight of the body being unevenly distributed on the foot, the greater weight being thrown on the ball and fore part, causing constant friction and pressure. A callus is always a sign of some wrong condition in the foot, and treatment by a skilled operator should not be delayed. There is a remedy for every foot ill.

Never neglect the toilet of your feet. The washing should be hard enough to remove all accumulation of perspiration and dead skin; the drying, which is often slighted, should be thorough, particularly between the toes. Remember that the nails should be trimmed about once a week with a nail nipper, straight across, and smoothed with a nail file, leaving the nail long enough to protect the end of the toe. Don't cut the corners back, a practice which often causes ingrown nails. There is a special combination of foot soap, lotion, and powder, which stimulates the circulation and healthy action of the pores and leaves the feet in a comfortable and healthy condition.

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A Virginia woman writes: "I just started on my second bottle of Kruschen Salts and have been losing flesh right along—you have fathomed the secret of flesh reduction."

Are You Ever Puzzled About What To Eat? Read Gertrude Dutton's Article on Page 50 and See How it Helps to Solve the Problem of "Something Different"

"Oh, I say, I have made a mess of it! I was to put up there and take a bit of a rest on Sunday. Might I trouble you to tell me what is the nearest town?"

"Martin Centre is our post office."

Priscilla noted a gleam of inspiration in her chum's face, and her apprehension deepened.

"Is it far from here?"

Nancy considered.

"About ten miles."

She had generously presented four miles to the road between the farm and village, but Priscilla held her peace.

"Really! Well, that's rather a pull for a tired man. Is there a hotel at Martin Centre?"

Nancy shook her head.

"It's a shame to bother you, I'm imposing on your kindness, but do you know whether there's any sort of a farmhouse in the neighborhood where they might put me up over night, or over Sunday? I'm dead tired, and I'd like to fish this brook, if I could get permission."

High resolve set its seal upon Nancy's politely interested face.

"We take summer boarders," she said. "Our room is vacant just now, and if you think you can be comfortable—"

Priscilla's mouth shut with a snap, and some inward spasm shook her.

"Nancy, don't you think—" she began feebly, but Nancy brushed the coming objection aside.

"We will show you the way to the house, and you can look at the room," she said in a business-like manner.

The incredulous delight that had surprised the young man's mouth and eyes faded discreetly, and he pulled himself together.

"My name is Wetherell," he said courteously. "When I'm not a tramp, I am a New York lawyer. It's awfully good of you to be willing to take me in."

Nancy's dignity was imposing, though not glacial.

"This is my cousin, Miss Pilsbury. My name is Reynolds. Our aunt is usually with us to superintend things, but she was called away for Sunday. It is too bad she will not be at home to attend to your comfort."

A vision of Aunt Hannah in the role of ministering angel plunged Priscilla into a violent fit of coughing, but Nancy's serenity would have put a mid-May morning to shame.

The three turned back along the wood path, Priscilla leading the way. Her heart was in her throat. Only a sublime confidence in Nancy's generalship kept her from absolute panic. This prank was really too mad. Behind her Nancy and the tramp chatted gaily. Mr. Wetherell, of New York, was convinced of the efficiency of his guardian angel; Nancy is never so radiant as when she is doing something reprehensible.

In the orchard, Priscilla found a chance for a word in the sinner's ear.

"It's dreadful!" she murmured. "Honestly, Nancy, it's too bad. Do get rid of him! Maria will tell, and your aunt will be crazy—and anyway, it's shockingly improper!"

"Yes, isn't it?" chuckled Nancy appreciatively. "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds! Don't worry about Maria. She adores me. I'm the one love of Maria's life up to date. She'll be mute as a fish, and he'll go Monday morning, and Aunt Hannah doesn't come until Monday afternoon. To think that I called country life slow!"

The tramp was installed in the parlour on a horse-hair chair, with a much embarrassed Miss Pilsbury opposite him on the slippery sofa, and Nancy disappeared kitchenward.

The Vanishing Boarder

Continued from page 13

After a long ten minutes she reappeared, fairly radiating good humour, and gave Priscilla an encouraging nod.

"The maid will show you the room, Mr. Wetherell, and if you think it will be comfortable—"

"A foregone conclusion," interrupted the tramp.

"You may take possession," Nancy went on. "Ask Maria for anything you find wanting. I believe the room is quite in order. We have supper at six-thirty."

Maria, looking like a hypnotized idiot, appeared at the hall door, Mr. Wetherell followed her upstairs, and Nancy, subsiding upon the sofa, hugged Priscilla ecstatically.

"And I only asked for a little man! He's six feet, if he's an inch, and such a duck. Did you notice his eyes, Pris?—and such a jolly mouth and such an appreciative soul! Oh, this is a good world."

"Aunt Hannah will find out."

"It will be worth it—I intend to tell her myself. Maria would be hung, drawn and quartered before she'd tell. She thinks it's like a book."

"You're ruining her morals."

"Bother! It will do her all the good in the world. She's had a very dull-gray time. A splash of purple will brighten up her landscape, and, anyway, my dear, you wouldn't turn a weary traveller away from your door. Hospitality is a sacred duty—I pointed that out to Maria. She's going to bake biscuit."

The supper was an unqualified success. Nancy hadn't resurrected the best china—even her recklessness had its limitations—but the fried chicken and biscuit and honey were good enough to give an air even to stone china, and Nancy, in a pink-and-white organdie frock, poured tea in a fashion that made any other luxuries absolutely superfluous. The boarder succumbed without a struggle, and Priscilla, who knew the symptoms, resigned herself to a lonely Sabbath.

"I'll not be dragged around with you," she announced later to Nancy. "This is your party, and you can manage it. I'm going to read Cotton Mather's sermons. They're on the what-not, and I've read everything else in the house."

She finally consented, under strong suasion, to sit on the stoop for a little while, before taking to Mather, but she beat an early retreat and read in the lighted parlour, where a murmur of conversation punctuated

with laughter floated in to her from the moonlight world outside.

At half-past nine Nancy came in.

"Mr. Wetherell is going to stay out and smoke for a while. He'll bolt the front door when he comes in. Pris, you look like a sulky cherub. Stop it and come to bed. I'm tired, but very happy. I'm afraid the truly good must find life awfully dull. Now, I know this isn't fair to Aunt Hannah, but she has no right to be such a cantankerous crank that she drives people to desperation. I'll tell her after it's over, and clear you and Maria. She can't more than flay me alive, and after all, there's no real harm in this affair. With you here, it's proper enough, even if it isn't according to Dame Grundy, and anybody can see at a glance that he's a gentleman—and a charmer. He says your profile is pure Greek, Pris."

Priscilla rather fancied her profile, herself. She relented slightly, and by the time the two had climbed the stairs together, harmony reigned. The boarder, smoking out under the elm trees and thinking long thoughts about golden-brown hair and gray eyes and dimples, smiled sympathetically as muffled bursts of laughter from behind the curtains drawn across a lighted window disturbed the hush of the night.

It was a merry world. Even a New York lawyer could recognize the fact.

PRISCILLA'S anticipation of a solitary Sunday was justified by the event. At the breakfast table, Nancy assumed that the boarder would wander forth alone in quest of the wily trout, and sweetly reminded him that dinner would be ready at one.

Mr. Wetherell promptly developed deep-rooted objections to fishing on the Sabbath, and, of course, no young woman of fine feeling could urge a man to set aside moral scruples.

Nancy is a young woman of fine feelings.

Happening to mention casually that she intended going to the falls after the book, whose quest was abandoned on Saturday, she was surprised, but charmed, to find the lawyer's morals imposed no veto upon Sunday strolls.

She begged Priscilla to join the expedition; but her chum greeted the proposition with the silent scorn it merited, and retreated to the hammock and the society of the Reverend Mather.

Nancy stopped to speak to her en route for the falls, and found her distinctly aggrieved.

"Do you like me in this hat?" asked the offending one, blithely. It was a most delectable hat, with its flapping, loose-woven brim, through which the sunlight sifted; but Priscilla refused to consider it.

"I thought you were going after a book?" she said with a stern glance at the volume tucked under Nancy's arm.

"So I am, but it's Henry James. What could I do with Henry James and another man on a summer morning like this? I'm taking Browning. You really can't miss it on Browning. There are critics, Pris, who deny that Browning is a true poet, but nobody can deny that he's a promoter."

"Evidently you don't share Mr. Wetherell's views on the subject of Sunday angling."

Nancy looked at her reflectively.

"Priscilla, my love, a godlike calm goes better with a Greek profile than savage sarcasm. If I had that profile I'd live up to it."

She joined the waiting boarder, and Priscilla grinned over the Puritan divine's most vivid picture of damnation. It is hard to be consistently wroth with Nancy.

From indications at the noonday meal, Priscilla judged that Browning and Nancy had done their worst. She spent the afternoon in the hammock, with her back turned upon a couple who read poetry under a tree in the orchard.

Supper was, so to speak, a love-feast. Even Maria recognized that fact, and delivered a heavy wink to Priscilla from behind the rapt boarder's shapely head.

The front stoop was "paradise enow" for the evening, but Priscilla fought June bugs beside an inadequate light in the parlour.

When Nancy came in, she looked thoughtful and was uncommunicative. Priscilla recognized the stage, and expressed disapproval with every brush of her hair, as she prepared for bed amid a vast silence.

"He's going tomorrow at noon," volunteered Nancy, as she turned out the light.

No comment from the figure upon the extreme inside edge of the bed, with face turned toward the wall.

Nancy sighed.

"I never was a favourite. My father never smiled," she quoted with doleful fervour.

Priscilla imitated the unappreciative "father," and conversation languished.

When the boarder appeared in the dining-room on Monday morning, he carried his bulging knapsack with him. Priscilla was civilly taciturn. Nancy was gently pensive, smiling delightfully, but with obvious effort.

Mr. Wetherell deposited the knapsack in a vacant chair.

"I thought I might as well pack up and not waste any of the morning," he said with such unrestrained gloom that for an instant the pensiveness slipped its moorings and Nancy's smile lapsed into a frank gaiety, which she promptly suppressed.

"You are going to help me get those water-lilies?" she asked.

"Of course."

"The pond is quite a mile away."

The distance evidently did not weaken his resolve.

"But it's a beautiful walk. You'll enjoy it."

Priscilla smiled grimly into her oatmeal-bowl. She doubted the prophecy, but she was convinced that Nancy, at least, would enjoy the walk.

The boarder gazed across uneaten porridge and bacon and eggs, at the pensive young person in the blue linen frock. [Continued on page 46]



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Bigwin Inn, Lake of Bays District, Ontario

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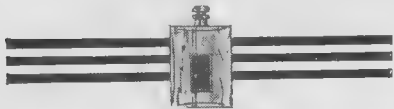
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The Vanishing Boarder

Continued from page 44

"You aren't eating your breakfast," the young person said reproachfully. He admitted the fact, but made no apparent effort toward reform.

When breakfast ended, the trio wandered out upon the front stoop, Priscilla revolving plans for a lonely morning, Nancy talking lightly about the weather, the boarder mute.

From the road came the grind of wheels on gravel and clatter of an ancient car. Nancy eyed the approaching cloud of dust listlessly.

"We do need rain," she murmured, then suddenly every muscle of her face and body stiffened into consternation.

Through a rift in the dust she had caught a glimpse of a familiar erect figure in black. She seized the boarder's arm wildly and dragged him inside the door.

Amazed, bewildered, he stared at her terrified face, and allowed her to push him toward the dining room.

"Miss Reynolds!—Nancy!—what is it?" he exclaimed.

"Aunt Hannah!"

Horror saturated the two words.

Priscilla, who had followed the retreating party, allowed a pardonable "I-told-you-so" gleam to lurk for one moment in her eyes, then incontinently surrendered to sympathy.

"Out the back door," she gasped.

Nancy nodded.

"You stop her out in front. Sand-bag her, if you can't do it any other way!"

Opening and shutting his mouth futilely, in vain effort to demand explanation, the dazed boarder took the knapsack, which Nancy thrust into his hands, and was hurried on into the kitchen, where Maria stood over the steaming tubs.

"Maria, Aunt Hannah's coming. She's most here!"

The handmaiden's lower jaw dropped like a plummet.

"Oh, Lord!" she groaned.

"Take him out through the grape-arbour and across the berry patch. She can't see you there. Come back just as soon as he's in the woods."

"B-b-b-ut," stammered the boarder.

"Oh, go—please go—if you don't want me to cry; run! Maria'll explain. Oh, do go!"

Maria clutched him with a strong, soapy hand.

He went, unceremoniously, uncomprehendingly, but recognizing in a vague way the urgency of quick action.

"But I may write to you? I must write to you!" came back over his shoulder, as Maria hustled him toward the sheltering arbour.

"Yes, do write, but run, now. Oh, please run!"

He ran.

NANCY interrupted the tale of Molly's shortcomings, to which Priscilla was listening with absorbing interest, whose subtle flattery had warmed the narrator into eloquence, and detained her on the front stoop.

"Molly's eloped!" announced Priscilla.

"No!" Nancy's face expressed mingled horror and incredulity.

Aunt Hannah untied her bonnet-strings viciously.

"Clear gone, when I got there. She's crazy, plump crazy! She comes out of my will tomorrow. So does her mother. She might a-stopped the girl, if she'd a had a grain of sense. No born fools are going to get anything out of this farm!"

"How'd you get along?"

"Nicely." Nancy's face was crimson.

"Where's Maria?"

"In the backyard."

"Well, I'll go change my dress."

She vanished into the bedroom opening off the parlour. The two girls went out into the open air to draw long breaths.

"Nancy, you said you were going to tell her."

Priscilla was as stern as an accusing angel.

Nancy fanned herself feebly with a microscopic kerchief.

"I will, dear, honestly I will. I've danced, so I'll pay the piper—but it would be superhuman to pay spot cash on demand like that. I need a season of fasting and prayer before I take my life in my hands—and this was so—so sudden!"

She twinkled, but relapsed into contrition.

"I'm sorry, Pris, really, I'm sorry. It was horrid of me. I'm a wretch. I wish I hadn't—but wasn't it a heavenly interlude? 'How mad, and sad, and bad it was, but, oh, how it was sweet!' He does so appreciate Browning, Pris. I wonder what sort of a letter he writes?"

Maria tiptoed around a corner of the house like a stealthy hippopotamus.

"S-sh!" she hissed. "He's gone to Millville. He gave me five dollars. S-sh!"

With the gesture of a stage conspirator, she disappeared.

"As I prophesied in prehistoric times," said Nancy, "a touch of purple does brighten Maria's landscape wonderfully."

Canadian Wild

By Howard W. Abra

I never have been where the bright lights gleam
Midst the City's blaze and roar,
Nor have I strayed where the wild waves played
By the Ocean's shore.

But I have roamed where the spruce trees moaned
And the pine trees whisper and sway,
Where the birch stand white in the pale moonlight,
Or the glaring light of day.

I've stood at dawn when the stars were gone
On the edge of a frozen lake;
Saw the white world blush with the Sun's first flush
As the wild woods sprang awake.

I've faced the ire of a forest fire;
And the wrath of a she-bear riled.
I've known a thrill—and can find it still
In my own Canadian Wild.

What Must We Do

By George Alfred Palmer

Remember to Give;
For to the time-for-giving there's an end.
Remember to Receive;
For loving hands that give will soon be cold.
Remember to Smile;

For o'er our sunlit day pain's shadows bend;
Remember to Love;
'Tis life's triumph death cannot withhold.

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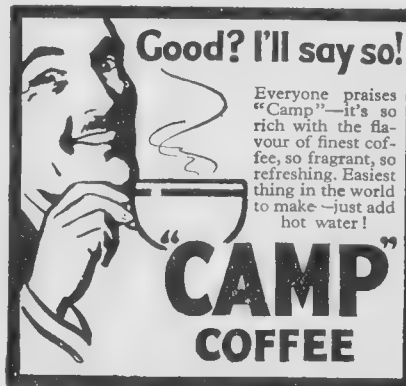
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Dark Mazes of Uncertainty.

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September Number of
The Western Home
Monthly.

Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Careers for Canadians

A.S., MANITOBA. Your statement that the only vocational books available for Canadians are published on the American side is correct with respect to the period ending 1930. This year, however, the Ryerson Press, Toronto, published a book by H. D. Ranns, entitled *Careers for Canadians*. You might be interested in securing a copy of this as it discusses some of the matters about which you inquire.

These are the headings of some of the chapters: On Being a Farmer; The Craft of Teaching; Women in the Life of the Church; The Man Who Writes; The Work of the Librarian; Careers in Commerce; On Being a Minister; Nursing; The Noble Profession; The Doctor and Kindred Professions; The Lawyer and the Barrister; The Man of Insurance; Your Choice of a Career.

Construction Ability

J.E.T., ALBERTA. Typical vocations requiring construction ability, the quality about which you inquire, are inventor, carpenter, builder, machinist, dramatist, novelist, and surgeon.

Construction ability, according to Holmes W. Merton, author of “How to Choose the Right Vocation,” enables one to determine what forces and materials are needed in any creative work, enables one to conceive, or imagine, the manner of the putting together or joining things or parts of things or elements so that new desired wholes shall result.

This ability has very wide and diversified expression. Besides being operative in the production of very many necessities and comforts of modern civilized life, it is primarily essential in creative artistic productions in the realms of sculpture, painting, music, literature and decorative art, and is one of the chief abilities operative in executive and managerial vocations.

All building and other structures, tunnelling, railroad construction, all the various products of journeymen, mechanics and artisans, all the products of the specialized handicrafts and those of the trades schools are the result, primarily, of this mental ability. In fact, construction ability in some degree is required in a large majority of all vocations other than those of a strictly clerical, imitative or routine nature.

Special Training

J.E.D., ONTARIO. We think you are making a mistake in holding to your views that, as you have a position which appears to offer regular opportunities for promotion, you do not need to engage in special training.

Only a few years ago one often heard a man say with half-concealed scorn regarding any special training for his occupation, “Well, I manage to hold down my job all right.” That phrase is now practically obsolete. The days of holding down a job are past. Today a man must master his job or his job will defeat him.

Educators have heard the call of the business and professional world; they are striving to find ways and means by which the demand for men and women better equipped for the practical affairs of life can be met.

Commissions and foundations are employing large numbers of investigators of the labor and trades situation, with the ultimate object of helping men and women to greater efficiency in their various vocations. Volumes of statistics have been compiled, classes have been conducted, lectures delivered

and many books written concerning vocational training. All of which is effort in the right direction and is productive of partially desired results.

Architect and Engineer

A.E.T., SASKATCHEWAN. The Architect requires thorough training in the elements of architecture, in architectural drawing, shadow, perspective, stereotomy, structural design; in ancient, medieval and modern architecture and ornament; in descriptive geometry and construction-mathematics; and in building materials, plumbing, heating, lighting, specifications and superintendence.

The naval architect requires architectural studies which may include all of the branches of general architecture or may omit the ornamental branches. The necessity for co-ordinating the qualities of space-saving, structural stability and power-production blends the work of the naval architect with the work of the naval engineer. These qualities of construction demand the extreme degree of construction-mechanics and constructive-mathematics.

The various branches of engineering have become highly specialized, the intensive work of the specialty usually resting upon a somewhat broader general foundation than itself, consisting of some parts of higher mathematics, mechanical drawing, mechanics, power engineering, boiler design and tests, hydraulics, milling machinery, construction materials, statics, etc.

Number Ability

A.D.P., BRITISH COLUMBIA. In answer to your inquiry concerning ability to deal with figures, it may be said that number ability enables one to retain figures, amounts, quantities and magnitudes, to sense the relationship and proportion of masses, objects and lengths, to judge of size and of quantities in masses, to sense rhythms upon which time is based, to remember the time of transactions, the time relation of events and the succession of historical dates, and to make calculations based upon ratios, or the proportion of one figure or quantity to another.

Arithmetic is that branch of the science of pure numbers by which we are able to apply the art of measuring and counting quantities. It is generally divided into two branches, abstract arithmetic, or the science of pure numbers—symbols, rules and methods—and practical arithmetic, or the application of the symbols, rules and methods of abstract arithmetic to the number problems involved in the ordinary transactions of daily living.

Some arithmetical competency is required in nearly every vocation; fortunately, number ability can be developed in a considerable degree by sheer persistency practice and repetition.

Vocational Analysis

F.J.C., ALBERTA. We gather from your inquiry that you are interested not so much in a work describing different vocations as in one that deals analytically with the qualities necessary to vocational success. Such a book is “How to Choose the Right Vocation,” by Holmes W. Merton, published by Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York.

This book deals with such qualities as imagination, invention, foresight, reason, intuition, attention, language, memory, integrity, stability, hardihood, caution, economy, dexterity and personality.

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Western Home Monthly

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EVEN before the Revolution a speech was being evolved in America that was to be peculiarly its own. In this day and generation it is asserted that English and American differ so widely as to be mutually unintelligible. It was in view of this that an European restaurant proprietor hung in his window the legend: "English spoken here; American understood." Thus the question of the existence of an American language has passed away; it is accepted on both sides. A quondam editor of The London Times dubbed the new speech "Amerenglish."

The American hustle has swept aside unnecessary letters, if not whole words, creating such forms as "cinemactor," "Cinderleative." Bold compositions make "adman," "dogdoctor," "one-time," "Hearstpapers." These are examples in use today. Look in a current issue of "Time" and each page will provide interest.

A little more classic are H. L. Mencken's "portmanteau words," such as, "luncheon" (lunch+nuncheon), "Gerrymander" (Gerry+Salamander), "chortle" (chuckle+snort). Such forms as "electrocute" from "electricity" and "execute," and "cablegram" from "cable" and "telegram" are clever and useful.

Chaucer, too, must have understood that brevity is the soul of wit, writing "for the nonce" and "crydestou" for "for then once" and "cryest thou." He should be a boon companion to the editors of "Time."

Side by side with terse new forms Americans keep long, awkward expressions by remoulding qualifying clauses into adjectives: "College President Spencer," "Anglophobe Mayor William Hale Thompson." Stringing out given names is equally pompous: "Author Allan Alexander Milne"—cacophonous combination!

"Racy substantives"—"bum," "gold-digger," "co-ed," "dumb-waiter," "hen-party," "freeze-out," "faker"—all wear their history on their sleeve. Racy adjectives, too, abound: "alright," "he-man," "tony," "up-state," "no-account."

Interesting among William C. Fowler's classification of American words are his "fill the gap" words: "oblige" and "obligation" were in use—the Americans evolved the gap-word "obligate." So with "vary" and "variation" and "variate."

The comparison of English and American forms of the same word is fascinating: "luggage" and "baggage," "corn" and "grain," "lumber" and "timber," "shop" and "store," "sweets" and "candy," "hoarding" and "bill-board," "pillar-box" and "letter-box," "treacle" and "molasses," "joint" and "roast," "tram-way" and "street-railway." Some equivalent forms are doubly interchanged; for example, the English "vest" is the American "undershirt," whereas "vest" to a New Yorker would be "waistcoat" to a Londoner. "Shoes" and "boots" put their foot in it, too—the American "shoe" being topless, or a "slipper." "Corn" is "grain" in America; American "corn" is English "maize." Distinctions in meaning have grown up about such words to a degree that makes explanation often necessary.

American imagery brings vivid pictures, with no doubt as to meaning: "take a back seat," "make the fur fly," "pull wool over his eyes" "dodge the issue," "have the floor." Sound effects

"Amerenglish"

(The American Language)

By Lilian Gibbons

—what the student of the language calls "onomatopoeia"—have been introduced into the language as into talkies: "ker-flop," "ker-splash," "ker-plunk."

American, then, has its own formation and habits: it is living, adaptable, susceptible to new ideas. The left will keep it essentially "Amerenglish," but the centre will use "American," and the extreme right, "English."

H. L. Mencken sums up the verdict thus: "We too, of course, have our occasional practitioners of the authoritative English Jargon. . . But in the main, our faults in writing lie in precisely the opposite direction. . . that is, we incline toward directness of statement which, at its greatest, lacks restraint and urbanity altogether."

Many clipped words have now come into common use: "cab" (cabriolet), "pun" (pundigrion), "bus" (omnibus), "coon" (raccoon), "pike" (turn-pike). But others are used only by a certain class of people: "beaut" (beauty), "rep" (reputation), "simp" (simpleton), "pen" (penitentiary). College students have evolved a campus slang by snipping off the ends of words: "grad," "prof," "dorm," "prom," "lab," "zoo." Even another step toward the least possible number of words and letter has been taken—O.K., N.G., P.D.Q., C.O.D., T.B., Q.T., S.O.S.—which Brander Matthews calls "a figurative vigor that the Elizabethans would have understood." Such expressions as "joy-ride," "sob-sister," "lounge-lizard" convey a meaning that it would take whole sentences to express otherwise.

SPELLING, too, has not escaped the shearing process. Hours of "labour" are shorter by a "u"; "waggons" have lost a "g" and counsellors an "l." The "axe" has been sharpened by the snipping of "e." "Programmes," "catalogues," "monologues," and "dialogues" have all been decreased in length by final "me" and "ue." Diphthongs are shortened to vowels, "mediaeval" and "haemorrhage" are more simply "medieval" and "hemorrhage." Sound effects have been introduced as an aid to spelling—"plough," "barque" and "cheque" are now spelt by the business man as the small boy would imagine. "Baulk" has lost its avoirdupois by a "u" and "moulding" is simpler in America by a "u." "Enquire" and "endorse" begin with "i" not "e," "gasolene" or British "petrol"

is "gasoline" or plain "gas" in America. "Defence" and "pretence" are spelt with an "s" and "pyjamas" with an "a" in the first syllable.

Verbs have become more emphatic, intransitive ones becoming transitive. The man now "rides the street-car," and the pullman "sleeps thirty passengers." New verbs have been created by embracing prepositions: "give out," "butt in," "show up," "turn down," "ball out," making the parsing process at school much simpler. Still others are made by prefixing ge- or ken-, as "geflop" and "kerplunk"; others again by the suffix -ize: fletcherize, hooverize, bryanize. The small boy's jargon is helping to build up the language, too. "You did!" and "I never!" are forceful verbs, not auxiliaries and modifiers.

Given names and place names have been assimilated in America even if the foreigners who bear them have not. Many an Edlestein and a Zimmerman has become a "Noblestone" and a "Carpenter" through simple translation. The Dutch "Breukelen" is now "Brooklyn."

A great exponent of a new "word etiquette" is G. H. Saxon Mills, director of copy for W. S. Crawford, Limited; he seeks to free thought from "the long-windedness of the conventional vocabulary and syntax," since "the thought in our minds is a vivid and instantaneous thing." He gives these examples of the old and the new methods: "A six-cylindere engine with high-compression head—so powerful and yet so silent. A crankshaft with seven bearings to eliminate vibration. A chassis rigidly constructed to withstand the hardest driving." And—"Six high-compression cylinders silent-roaring. Seven-bearing crankshaft throbless spinning. Oilsmooth horsepower streaming down whipless metal spine."

Murray Godwin produces fine combinations of words: "trafficat-astrophes," "gambounced," "contra-pointing," "virgindarme," "lawficer," "terrifikick." Policeman's truncheon becomes "lawbat," small car "carlet," grimly demanded "grimanded."

We conclude, then, that there are three ways of expressing meaning in English: Latinized English, Conventional English, and American English. Examples in order are: "Agitate the communicator," "Ring the bell," and "Press the pushknob."

Amerenglish, then, is a floozy, supergobsloptious slanguage, and any guy what says she ain't, don't know nothin' nohow.



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7204

7209—Ladies' Dress.

Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35 inch material, if made with collar and plaiting in self material. Without collar $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards. To trim with plaiting of contrasting material requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 35 inches wide, cut in strips $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide and measuring 5 yards in quantity. Of ready made machine plaiting or ruffling 3 yards are required. Price 15c.



7209

7204—Designed in sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material. Price 15c.

7217—Printed voile was chosen in this instance in a neat pattern of white and pink. One may also use crepe or dimity, nainsook or crepe de chine. The body portions are joined by flare side sections below the hips, above which a placket closing is effected, and a drop back provided, which is buttoned to the waist portion of the back. The shoulders are lengthened to form short comfortable sleeve extensions.

Designed in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 29 inch material. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



7217

7221—Printed crepe in pink, with tiny sprigs of blossoms, and a trimming of Val lace and insertion made this pretty model. It has soft tuck fullness at cross-wise slashes, and becoming capelet sleeves. One could use eyelet embroidery, voile, cotton prints, and dotted swiss.

Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3 year size will require $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 29 inch material; $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of lace edging and $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of insertion, put on as illustrated.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



7221

7224—Comprising a Blouse with coat closing and regulation shirt sleeves, that may be made in wrist length, or short, as in the large view and "shorts" trousers shaped at the upper edge. A small rolled collar completes the neck edge. Linen, pongee, gingham and flannel are suggested for this model.

Designed in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4 year size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35 inch material if made with long sleeves. The Blouse alone will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. With short sleeves $\frac{3}{4}$ yard will be required. The trousers alone will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of heavy muslin or other material will be required for pocket and under-facings.

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7224

When sending for patterns do not omit to state the size required.
The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



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The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Manitoba



Planning August Meals from the Garden

By Gertrude Dutton

IF THERE is a time when everybody in our Western country can live luxuriously, it is during the summer when the wealth of our gardens is available. We should be enjoying two or three at least, twice a day, and there is no good reason for not having a vegetable for breakfast, too, if we wish. Fruits and vegetables make the planning of satisfactory meals easier than at any other time. During the last holiday month, the housekeeper should be free to spend as little time as possible in a hot kitchen. On the other hand, growing children and hard-working men should have the nourishing food they require. Milk, cheese and eggs may take the place of meat, quite often. Enough may be cooked at one time for two or three meals. Most of the meals may be cooked in the oven on one day, or on top of the stove in a steam cooker at another time. In very hot weather, a substantial breakfast will allow lighter, simpler meals at noon and night. In the following menus, we have tried to introduce a variety of fruits and vegetables. In households where more elaborate meals are served, and if the income warrants it, cocktails or soup or canapes, pickles and relishes, olives, etc., might easily be added. If one has an electric refrigerator, frozen desserts would appear much more frequently. Bread and butter, or rolls, and milk for the children, would appear continually. Such things as radishes, tender green onions, cucumbers, ripe tomatoes, may be served at almost any time.

Doubtless, the reason why so many people do not like vegetables, is the careless way in which they are sometimes cooked. Fortunately, the best way is usually the quickest and easiest. We have known people who boiled corn on the cob for an hour and cabbage for two hours. The fresher the vegetable, the more simple should be the method of serving it. Staler vegetables are often better if combined with something else, a sauce, another vegetable, meat, etc. Men, particularly, are apt to tire of white sauces if served too frequently. With the exception of such strong-flavored vegetables as cabbage, cauliflower and onions, the smallest possible quantity of water, boiling when the vegetables are added, should be used. To those which grow underground, such as carrots and potatoes, we add salt when partly cooked, while the peas, beans, corn, etc., are put in salted water.

Vegetables offer us an excellent opportunity to add attractive colors to our meals, if care is taken to select pleasing combinations of white, green, red, purple, orange, and yellow, as a rule not using two of the same color at one meal, and having it correspond with the meat served. Pale meats and fish need at least one colorful

vegetable to make them interesting. A white and a green and either a red or a yellow vegetable, form an excellent choice.

A Few Points To Remember

Have vegetables as freshly picked as possible. If wilted, soaking in cold water for a short time will help to restore their freshness. Needless soaking in water removes some of their valuable minerals.

Do not over-cook, especially if a portion is to be re-heated.

Use the water in which vegetables are cooked, in sauce, soup, etc.

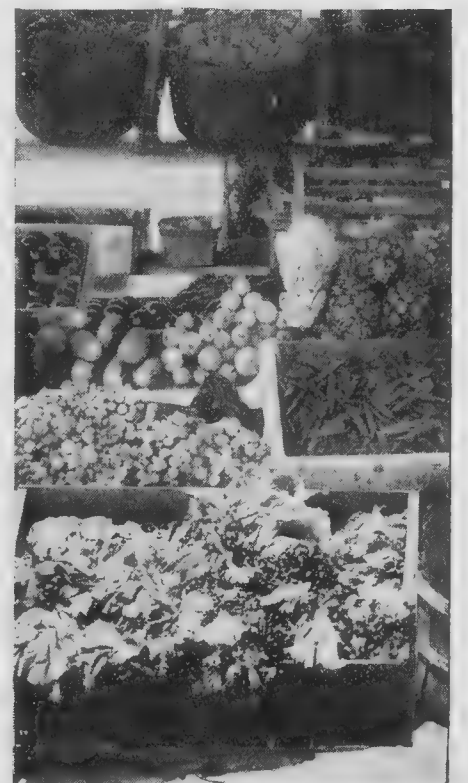
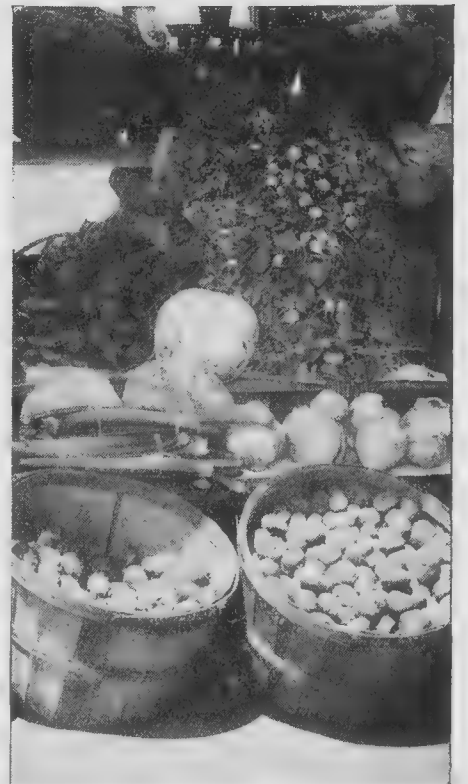
Baking is the most desirable way of cooking those vegetables which can be baked, such as squash and potatoes.

Less mineral matter will escape into the water if vegetables are left whole instead of being cut in small pieces.

Do not add soda to the water as it destroys much of the food value of the vegetable, and injures its flavor.

Cabbage

Remove the outer leaves and the heart of the cabbage, let stand, inverted, in cold salted water for a little while to bring out any insects which may be hidden in it. To boil, put in a kettle of boiling water, for five minutes, keeping it boiling, and the lid off the kettle. Drain, [Continued on page 52]



When the Salad course Is Acclaimed...



THE wise hostess knows that it is not the choice of vegetables or fruits—nor yet the excellence of the cold chicken, veal or fish—it is simply the *flavour*—

And this distinctive something called *flavour* in salads is most easy to attain—

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The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Manitoba



add fresh boiling water, and a little salt, and continue to boil till the cabbage is tender, which will take from ten to twenty minutes. The white portion will be white, and the green will retain its dainty color. If the cabbage has turned yellow or brown, it is tough and indigestible, and really not fit to eat. Cooking in an uncovered vessel allows the strong odor and flavor to be dissipated gradually in the air.

Cauliflower and onions are cooked in the same way as cabbage, the soaking in salted water being omitted in the case of the onions.

Green Peas

Cook the peas as quickly after picking from the vines as possible. Wash the pods before shelling, but do not wash the tender peas afterwards, or much of the flavor will be lost. Add boiling water and salt, and boil gently till tender, with the lid slightly off the kettle. Twenty minutes is the usual time required. If not of a sweet variety, a teaspoon of sugar added while cooking will improve the flavor. Some people like a sprig of mint added while cooking. They are also apt to add the mint to new potatoes. Drain the peas, being sure to save the juice for soup or sauce or gravy, add a little butter and serve hot.

Eggs Baked in Tomatoes

Select large, firm, ripe tomatoes, cut a slice from the top, scoop out a portion of the pulp, sprinkle with salt and pepper, break an egg carefully into each tomato, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and grated cheese, put in a bake dish in the oven, or in individual dishes, and cook till the tomato is tender and the egg set.

Sea Food Platter

Use any combination of canned fish desired, salmon, sardines, shrimps, etc., dividing them into servings, and putting each serving in a lettuce cup. On the platter, arrange attractive groups of sliced cucumbers, slices or sections of ripe tomato, sprigs of cress, and either sections of lemon or additional lettuce cups of salad dressing.

Vegetable Soup

Use a smooth iron pot if possible. In the bottom of it melt a lump of butter, the amount depending upon the amount of soup to be made. In the butter, cook till slightly brown, a little shredded cabbage, chopped onion and chopped carrot. Add boiling water and salt, and keep on adding chopped vegetables, first those taking the longest time to cook, peas and diced potatoes will go in last. Parsnip, celery, turnip, a ripe tomato or two, string beans, salsify, a stalk or two of chard mid-rib—almost anything in the garden but beets and cucumbers may be used. About twenty minutes before needed, a little rice added seems to improve the soup, and when ready to serve, a little sour cream is a big improvement.

Chard With Cheese Sauce

Cut the pieces of white mid-rib of the chard into uniform lengths of about three or four inches, or cut in

small pieces, and cook in salted water till tender—about 20 minutes. Lay the stalks on slices of buttered toast, as one would asparagus, and pour over them a rich white sauce to which grated cheese has been added.

Irish Stew With Vegetables

Cut pieces of veal in pieces suitable for serving, wipe, dredge with flour and salt and brown on all sides in dripping in a frying pan. Put in a large kettle, and cover with boiling water, allowing at least two hours for cooking. Simmer gently. About one hour before serving, add carrots cut in rings, and onions in slices. Half an hour later, add small new potatoes, left whole, and in ten or fifteen minutes, green peas. Thicken the gravy, add more seasonings if needed, and serve on a large platter, with the vegetables surrounding the meat.

Maitre D' Hotel Potatoes

The potatoes are cooked and either left whole or cut in rather large uniform pieces. Chopped parsley is added to softened butter and spread over the potatoes, or they are tossed in the butter mixture to become coated with it.

Vegetable Plate With Eggs

This may be any attractive combination one wishes. In the centre is a poached egg, on a round of toast or on a heap of greens, with groups of the vegetables arranged pleasingly around it. Butter will be put on most of them. Color combinations are important.

Vegetable Ring With Potato Salad

Any combination of cooked cut vegetables are molded in a jelly, in a ring mold, inverted on lettuce or cress on a large flat dish, and the centre filled with potato salad. Or a meat or fish salad may be used in the centre if wished.

Tomatoes With Cheese Dumplings

Stew tomatoes, add plenty of seasonings, such as salt, pepper, gravy, bits of diced, cooked bacon or other meat, and in the mixture cook dumplings to which grated cheese has been added.

Harlequin of Vegetables

Cook diced carrots, tiny onions, peas, little new beets, till done. Arrange on a large round platter in heaps, separated by stalks of cooked chard, or cooked green onions with the stems left on. Season with salt and pepper and butter. Put a mound of potato in the centre.

Creamed Radishes

Radishes past their best, may be cooked whole, and unpeeled, in boiling water till done, 20-30 minutes, drained and served with cream sauce.

Boiled Lettuce

The tougher leaves of lettuce may be boiled, drained, chopped and served as greens.

Luncheon or Supper
Eggs baked in Tomatoes
Bread and Butter
Rhubarb, baked, with soft Custard
Cookies Tea



Sunday Dinner
Roast Leg of Lamb Mint Sauce
Browned Potatoes New Green Peas
Radishes
Coffee Spanish Cream

Luncheon or Supper
Creamed Carrots and Peas in croustades
Bran Muffins
Banana Salad Tea

Dinner
Ham Croquettes Creamed Potato
Buttered new Cabbage
Berry Shortcake
Tea or Coffee

Porch Supper
Assorted Sandwiches
Combination Salad Cheese Wafers
Sponge Cake with lemon filling
Fruit Punch or Tea

Dinner
Cold Roast Lamb Jelly
Scalloped Potatoes String Beans
Fruit Gelatine Tea

Luncheon or Supper
Lamb Hash Tomato Sauce
Swiss Chard (greens)
Fresh Gingerbread Cold Milk
Tea or Coffee

Luncheon or Supper
Vegetable Soup Croutons
Nut bread Cheese
Tea or Coffee

Luncheon or Supper
Chard with Cheese Sauce Toast
Buttered Carrots
Rice Custard
Tea

Dinner
Irish Stew with Vegetables
Cottage Pudding
Chocolate Sauce
Tea

Luncheon or Supper
Macaroni and Cheese
Beet Greens
Fruit Molasses Cookies

Dinner
Sea Food Platter
Boiled new Potatoes, buttered
Sliced Cucumbers, Tomatoes, Cress
Cherry Pie

Dinner
Meat Loaf Creamed Potatoes
Buttered Beets Lettuce Salad
Fresh Fruit Cobbler

Dinner
Cold Meat Loaf Hashed Brown Potato
Spinach Catsup or Pickle
Berries and Cream Cookies

Picnic Supper
Sandwiches Radishes
Potato Salad Sliced Tomatoes
Fresh Fruit Cookies
Coffee Lemonade

Dinner
Curried Veal with Rice
Grilled Tomatoes Cabbage and Cress Salad
Fruit Tapioca

Sunday Dinner
Steak Mushrooms
Maitre d' Hotel Potatoes
Creamed Peas
Fruit Cup Plain Cake

Luncheon or Supper
Dried Beef Shortcake
Buttered Carrots
Baked Custards

Luncheon or Supper
Beef-Steak Pie with Peas and Carrots
Lettuce Salad
Fruit Tapioca

Luncheon or Supper
Corn on the Cob
Jellied Cheese Salad
Bran Muffins

Luncheon or Supper
Beet Greens Bacon
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Raisin Rice Pudding

Supper
Cheese and Pepper Salad
Sandwiches Date Muffins
Fresh Fruit with Cream
Cake or Cookies

Dinner
Vegetable Plate with Eggs
Biscuits, re-heated
Pie with Whipped Cream
(Fruit, Chocolate, etc.)

Dinner
Cold Corned Beef
Potato Salad Radishes
Chocolate Cake Fruit

Dinner
Meat Cakes Scalloped Potatoes
Wax Beans Buttered Beets
Peach Shortcake

Dinner
Corned Beef Hash Poached Eggs
Buttered Carrots
Fruit Salad Wafers

Luncheon or Supper
Spanish Rice
Cold Slaw
Custard Pie

Luncheon or Supper
Cheese Souffle
Buttered new Cabbage
Rhubarb Shortcake

Sunday Dinner
Baked Ham Loaf, cold
Creamed Potatoes Peas
Wax Green Beans
Lemon Pie Tea or Coffee

Luncheon or Supper
Ham Omelet Creamed Cauliflower
Hot Biscuits Honey

Tea

Luncheon or Supper
Tomatoes with Cheese Dumplings
Fruit Salad Wafers

Dinner
Baked Ham Creamed Potatoes
Buttered Peas Mustard Pickle
Fruit Gelatine Cookies or Cake

Dinner
Clear Soup (canned)
Cold Sliced Ham
Vegetable Ring with Potato Salad
White Coconut Cake

Supper
Salad Sandwich Loaf Celery
Radishes Tomatoes
Fresh Fruit Cake
Tea Lemonade

Dinner
Jellied Salmon Loaf with Sliced Cucumber
and Tomatoes
Buttered new Potatoes
Tarts with Jam and Whipped Cream

Dinner
Pot Roast of Beef Potatoes
Carrots
Tapioca Custard

Luncheon or Supper
Hot Egg and Tomato Sandwiches
Cabbage, Radish and Cress Salad
Rhubarb Betty Custard
Tea

Luncheon or Supper
Cream of Tomato Soup
Cheese Sandwiches
French Toast—Jelly or Syrup

Luncheon or Supper
String Beans with Cheese
Muffins Berries

Luncheon or Supper
Scallop of Rice, Tomato, Cheese
Cold Slaw
Fresh Fruit Cup Cakes

Sunday Dinner
Watermelon Cocktail
Chicken Maryland Celery
Maitre d' Hotel Potatoes
Bavarian Cream

Luncheon or Supper
Cabbage au Gratin
Banana and Peanut Salad with Cheese Biscuits

Dinner
Cold Roast Beef Pickles
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Swiss Chard
Cold baked Custards Cake

Dinner
Minced Beef Harlequin of Vegetables
Trifle
Tea or Coffee

Dinner
Beef Stew Potatoes, Carrots, Peas
Small Steamed Puddings
Sauce

Dinner
Jellied Tongue Boiled Lettuce
Creamed Potatoes
Whipped Cream Cake

Supper
Tomato Salad Nut Bread
Blueberries and Cream
Cake
Tea, Coffee or Punch

Dinner
Vegetable Plate with Creamed Chicken
Peach Custard with Cookies
Tea or Coffee

Luncheon or Supper
Creamed Tuna Peas
Date Bread Pears

DOUGHNUTS are better



when made with

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

FEW people can resist the appeal of plump, crisp doughnuts.

Take your own family, for instance. Imagine what Dad, Bill and Mary would say if you served them a heaping plate of tender, sizzling-hot doughnuts at dinner to-night.

Of course, they'd like them. Particularly if they are the light, wholesome kind that can be made with Magic Baking Powder.

Try this Magic recipe once and

we know that you will want to serve them often. Make enough to last several days, for "Magic-made" doughnuts are equally delightful served cold, because they retain their crispy freshness.

And remember! No matter what you are baking, to get the best results, be sure to use Magic Baking Powder. The kind that 3 out of every 4* Canadian housewives who bake at home say they use because it always gives consistently better baking results.

*This fact was revealed in a recent Dominion-wide investigation.

Recipe for DOUGHNUTS

3 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 cup sugar	$4\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
2 tablespoons melted butter	2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet cream	1 teaspoon salt

● Mix together butter, sugar and beaten eggs, beat till smooth, then add milk and cream gradually, then flour, baking powder and salt which have been sifted together. If too soft, add a little more flour to roll out, cut in rings and fry in deep fat. Roll powdered sugar and serve.



● Look for this mark on every tin. It is our guarantee that Magic Baking Powder does not contain alum or any harmful ingredient.

If you bake at home, send for the New Magic Cook Book. It will provide you with dozens of interesting suggestions to help you with your baking. A copy will be sent free on request.

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"But personalities purported to manifest at every turn. They claimed to lie behind the raps, the table movements, direct writing, wax impressions, the clairvoyance, and, above all, to be directing and inspiring the trance automatisms."

What of those "personalities?" What of their voices, their manner of speaking, their evidence of connection with the man as he was said to be in life? Is Stevenson still the gay romancer, Livingstone the determined, indefatigable explorer, Stead still the psychic researcher, Flammarion dreaming of the stars and planets, Spurgeon yet the fiery denouncer of wickedness?

In all these cases, it is alleged, the remarks, both in tone and context, correspond with those of the individual when alive. So does the handwriting.

Gladstone may be cited as an exception to this general rule. It might be thought that in the case of a man who ranked among the greatest statesmen in a country noted for its statesmen, politics would retain their grip in whatever sphere his spirit might rove, but, on the other hand, Gladstone was deeply interested in psychic research. "This is the most important line of investigation in the world today," he declared in 1882. Apparently, if it is Gladstone who speaks to the group, he remains of the same mind, for his messages mostly deal with the work.

The photograph reproduced in this article, and claimed to be one of Gladstone, is said to have been "put through" by the late W. T. Stead, who, acting as "control," informed the group a week earlier that they would receive a picture of one whose initials were W. E. G.

"William Ewart Gladstone," announced the group when they saw the picture, but it is pointed out that, owing to the picture being taken when the face was disappearing, the likeness is not as perfect as it would have been had it been taken earlier.

Granted that the phenomena have occurred, the question immediately thrusts itself upon us: "Can these things be explained by anything but by a continued existence after death?"

WE have already gone on record as expressing the conviction that, in the case of the Winnipeg group, there has been no trickery, and we think that this attitude will be supported by all who have an acquaintance with its members. We may take it that phenomena occur, and in so doing we shall be in line with the leading scientists of the day who have taken the trouble to investigate for themselves either actively or passively. But what *causes* the phenomena?

Does thought-transference play an important part? Is it a case of the subconscious mind asserting itself in the trance state, with the result that to all appearances the medium becomes another being? Do physical emanations from those gathered about the medium concentrate in some energy of which we know nothing? Do the sitters, intensely expectant in the darkness, hypnotize themselves, or become lulled into a state of hypnosis by the "atmosphere?" Or are the phenomena due to the efforts of disembodied spirits to communicate with the earth where they were once housed?

Between the theory of hypnotic influence and a satisfactory explanation the camera stands as an impregnable buffer. As for the other theories, all of which have their supporters, it is not our intention to attempt to a learned digression.

Seeing the Unseen

Continued from page 19

"We have accumulated evidence that strongly supports the belief that the phenomena are at least controlled and assisted in their fruition by unseen agencies that have at one time lived on this earth as men and women," declares Dr. Hamilton, and he adds: "The process of the transmission from those agencies appears to be governed by a knowledge of laws that seem to be better understood by them than by us, but at the same time they are only experimenting, even as we are."

"This is not a parlor game," he says of the whole question of investigation and experimentation, "and it should be undertaken only by people whose mental balance is sufficient to ensure that they will not become the victims of unsettling influences. More than that," he warned, "it is advisable that experiments with the trance state should be undertaken only under the careful supervision of a medical man."

EXPLORATION of the borderland that lies somewhere back of the conscious state may be an experience as exciting and stimulating as the exploration of any material territory that is little known. And, just as the explorer of an unmapped country may have many weary miles to trudge through barren land and may have to encounter countless difficulties and disappointments, those who delve into psychic realms must be prepared for very slow progress towards the desired goal. And, if they be true explorers, the goal, of course, always moves on with each new victory won. The Winnipeg group has taken years to work through the various stages of research to the establishment of the technique that it has proven serves it best.

And now it has established a system that seldom fails.

Take the recording of teleplasmic pictures, for example.

Members of the group, Dr. Hamilton told me, are advised some days ahead that a picture is to be expected on such and such a date, and they are told, also, what arrangements to make.

When I heard this I recalled that some days earlier Dr. Hamilton, in commenting upon the lapse of time between pictures, had remarked that one was expected in three days. Now I asked him if this had been secured. For answer he drew from his pocket-book a snapshot showing in bold, white capital letters against the black wall of the darkened room, the word FLAMMARION. This one-time French astronomer, of whom mention has been made before, has been purportedly assisting the group in its work over the past number of years, and Dr. Hamilton considers this picture, the only one of its kind obtained by the group, to be one of the most remarkable results met with in the photographic work undertaken. Truly, "the hand writing on the wall."

A word on the teleplasm of which these materializations are apparently composed. The photographs of faces in possession of the group, combined with the presence of pieces of the substance at times on the table in front of the medium, and their shape, would indicate that this mysterious matter usually forms by an unknown process which is possible only in the presence of a very specially sensitive medium. The substance appears to form a mass in the centre part of

which the face, or other materialization, develops, very like the development of a chick within the egg during the hatching process.

Considering that the medium's hands are held throughout such proceedings as these, that everyone knows just exactly where everyone else in the room is stationed, that the hands of some of the sitters—at times all of them—are passed between the med-

Riding Mountain National Park

Continued from page 4

While there are several lakes in this area, the outstanding of these is the beautiful Clear Lake situated on the south boundary, but entirely within the Park. All the lakes are fed from springs and are the source of many small rivers and creeks.

Clear Lake is approximately nine miles long and from one to two and one-half miles wide. The water is so clear that the bottom may be seen at a great depth. The coloring is a beautiful emerald, compared by many to the world-famed Lake Louise of the Banff National Park.

Surrounding the lake is a well-timbered high shoreline. Spruce, balsam, fir and white birch predominating. Graceful headlands jut into the lake. The views from many of the points across the lake are the delight of artists and photographers. Sunsets across the ever-changing surface of the water with its high banks of evergreen and other trees is particularly delightful.

DEVELOPMENTS of the Park are still in their early stages, and a few more years will add many other beauty spots accessible to the public. Graded roads from the south and north are under construction, and will be all-weather roads to connect with the Manitoba highway system which reaches in all directions.

A new mountain scenic highway is being built connecting Clear Lake and No. 5 Provincial gravel highway at Norgate. Climbing one thousand feet in a distance of three miles many splendid views of the surrounding country are obtained. From the intersection it is only twenty-two miles to Clear Lake, so that visitors from Winnipeg will reach the National Park over one hundred and fifty-seven miles of an all-weather highway system and twenty miles of scenic highway.

Another highway is now being constructed from the north which will touch several of the small lakes and open up a vast area of the Park to the public. This intersects the present highway on the north and puts the town of Dauphin within thirty-five miles of Clear Lake and seven miles of the Park. When the programme of road construction by the Dominion and Provincial Governments is complete there will be many circular tours within the Park and adjoining country over gravelled highways.

Fish are plentiful in Clear Lake, and fish fry are being added in large quantities. In 1926 123,000 salmon trout fry, 1927 100,000 pickerel fry, 1929, 100,000 salmon trout fry, and in 1930 237,000 salmon trout fry were placed in the lake. These in addition to the whitefish and pike, which are quite numerous, will make an ideal fishing ground in the future.

ium and the place where it has been promised the materialization shall appear, thus obviating the possibility of any apparent physical connection; considering, also, that those looking in the proper direction will get a glimpse of the figure that is recorded on the camera plate when the shot is fired, and that there are yet no evidences of any foreign element in the room afterwards—well, just admitting those things, and agreeing that the cameras have not been tampered with and that they do not lie, well, there is something to ponder over if you're minded that way.

Don't you agree?

On the high shore of Clear Lake is located the Park townsite, with an hotel, stores, auto service station, telephone, post office and over one hundred cottages. Other cottages and places of business are being added this year. Many of the cottages are real summer homes, where families spend the whole season from spring till fall.

For tourists and those who wish to spend only a few days or a week end, excellent provision is made. Shelters equipped with stoves, tables and seats are provided. Cold spring water is available from wells nearby. Everything is kept clean and sanitary. Rowboats are available, gasoline launches operate daily from the Government pier.

A Government bathhouse is at the disposal of visitors, and the long stretches of sandy beach with diving boards and rafts prove a wonderful attraction to bathers. Tennis courts owned and kept up by the Government are provided, as well as one of the finest golf courses in Canada. A great amount of labor has been expended on this course, and no effort is being spared to make it attractive.

The reserving and improving of these vast Parks is proving an excellent business proposition for our Canadian Government, in that they are a great attraction to tourists far and near. The tourist traffic in Canada accounts for millions of dollars annually. In 1929, which is the latest date for which figures are available, the value of this traffic amounted to \$299,188,000. The estimated value of the mining industry for 1929 was \$307,146,000, and the value of wheat for the same year \$346,502,000.

These figures are from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, and give some idea of the importance of the tourist trade in Canada, being almost \$300,000,000 in 1929, and increasing rapidly every year, as tourists learn more of the beauties and inducements for holiday-making in places such as our National Parks.

The development of the Riding Mountain Park is only started, but all through the past winter, which was practically without snow in that district, gangs of workmen were kept employed cutting out and clearing roadways, where this summer grades are being built, gravel hauled and other improvements completed.

A resident superintendent supervises the administration, while game guardians, fire and forest rangers keep constant guard over the wild life and forests.

As years go by this Reserve, comprising over 700,000 acres of beauty and grandeur, will become the Mecca of thousands of visitors annually, who will come to enjoy the many advantages of this vast natural playground.



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7175



7173

7173.—Ladies' Redingote Dress. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size as illustrated in the large view requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35 inch material for the dress and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the Redingote. Price 25c.

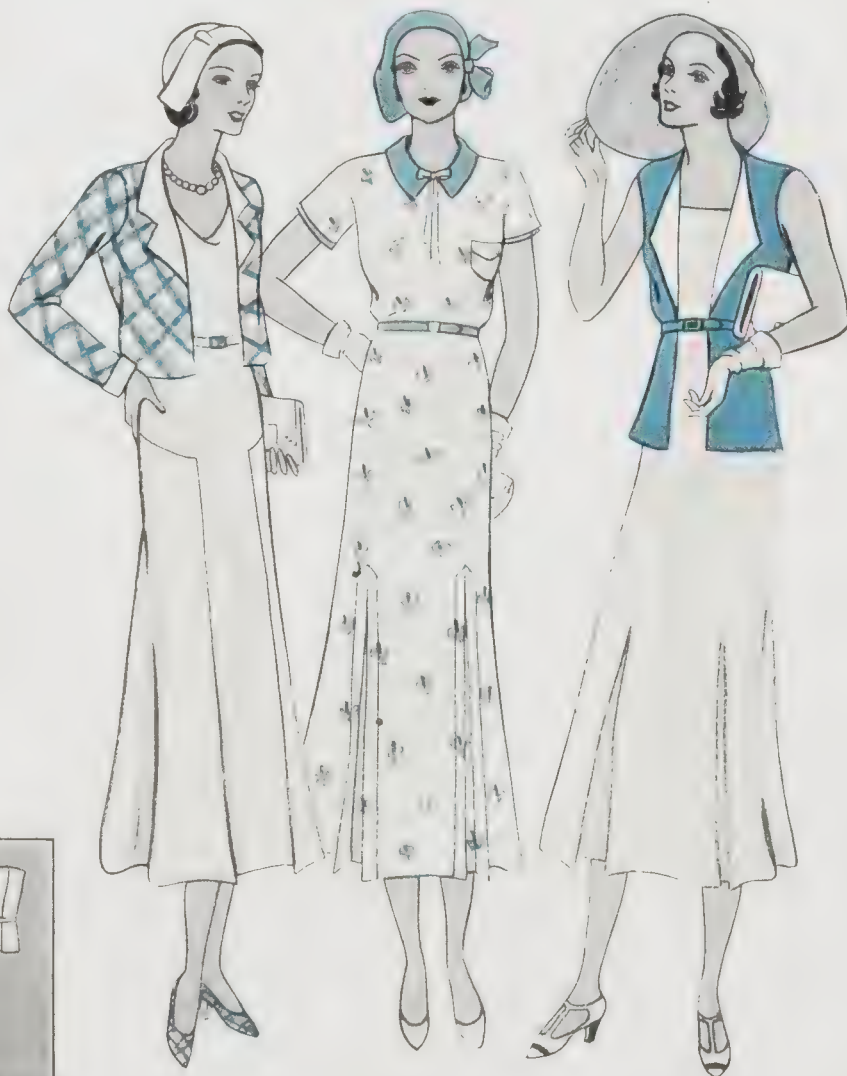
7175.—Ladies' Dress. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material if made with the collar. Without the collar $5\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Price 25c.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

7169.—Ladies' Dress. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35 inch material. For contrasting material, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard is required. Price 25c.

7168.—Ladies' Dress. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of plain material, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of striped material 35 inches wide. To line the jacket and for facing $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 35 inches wide is required. Price 25c.

7177.—Misses' Jacket Ensemble. Designed in sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards for the dress and 2 yards for the jacket of 39 inch material. To line the bolero requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 39 inches wide. Price 25c.



7177

7169

7168



7173

7175

7177

7169

7168



"Isn't he adorable?" says pretty Sidney Fox. She and the bunny do make an adorable picture.

HOW TRUE

There's one sad truth in life I've found
While journeying east and west,
The only one we really wound
Is the one we love the best.
We flatter those we scarcely know,
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To the one we love the best.

—Tennyson

(Sent in by Mary A. Sinclair, Horse Creek, Sask., and Mary receives a gold button.)

NEWFOUNDLAND

When sun rays crown thy pine-clad hills,
And summer spreads her hand,
When silvern voices tune thy rills
We love thee, smiling land.

When blinding storm-gusts fret thy shore,
And wild waves lash thy strand,
Through spindrift swirl and tempest roar,
We love thee, wind-swept land.

When spreads thy cloak of shimmering white,
At winter's stern command,
Through shortened day and starlight night,
We love thee, frozen land.

As loved our fathers, so we love,
Where once they stood, we stand;
Their prayer we raise to heaven above,
God guard thee, Newfoundland.

Written by His Excellency the late Sir Cavendish Boyle.

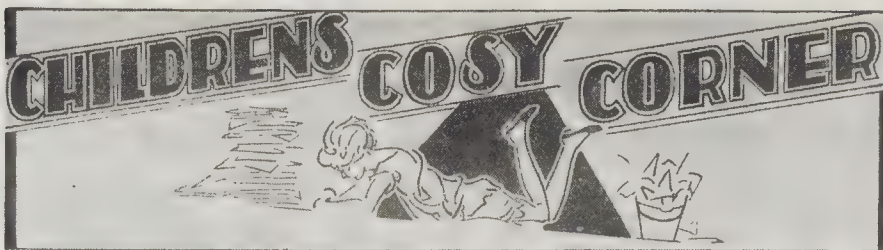
(Sent in by a loyal Newfoundlander, Daisy McFatridge, Stephenville Crossing, Newfoundland.)

Dear Cornerites:

Here it is August—the lovely warm golden month, when all over the world fruit is ripening and flowers reaching perfection. On the prairies the grain turns golden, and the choke cherries and wild plums ripen in the sun. In British Columbia and Ontario, in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, apples mellow, peaches blush, grapes turn purple, and there seem to be more yellow flowers in the gardens everywhere than ever before. Swimming, picnicking, and working in the fields and gardens fill the days—and please remember wherever you are, and whatever you are doing, if you or anyone else lights a fire, be sure it is put out, and to be slangy, we don't mean maybe.

Holidays are drawing to a close—be happy every minute, but don't forget that on the 25th of this month we close the Summer Competition. Are you ready with your Songs of Summer?

Bobby Burke



By Bobby Burke

SOMETHING RECEIVED

Lots of nice, newsy letters. Prize winners sending their thanks and saying how they liked the different prizes. More poems, which will appear in due course, and letters from more new members, all of whom we welcome to our Cosy Corner.

Mary Reid, 715 Baker Street, Nelson, B.C., would like some of the Cornerites to write to her, particularly any living in New Brunswick or Alberta. Mary's chum has recently moved away, and she is very lonely. She is making a book of all the poems that appear on the Cosy Corner page. That is a good idea.

Eileen Moore of Tompkins, Sask., thanks us for her button. She tells us about her interesting pets, among which are a pair of pigeons called Jack and Jill.

Norman Orr, 229-6th Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alta., writes that he would like to become a Cornerite. Welcome, Norman; you are already one of that happy family.

Pauline Veregin of Cowley, Alta., is also welcomed as a new member. Pauline has sent in quite a long story, but I am afraid you will have to study good books for a while longer before writing. Read books written by good writers, and keep on trying. Don't be discouraged.

Agnes Fisher of Cochrane, Alta., writes to tell us how much she likes our poems. Bliss Carman is one of her favourite

poets. Agnes has five lambs and a kitten for pets, and was very interested in the pictures of Emma C. Rosenkranz's cats and the calves belonging to Rosiena Schlie-mann that were published in the July issue.

Alice Wade, Bridgeford, Sask., a new member, would like to hear from some of the other members. Alice has gone up North for her holidays, so will have some interesting things to tell us when she gets home.

Laura Martin, Warner, Alta., sends us a poem, which we will publish soon; and here is one by Rena McCutcheon, Prince William Station, York County, New Brunswick, called "Blossom Thoughts." This contribution wins a button.

BLOSSOM THOUGHTS

Sweetly through the evening twilight,
Shrouded softly, veiled in mist,
Comes the breath of perfumed orchards,
By the darkening shadows kissed.

Wafted softly to my window
Comes the fragrance of the trees,
Borne to me, a scented message
On the wings of evening's breeze.

Through the tender mist of blossoms,
Pink and white on every hand,
Come the voices of the evening,
And I drift to Slumberland.



Baptiste La Vallee and bear, Prince Albert National Park. The little Indian boy has no fear of bears. Indian lore states that some tribes will not kill bears—looking upon them as wild brothers.

A USEFUL TREE



A native girl of Malaysia bleeding a rubber tree.

Once upon a time, as all good stories should begin, there grew in a far away forest in the land of the Congo, a tall tree with thick heavy green leaves. In the forest where this tree grew were many wood-boring beetles that loved to penetrate the bark of a tree, suck the juice and so kill the tree. To protect itself this wonderful tree had a poisonous juice, so that when the exploring beetle pierced the little hole, he died of the poison and the soft sticky juice filled up the hole so that no other beetles might enlarge it, and so no plant would find a place to root there. All over these trees then were large soft lumps of this juice which hardened as it was exposed to the air. It did not take the natives of that country long to find out that they could use this strange juice for different things, and one of them was for children to play ball with, for this juice that killed beetles was rubber, and it came from a tree similar to, but much larger than, the rubber plant we grow in our homes.

It was a Scotchman who first discovered that coats might be made waterproof with this strange substance and so he called these coats Mackintoshes, after himself, and you find many people from the British Isles call them that to this day. Now rubber in its natural state becomes stiff and solid under the influence of cold, and soft and sticky when heated, and it was an American, Goodyear, who discovered that by adding sulphur to the soft mixture it could be hardened, and that is what is known as vulcanizing. This process made possible rubber tires for bicycles, for buggies, baby carriages, but at first these tires were solid and such a bumping as the poor rider got! Even their teeth ached. And it was an Irishman who thought of a way of getting over this, J.B. Dunlop, who invented the first air cushion for a bicycle tire. It is this inner tube filled with air which makes our cars ride so beautifully to-day, and when we get a puncture and the air is all let out of this inner tube we soon know it. And so from a far away jungle came the first rubber that made it possible for us to ride as smoothly as if on wings across our prairie trails.

And now how is this precious substance obtained from the trees? Grooves are cut in the tree and the milky juice that flows out is caught in basins. A good tree yields about twenty gallons of juice in a season, producing forty pounds of rubber. The juice is rolled into small balls, and later pounded in sacks to take out impurities, or in Ceylon or America it is boiled clean. It is then cut in strips and dried before being made up into the various articles it is used for. Is it not wonderful that this substance, which is so useful to us, and which we take as a matter of course, comes from a tree that grows in a jungle where black men live?



If All Were Regardless

THE spirit of fair play and of decent regard for the rights of others is the essential thing that makes good citizenship and preserves our civilization. The only men and women truly qualified for citizenship in a free country are those who cheerfully obey not only the written laws but also the unwritten laws which define fair play. Those who are selfishly disregarding of the rights of others are unfit for the responsibilities and privileges of citizenship. If that spirit prevailed, neglected camp fires would destroy every forest, no car would be safe on the highway, contagious diseases would rage unchecked and every public gathering would be a brawl.

Controversy

ALL decent people hate the same evils, yet many evils have endured and at times have flourished more or less, because people who might unite to overthrow them have separated into hostile camps and wasted their energy in fighting over differences of viewpoint and biased thinking. The world will have made a great advance when everybody comes to understand that it is impossible for two people to discuss any controversial question intelligently and profitably until they know and understand each other's definitions and each, while holding his own position, can put himself in the other's place. There is only one way of true and complete understanding between human beings, and it is by sympathetically imagining ourselves not only in the other person's boots but inside his skin, and so feeling as he feels. Without that, two people can, and very often do, argue long and bitterly, and end by being farther apart than ever.

A Gentleman

WE LIVE in an age of many imitations, some of them very good—imitation leather, imitation oak, imitation diamonds and pearls and other imitations. But an imitation gentleman is no good. Being a gentleman is not a matter of label, or veneer, or pretence. It is not a thing that can be learned in ten easy lessons. There is no short cut to it. In lands where social castes are fixed by ancient and established system an upper caste boy is trained as a gentleman (though he does not always and inevitably turn out to be one), and thus it has been thought sometimes that being a gentleman is a matter of caste. But any young man has all that is essential to being a gentleman when he knows that honor and self-respect (which ensures respect for the rights of others) are the foundation of it and when he makes that knowledge his rule of life. A gentleman is a man who when he is under no compulsion to act honorably and with consideration for the rights of others does so, all the same, because of self-imposed rules of conduct. He treats every woman with respect and courtesy, whether she is a lady of high degree or a plain working woman. A gentleman is genuine, whatever his class or his station in life.

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THE Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR

About Us Average Persons

WHAT would an average man of today be able to do, if by the operation of some power like that imagined by H. G. Wells in one of his most celebrated stories he found himself landed back into the world of, say, two hundred years ago? He might undertake to amaze his hearers by telling them of his telephone and his radio receiver. He might talk about travel by express trains, by ocean steamers, by automobiles, by airplanes. But he would be out of countenance when his hearers asked him to explain to them how these marvels were accomplished. He would feel cheap, when upon his having to confess that he could not do so, his hearers of two hundred years ago would politely indicate that they did not believe what he had told them. The Philosopher, as an average person, must say that if he were placed in such a position as we have imagined, he could not begin to tell the world of 1731 how to equip itself with the marvels of the world of 1931. We make use every day of appliances which great scientists and inventors have devised for us. But does that add a fraction of a cubit to the stature of any average one of us?

Nobody Can Know It All

THE best-informed, most widely read man The Philosopher knows has said to him that while it is a fine thing to have a lot of information in your head, it is more useful to know where to find a piece of information you need. Nobody can know everything, anyway, and the really educated man is the one whose education is always going on and who gets his information accurately. He is an everlasting learner. If you haven't read a certain book, or acquired a certain bit of knowledge, why pretend you have? People who would lie rather than confess ignorance are fooling only themselves, in the long run.

Penalty of Disuse

IF YOU were so unfortunate as to have to stay in bed for several weeks on account of a serious illness and a major operation, you would find that your first attempt to walk would be like that of an infant adventuring upright for the first time. You would be unable to walk because disuse had weakened your legs. To recover their use, you would have to use them. A muscle or a faculty that is not used becomes weak, and if the disuse continues long enough, it becomes useless. Nature prompts all young creatures to play, because exercise is essential to their growth and development. This is true of the mind as well as of the body. Men and women who continue to think and retain their eagerness for ideas and keep their mental curiosity grow old with wits undulled. Those who shut their minds up and cease to exercise them invite stupidity to take possession of them. Failure to use natural equipment makes human beings stupid and keeps them ignorant. The best machinery will get rusty and clogged up, if the wheels never turn.

That Wonderful Baby of yours...



**SNAP HIM!
WIN A PRIZE!**

*The simplest of snapshots may win a Big Cash Award
... in Kodak International \$100,000 Competition
for pictures made in May, June, July or August, 1931*

MOTHERS! Fathers! Here's your chance! A chance to show that wonderful baby to the whole wide world... a chance to win big cash prizes with a simple snapshot of him!

For this is a contest where only picture *interest* counts. The user of a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye or the simplest Kodak has the same chance to win as owners of costly cameras. And only amateurs may compete.

Not only for child pictures

And the prizes! \$7,500 for the Canadian District alone—Canada, Newfoundland, Saint-Pierre and Miquelon. 44 prizes in each of six classes that cover every conceivable picture subject. And first-prize winners in the Canadian District automatically compete for international awards amounting to \$16,000 more.

A simple snapshot... a picture of your boy or girl, or any other picture... may win you as much as \$12,250.

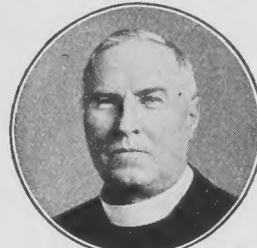
Winners of the Canadian District prizes will be determined by a committee of distinguished judges consisting of Rev. Canon H. J. Cody; Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck); E. Wyly Grier, P.R.C.A.; L. M. Montgomery Macdonald, authoress; Nellie L. McClung, authoress; Lt.-Col. Henri Gagnon, prominent publisher.

So get your camera busy. Clip the entry blank below. Enter to win.

And with such prizes in sight, you will wish to use film you can depend on for clear, sparkling pictures. You can depend on *Kodak Film* or the new *Kodak Verichrome Film*. Both come in the yellow box.



EMILY F. MURPHY
(Janey Canuck)
Authoress, Magistrate—Judge



REV. CANON H. J. CODY
Eminent Divine
Judge



For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film or the new Kodak Verichrome Film. ... Both come in the yellow box.

Six Picture Classes

286 Canadian District Prizes

YOU may submit pictures of any subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in 6 classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. Children. Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. Scenes. Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations. Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. Still Life and Nature Subjects. Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors. Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Interiors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc.

E. Informal Portraits. Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children. (See Class A above.)

F. Animals, Pets, Birds. Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

\$7,500 in Canadian District Prizes

CANADIAN GRAND PRIZE

\$1,000 in Cash and a Bronze Medal

44 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class.....\$250
For the next picture in each class..... 100
For the next picture in each class..... 50
For each of next 36 pictures in each class.... 25
For each of next 36 pictures in each class.... 10
(366 prizes, totaling \$6,310)

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

21 sectional prizes totaling \$1,190 have already been distributed for child pictures made and entered in May and June. 44 other prizes for child pictures (See Class A) made and entered in May, June, July and August will be given at the end of the general contest which closes August 31.

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country automatically enters International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND AWARD

\$10,000 and a Silver Trophy

INTERNATIONAL CLASS AWARDS

For the best picture in each of the six classes a Gold Medal and \$1,000 in cash.

Total Prize Money, Canadian District...\$ 7,500
International Awards..... 16,000
Prize Money for rest of world..... 76,500
Total to be won, amateurs only.....\$100,000

NOTE that one picture may win a \$250 class prize, the \$1,000 grand prize for Canadian District... plus a \$1,000 International Class Award and the \$10,000 International Grand Award... a total of \$12,250 for a single snapshot.

Read these simple rules:

1. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Any resident of Canada, Newfoundland or Saint-Pierre and Miquelon is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931.
3. An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases; provided that the pictures have been made on or after May 1, 1931, that they are mailed under postmark dated not later than August 31, and that they reach Prize Contest Office not later than September 7, 1931.
4. Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera and any brand of film, chemicals and paper may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer. Pictures may be made on roll film, cut film or film pack negatives. But pictures made on plate negatives are not eligible.

5. Both regular-sized contact prints and enlargements are eligible. No picture is to measure more than 8 inches the long way. Prints shall be made from untouched negatives only. No coloring or artwork of any kind shall have been done on either negative or print. Prints shall be neither mounted nor framed. Do not write even your name on either front or back of your pictures.

6. Enclose an entry blank with each lot of pictures. Mail entries to Prize Contest Office, Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario. Use the entry blank on this page, obtain others from dealers, copy the form, or write to the Prize Contest Office for a supply.

7. No entries can be returned. All mailings are at owner's risk. Do not send negatives with entries, but be sure they are in your possession and hold them ready to send on request.

8. All pictures will be judged solely on general appeal—the interest they arouse. Photographic excellence or technique will not be the deciding factor in determining the prize-winners.

9. The decision of the judges shall be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

10. Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the first and sole rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Kodak Company.

11. Winner of first prize in each class, including winner of Canadian District Grand Prize, will automatically enter the International Competition.

12. Although no entrant may win prizes on more than one picture, he may win several prizes with the one picture. Naturally, the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—or prizes.

Important! The entrant need not specify the classes into which his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office will place each picture in the class in which it is most likely to win. No explanatory letter is necessary. So that judges shall not know the name of the maker of any picture, entries will be filed numerically. Each entry will be acknowledged by a postal card bearing the number given thereto. However, please do not interpret this as an invitation to write about entries as the contest office cannot undertake correspondence. The Kodak

Company may offer to purchase pictures that do not win prizes. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the judging takes place.

Entry Blank—Clip it Now!

Mail this blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Dept. E-946 Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario. Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture.

Name (Please Print) _____

Street Address _____

Town and Province _____

Make of Camera _____

Make of Film _____

Number of pictures
accompanying this blank

KODAK INTERNATIONAL \$100,000 COMPETITION for Amateur Picture Takers

What the World is Saying

And There's a Kind That Washes Off

Beauty of a certain kind soon wears off.—Medicine Hat News.

Will They Safeguard Against Soap-skid?

Non-slip tiles for the bath are now obtainable.—Montreal Gazette.

Chronological Note

The best ten-years of a woman's life are between twenty-seven and thirty.—Revelstoke Review

It's So Easy To Get The Brim Crushed

One thing against those summer hats is that the brim is in the way.—Vancouver Sun.

Did He Ever Sit On A Wasp At A Picnic?

A Toronto doctor has caused a little talk by saying that there is no special virtue in early rising.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

They Should Be Closed For Repairs

Some people who pride themselves on having open minds have minds that are so open that they do not contain anything.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Education Used To Be Broadening

Statistics show that the average university student is an inch taller than twenty years ago.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Ye Ed. Looks Back To The Days Of Yore

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who used to hang her head out of the window to dry her hair after she had washed it?—Brandon Sun.

if Mussolini gets to the pearly gates and St. Peter fails to give the Fascist salute.—Galt Reporter.

By Calling It "A Superiority Complex"

Nowadays, thanks to the wonders of psychoanalysis, you can even feel conceited over your self-conceitedness.—Hamilton Herald.

In How Many Ways Times Have Changed

The kind of man who used to get intoxicated and hold up a lamppost affectionately now drives a car into it and knocks it over.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Neither Do We

We do not believe the rumor that a certain Scotchman in Regina mailed his Christmas cards before July, when the new postal rates came into effect.—Regina Leader.

But We'll Bet He Couldn't Answer Them

Professor Stephen Leacock declares that it should be taken as a basic principle in education that all the questions asked by children should be answered.—Brantford Expositor.

Making Them Fast

Race-horses are usually given very little to eat on the morning of a race. And dog-teams are fed only once a day, and that at night.—Cobalt Northern Miner.

But Would That Be Possible?

We can have no certainty that when the vogue of jazz comes to an end, it will not be followed by a vogue of music even more cacophonous than jazz.—London Spectator.

We'd Often Like To Throw Something Solid

A radio announcer relates that sometimes when he is broadcasting he feels that "something strange and fluid is flowing from the listeners" to him.—Minneapolis Journal.

They Used To Call It Toronto the Good!

Rainy week-ends have not noticeably influenced church attendance. So many people seem to argue that Sunday is either too fine to go to church, or too disagreeable.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

A Nier-Bier Business

The big business of bootleg supply in the cities, which are the largest centres of population in this land of the free and home of the brave, is an undertaking which often provides business for another kind of undertaker.—Buffalo Express.

The Envidable Good Fortune Of Youth

It is stated on good authority, we read in the Ottawa Citizen, that there is no individual in Canada with an income of \$1,000,000 a year. But a young man we know, in telling us only the other day that the most wonderful girl in the world has promised to marry him, said that he felt like a million dollars.—Lethbridge Herald.



"Gimme the end one—it looks thicker."

Educational Note

The class pin in the School of Experience is the safety pin.—Toronto Star.

A Stunning Idea

Primitive man did his courting with a club, we read.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Especially The Long Green

It is recognized everywhere that green gives you the right of way.—Kitchener Record.

Why Make It Appear He's Doing Likewise?

There is not much use, after all, in arguing with a fool.—St. John Times-Globe.

It's The Turnover That Does It

Several Americans have made huge fortunes from chewing gum.—London Daily Express.

First Of All, The Number Of The Car

A correspondent wants to know what is the best thing to take when run down.—Toronto Globe.

Or A Cold Shoulder

The honeymoon is over when she serves him hot tongue.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

But They Stop Often For Refreshments

According to entomologists, mosquitoes are capable of travelling long distances.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

And Married Men, At Times, Quavery

"Bachelors," said Lady Astor in a recent speech, "are crotchety."—New Westminster British-Columbian.

Or That F. W. Is Good-natured

If Friend Wife laughs at your jokes, you may feel sure you have some new and good ones.—Selkirk Herald.

With New Drinking Songs To Match?

Students in Germany, if what we read is true, are changing from beer steins to milk bottles.—Quebec Telegraph.

How About Throwing It From The Fifth?

A gramophone record has been invented which will not break if dropped from a fourth floor window.—Quebec Evenement.

Would They Were Played That Way!

There is a vaudeville performer in New York who plays a saxophone in a tank full of water.—Montreal La Presse.

Except Two Saxophones

Nothing can be much worse in the way of sound than a saxophone squawking, bleating and gurgling at the same time.—Quebec Soleil.

Especially When It's Not Kept Shut

A physiognomist writes that it is the lower part of the face, not the eyes, that gives away one's thoughts.—Victoria Colonist.



"Do you call that a golfer?"

"Not that Bimbo—he's a gopher."

"She Loves Me, She Loves Me Knot"

"After forty," writes a psychologist, "men try desperately to find romance." So that explains those passionate neckties.—Niagara Falls Review.

It Gives Protection From The Back-seat

Deafness is not wholly a handicap in automobile driving, according to a Boston doctor, but we do not see how he makes that out.—Ottawa Journal.

Or An Eskimotorcar

A German engineer has invented a motor car for use in the Arctic regions. We suppose he will call it an Eskimobile.—Vancouver Province.

Until A Sillier One Can Be Thought Of

How much longer will this feminine fad for wearing pajamas on all possible occasions continue among the ultra-fashionables?—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Alarming Thing To Consider

We can't help wondering what will happen



"Him holler? Well hardly, ma'am. Bill's one o' them strong, silent men."

Chevrolet presents fourteen attractive models, priced from \$610 to \$840, at factory, Oshawa, taxes extra.

It is satisfying to own a car that costs so little to run

THE satisfaction you get from a Chevrolet Six is greatly increased by its low cost of operation. Better than twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline is a common experience with Chevrolet owners. Oil expense is correspondingly low. And, even under the stress and strain of hard driving, this fine, modern car runs for many thousands of miles on one set of tires.

But an equally important source of Chevrolet economy lies in day-in-day-out reliability. The Fisher hardwood-and-steel body is built to stand hard usage—to remain comfortable and quiet, for many seasons. Chevrolet's mechanical features—axles, clutch, transmission, brakes, and 50-horsepower six-cylinder engine—are



designed with extra care, to give long-continued service. Six-cylinder smoothness eliminates destructive vibration. And when you think of the protection afforded by the General Motors Owner Service Policy—you will understand why so many people associate “Economical Transportation” with Chevrolet.

The Chevrolet Six is priced within reach of every motorist. And through the GMAC plan of deferred payments, you can buy this modern Six with Body by Fisher for only a few dollars more per month than you would pay for the cheapest car!

A G E N E R A L



M O T O R S V A L U E

CHEVROLET SIX

Your Chevrolet Dealer is listed under “General Motors Cars” in the classified section of your telephone directory.

Crisper now by far than ever before!

TASTE... just *taste*... the fresh crispness... the melt-in-your-mouth goodness of the new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Then allow the family to taste. Let them pass their cereal bowls again and again. They will. For, according to a recent survey, children everywhere like Puffed Grains above all other cereals.

New way brings double crispness

That fresh crispness... that right-from-the-oven flavor of the new Puffed Grains... is due to a wonderful new heat-sealing process. No other cereal has it. It captures and seals in that fresh flavor—that first delectable crispness. And brings Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice to your breakfast table as fresh as the instant they were made.

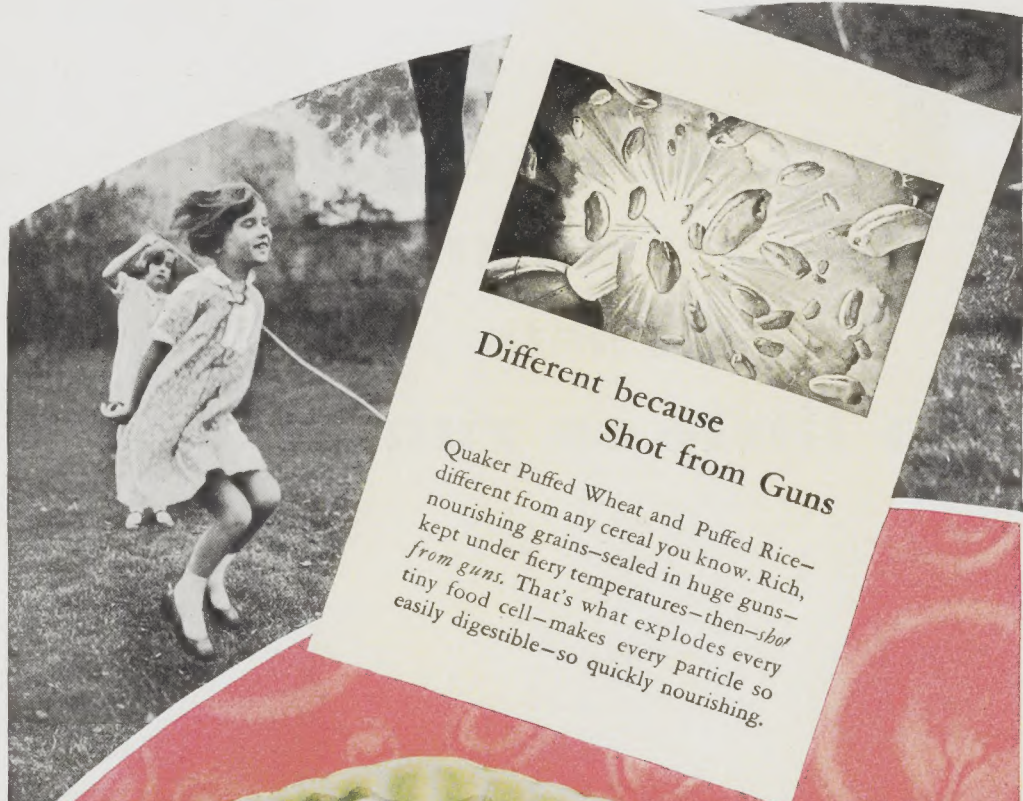
And here's important news for mothers. There's substantial cereal nourishment in every dish of Puffed Grains. That's because, when the wheat and rice grains are shot from guns, their rich grain nourishment is made as completely, as quickly digestible as though they had been cooked for hours and hours. Thus you have energy food, nourishment, in a tempting, wholesome form that children love to eat.

A perfect hot-weather cereal

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are an ideal, hot-weather food. They're so cool. So crisp. So tempting to summer appetites. Serve them for breakfast, lunch and supper. Combine them with your favorite fresh fruit or berries. Your grocer has the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice. Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are made in Canada by the Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough and Saskatoon, makers also of Quaker Corn Flakes, Crackels, Muffets and other highest quality cereals.



The new "twice crisped" Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice... made by a special process that brings them to your breakfast table extra crisp... extra flavory.



Different because Shot from Guns

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—different from any cereal you know. Rich, nourishing grains—sealed in huge guns—kept under fiery temperatures—then—*shot from guns*. That's what explodes every tiny food cell—makes every particle so easily digestible—so quickly nourishing.



Quaker Puffed Rice *and* Puffed Wheat